TRAVELS *of a* LADY'S MAID

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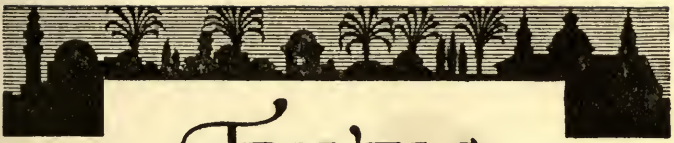

TRAVELS OF A Lady's Maid

Travels of a Lady's Maid

By A.B.

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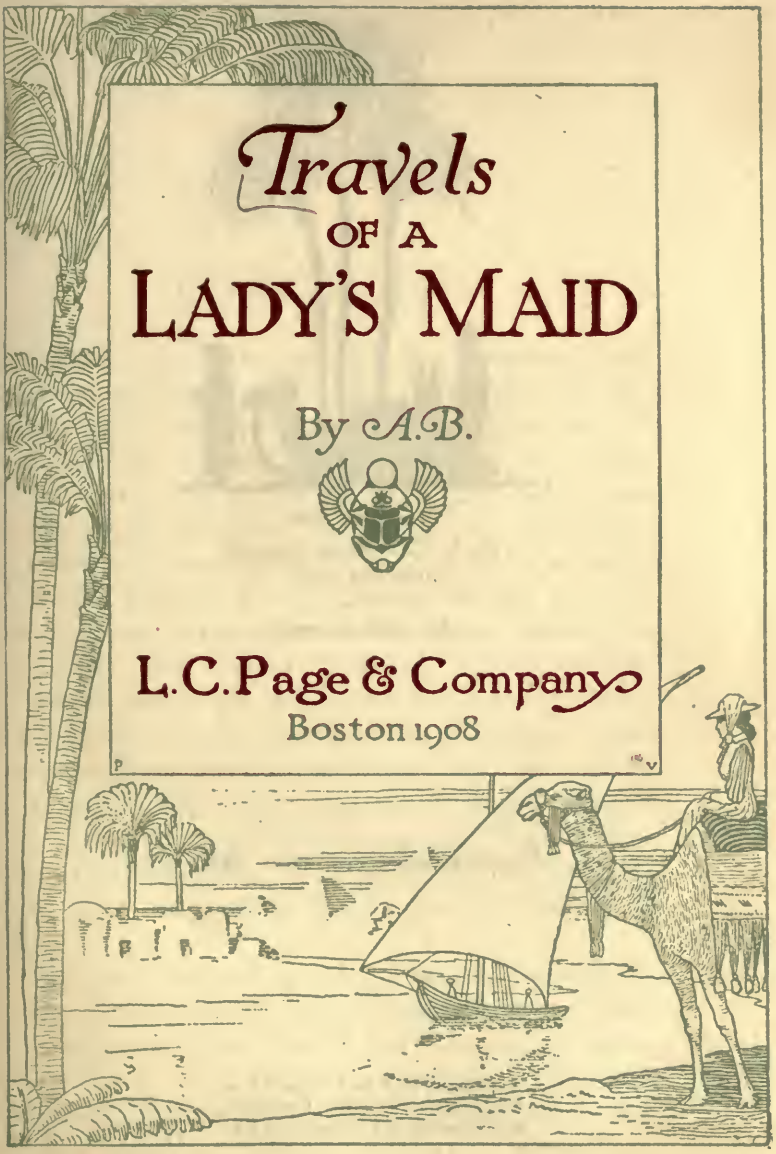

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INTRODUCTORY

THERE has been considerable comment, one way or another, concerning my writing at all; and when it comes to printing, — "publishing" they call it, — some in the housekeeper's room disapprove, and in the servants' hall most, you may say, are set against it, though Mr. Broadam, our butler, allows it might be proper for a valet; a butler having too important duties, he well knows from experience, to be trifling with pens and ink. He thinks, however, the book Mr. Constant wrote about that French king — Monsieur François, the chef, advised it to him — uncommon good reading, once you are well started in those foreign ways; and some tales, that have leaked out, so to say, about our own Royalties in long ago reigns are past believing for truth, if they were not clearly before you in black and white.

Though always I have liked books, and merely seeing their covers in booksellers' windows thrills me, thinking of the wisdom and knowledge inside, I have read few tales except the "Pilgrim's Progress," by Mr. Bunyan; some volumes of Sir Walter Scott's; "Black Beauty," — describing

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the woes and feelings of the poor horses; — and "Her Majesty's Journal," especially enjoying those parts telling about the cold luncheons, nearly upsetting of the Royal carriage, when they lost their way driving back to the Castle after dark, and forgetting the Queen's cap. Having seen a number of Shakespeare's plays also, learning history through such scenes is to me very enjoyable, and for pleasure far surpassing the Hippodrome or Crystal Palace shows. When I think of those fortunate persons able to fill their days with study, and such like improving things, it is hard not to be a little envious.

Though Mr. Broadam puts it kindly, I can see he has scant patience with women setting down their thoughts, or views, asserting "It leads to trouble, if not actually making it, and no good comes of such meddling and demeaning."

I kept turning the matter over in my mind, and one day Aunt Sarah's stepson — she having twice married, and he being foreman's assistant where they make books — said to me: "There is a deal of talk nowadays about writing from life, and, according to the conclusions of those who both work and ponder, plain every day happenings, in my opinion, are what most readers care for, if you simply set down what you know from your own experience, like garden cultivating for pleasure, or profit; writing on the subject often pays better than raising crops,

farming with pigs, or dwelling with princes. Careful watch must be kept, noting, so far as needful, respecting their prosperity, what they eat, how their days are passed, and, from your own way of thinking, maybe, what they live for." This rather settled my mind, having set down a good deal concerning daily living, as well as about foreign lands, though never going so far as to think it out that way about princes and swine. In any case, he, — Aunt Sarah's stepson, — seemed to point out what I had best do with all those odds and ends of papers I had covered with writing, simply because I could not help noting down the interesting things heard and passing panorama-like before my eyes. When I had put them together, " Copy out clear these pencil ones," said Sam, " and tell about your starting out." This I did. Close to Christmas he came in saying one of their gentlemen told him it was not half bad reading in the rough, and, if his advice were followed, — the business detail I did not, of course, comprehend, — might bring a nice sum on going to press, and not far from the truth were these predictions when, later, I consented to what Aunt Sarah's stepson had continually urged.

TRAVELS OF A LADY'S MAID

CHAPTER I

I WAS born north of the Tweed, a region providing children more plenteously than means for their upbringing. In our rugged Highlands few need err from faith, so to say, nor drown in destruction or perdition owing to the snares of their riches. Hard, ceaseless toil barely supplied food and raiment for growing families, such as ours; eight of us there were, maybe more, for how many brothers and sisters came before mother died is never quite clear to me, owing to some having lived but a few months, or less, and gone before I was old enough to remember, I having come about the middle.

"Aweel, aweel, a vera weary wumman!" the neighbours agreed in loud whispers, when they had tramped in out of the storm, stamping the deep December snows from their heavy boots, and shaking the still falling flakes from caps and hoods, before closing about the kitchen fire for a drop of something warming, as they sighingly

settled themselves comfortably to watch the night with all left to us poor bairns of "mither."

A thoughtless lass I was then, not far beyond twelve years; but after those few weeks I seemed to see things in a woman's way, struggling early and late to keep the house orderly and comfortable as mother had, with two younger than I, and the twins always calling me. The elders, sister and two boys, were miles away, one learning his trade, the other a stable boy at the great house where sister was scullery maid. We kept on as best we could, though father worried; was constantly anxious and fretful. I did hope Katy — that is sister who was pretty and good to us children — would be home soon; but one evening father sat long at the table, a letter spread before him which "whistling Wallie" had thrust through a crack in the ill-fitting casement when passing homeward from his work. Wallie's wits worked slowly, but he was quick to do a neighbourly turn. Father's hand shaded his eyes from the flickering lamp-light; after long silence, pushing back his chair and sighing heavily, he folded the letter, and half to himself, in a broken, trembling voice, said, "Katy's gone. She will no darken my door again; dead to us is Katy." After that we never dared so much as speak her name, nor did I ever see or hear from her, though, missing my way in London one of those dull November nights when I had been sent to get an embroidered blouse worked by

a sweet-faced cripple living away east of Regent Street, as I stood hesitatingly in the gloom, uncertain which way to turn, the lights having such queer, misty shapes about them, some one laughed loudly just behind me. It sounded so like Katy that I turned as a motor-car flashed by, and in that moment of steady, searching light, saw a tall, fair-looking girl, resembling Katy, but bolder appearing. She was smiling, under a big hat with red feathers standing up in front — just as Katy used; but I saw it could not be Katy, for her face, being thick with paint, had no look of a decent woman. When I started toward her she turned away hastily with her rough companions, and was gone into the darkness.

Father, never a strong man, got more feeble, and could not look after our bit of land. He used to sit at home evenings smoking his pipe when mother was there, but now hurried off at dusk. Long after we were in bed trying to keep ourselves warm, we children would hear his step, but dared not speak because he looked so strange; and some mornings we could hardly wake him to give a bite to the cattle that were calling, human like, for food.

Bob heard the neighbours say things were going from bad to worse, when, one day before midsummer, father came in, smiling as he had not for a long time, and said, — "There'll be a new mither to look after ye now, Annie. Widow Brown and me go before the minister this day

week." Then we knew the landlady down at the inn would be his wife. No one was sure where she came from, and folks had evil things to say of that "Glasgow girl" old John Brown brought back with him after his wife's death, and a year before he followed. None dared speak these things before her, she being a fine, big-featured woman, with commanding ways, having a tidy sum, all agreed, in the bank.

Father sold our farm to Campbell, who wanted it for his son, and we went with him to the inn. Father and the new mother tried to be kind; that is, they were not bad to us; but it was a sad change. Being older than the others I felt it most; and we seemed to miss mother more than at first, when we had the cows, sheep, and old Bruce, who we children believed excelled, in intelligence, all other dogs, to talk to.

One day, — I had grown tall and slim by this time, — I was that pleased to hear Mrs. Forbes, who always took an interest in us bairns, say to stepmother, "Annie is getting to be a handy girl. She's clever with her fingers, and, if you say the word, Mary, who is doing well in a grand dress-making place in London, will give her a chance."

Father was willing, and though the twins and I wept sore at parting, I gladly went with kind Mary when, after a week's stay with her mother, she returned to that enchanting London, which often I had heard described, though hardly venturing to dream I might some day see.

Sharing together a back room, Mary and I had such a happy home at the lodgings for gentlemen, bank clerks, booksellers, and the like, kept by Mary's uncle's widow, who was Aunt Sarah. There were seldom changes; one a musical gentleman, an organist, had lodged there ten years, for the past three having his nephew the choirmaster with him. On clear spring days the sunshine lay on the floor of our room for an hour or more; not that we often saw it, barring Sundays, after I began going to the shop, — at first I helped Aunt Sarah, as she said I might call her, with the lodgers, — but, knowing the sun's rays had rested there gave us country girls a joyful feeling when we came back tired and cold. Another thing gave us much pleasure, — by walking not above half a mile out of our way, on going home from work, we could see the trees in Berkeley Square. On fine days the young ladies from Lord Rosebery's big mansion near-by would be playing there with their governess, the policeman told us.

We liked reading about the Earl in the illustrated newspapers, and more than once the Countess came to our shop, giving orders for gowns or a dust cloak. We never tired talking of her kind face, and the blessing she was to the poor and needy. Mary and I could not keep back our tears when we heard she had gone, and we read those verses in the paper. One I never can forget; I wrote it out and it is this: —

"And now within the house of Life,
All doubtful issues reconciled;
Father of mercies, lead thine own.
O God of Israel, keep thy child."

The house of Life must mean Heaven. We girls could but think the life she lived on this earth was like what many hope may be theirs in a better world.

When they laid the Countess away, our manager said, there was not a dry eye; and the noble and the great stood by bearing wreaths and saying over her those beautiful old Hebrew words that she loved and lived by all her days.

CHAPTER II

THE first time the Countess, my lady, that is, spoke to me — though often I had stood by to hand the scissors or fasten a button when she was being fitted — was one day when I was holding pins for Mademoiselle Marthe, — Miss Martyr, some of the girls would call her. She did have a fine figure for height and style, and no matter what the hour or weather, Mademoiselle would be summoned for our special customers. Sometimes ladies as you might call stout, or extremely lean, wanted to see the latest modes from Paris, and Mademoiselle would be asked to pass on a coat or mantle; and when she had said, "Pardon, now Madame will see zee exact effect on Madame," and had walked the room once or twice, our Mr. Allen knew it meant orders to be booked without delay; and Mademoiselle, too, seemed satisfied with the effect, though we girls, in our ignorance, sometimes passed the remark between ourselves that other styles would be more becoming to not quite youthful features and shapes.

But I am wandering from what I began telling about her ladyship. As I mentioned, I was holding the pins for Mademoiselle — that is, all

she did not have in her mouth — when the Countess said, somewhat hesitatingly, "I have been distressed about our school-room maid; the doctor fears she must give up work, and I have sent her to a nursing home at Bournemouth for a fortnight. This morning the housekeeper told me the young woman she had expected in her place had disappointed her. Perhaps, Mademoiselle, you, who have been here so long, may know of some young person." There was a glance toward me, and I, as you might say, caught Mademoiselle's eye. She being so good-natured-like, exclaimed, "Oh, Madame, Annie is very capable, so *soigneuse* and obliging, they all do say. I shall have extremely much pleasure in ze recommending, if Madame la Comtesse is pleased to consider it possible."

Looking straight at me, her ladyship then asked, "What is your name?" When I replied, "Anne Burns, please your ladyship," she smiled, saying, "I think you are from Scotland," as though reminded of something she was glad to remember. Then it came out about mother's dying; about the twins and the boys; though not until long after that day did I mention Katy.

Before leaving, the Countess said, decided-like, "I shall speak with Mr. Allen, and Mrs. Bufers will write when she can see you. Thank you, Mademoiselle."

So everything was settled, and I, who had pined a bit, after years of shop work, with only

a day off now and then, or a bank holiday at Margate — once we planned for the Isle of Wight, but missing the boat had to come back that tired and defeated-like — knew, as I said, that I was to be school-room maid at a grand house where one could see green meadows and growing flowers again.

Almost too good to be true, it seemed, for the most I had hoped was sometime to be a useful maid to maid the lady, who might perhaps travel as far as Scotland, and once again there, I should have a chance to find the twins, for Robin and Jamie had died with the fever, three years back; and long ago, I should have put down, father, too, had gone, and none just well knew what had become of stepmother, or the twins, the old place having changed hands.

Mademoiselle would take no thanks, replying kindly, in her impulsive French way, " It is you who deserve the good fortune, mon enfant."

CHAPTER III

"You will be under the upper housemaid," said Mrs. Bufers when I had courtesied to my lady, who directed I should come for a moment to her writing-room, where she said pleasantly, "You will soon learn your new duties and get on nicely, I am sure." From that hour I could not help adoring her, as I do now.

Miss Short, the upper housemaid, was not just popular in the hall, though some of the footmen declared her no shirker of work; but I tried my best to keep the school-room as she insisted it should be, up to her mark, never a pen or a pencil out of its place when my young lady, — that is Lady Emily, — came with Fräulein.

The first morning Miss Short had just finished telling me to be careful with the black poodle standing upon his hind-legs on the desk; — his head being full of ink, and one paw broken, made him unsteady; adding I need not mind about the missing claw of a silver crab that sprawled on the writing table as though alive, for that claw had gone long ago, and the body was always kept stuffed with postage stamps, when suddenly, from near a large window where

several covered boxes stood, some one called roughly, "Get out! don't talk so loud." I just trembled all over, — me that hardly dared speak above a whisper since coming to Ortham Towers, to be shouted at sudden, like that, — and dropping a book I had taken up to dust, struck the little dog's head, and he toppled over, ink flowing from his opened throat; in a moment, somehow, Miss Short, who I thought out of the room, was there, and in not at all an angry manner remarked, "I meant to have warned you about those old birds. Not a cover will Lady Emily allow lifted until she comes in. That big green rascal is agitating like when you don't know he is there; an awful fighter with beak and claws, if once he gets at you; but you mustn't go near him without Lady Emily's orders."

While Miss Short was talking she wiped up the ink with a bit of blue paper, so skilfully nobody would ever know there had been an accident; and when she said "It's no use crying over spilled milk," — though black ink did seem to me worse, — I felt happier and could finish my duties in peace; for never a word more did old Poll say.

Though not much past her sixteenth birthday, Lady Emily was already taller than the Countess, and very beautiful. Her ladyship blossomed out in a surprising manner; like lawn crocuses in early spring, Mrs. Bufers said. Compared to Lady Emily, those flowers seemed

but poor things, I thought, though she reminded me of them, and the golden hues of her hair are like those shining waters of mountain streams where they ripple over yellow brown sands.

Many months after first going to Ortham, I heard the elderly Hungarian — formerly Lady Emily's music master — remark to another guest at the Towers, that his pupil, though born to sway and lead, was herself ruled by the promptings of a heart generously tender and ardent to a degree beyond estimating, and the visitor agreed that her ladyship enthralled all near her by her frank kindness; possessing, too, that alluring, graceful vivacity of a French grande dame, rather than the English temperament.

Lady Emily frequently planned treats for me, who was so fond of the country. When she went with Fräulein to gather wild flowers or ferns for the Countess's fernery, I was taken on the long walk, and once, Fräulein having a bad headache, Lady Emily would have me go in her own pony carriage, herself driving those beautiful little horses — named Marco and Polo by the Earl, her ladyship said, because of their being such remarkable travellers — to leave a large parcel at the needlework Guild, or the Reduced Gentlewoman's Society, in the village. That afternoon I had a good chance to see how skilfully Lady Emily managed the ponies. In turning from the highway, into the lane by the duck pond — on one side there is a wall, a steepish bank on the other — we met two extraordi-

nary-appearing ladies, wearing fluttering shawls, and hats of a very odd shape, standing fully two feet above their heads, and covered with wreaths of artificial flowers. To avoid running over these poor creatures mincing slowly along seemed utterly impossible; the horses being frightened almost beyond control, by the shawls and parasols, and by a flock of geese hissing and waddling from one side of the road to the other, as they ran and flew with flapping, stretched-out wings towards the water; but before Saunders the groom — not a very young man — could get to the ground, Lady Emily had guided the spirited ponies, holding them firmly, speaking, as though nothing had happened, to the trembling ladies, who, overcome with fear, seemed unable to stir from the roadside. Saunders told me, that evening, they never were quite right in their minds; imagining themselves royal princesses; and that everybody would most respectfully move out of their way, no matter where they chose to stand.

CHAPTER IV

I HAD never seen the heir, of course; that is, Lord Glamorden, he being at Oxford. Sometimes the Earl and Countess seemed disturbed about his studying hard, or something.

It was rumoured in the hall that James Barmore, the Viscount's own man, asserted there never was a gentleman of the nobility, or gentry either, for that matter, who had spent more, in his day, at the University, than had Lord Glamorden before he auctioneered off his racing stud, — always run under a friend's name, owing to those Dons and other Oxford authorities, a " rotten lot " in Barmore's estimation, forever arguing and holding out flat against studs, claiming horse-racing interfered with study.

Not one in the hall had a good word for James Barmore, nor do they believe him English, in spite of his name, and some hold he is a Jesuit in disguise. Mr. Stubbs, the Earl's valet, declared Barmore not of his lordship's choosing, by any means, but that he had been urged on like to the Viscount by Sir Wynns-Larkin when he left the college, as " a man who understands exactly what is needed." Mr. Stubbs added that, in his private opinion, the only thing he is really fitted for is bell ringing,

where they sound the quarter hours. He also would advise his being locked in the belfry tower, so the whole town could know he was out of mischief.

I never saw Barmore, but heard from one of the housemaids, that he was a dark, small, young fellow, very thin, with long arms like a monkey's, and had, too, an insolent, impish way of looking at you from the corners of his bold rolling eyes, and that quick, you never could tell what he would do next.

Though the Earl is the easiest of gentlemen, he can not endure high play at cards, and has no patience with the doings at some great houses where the gentlemen, after dinner, pretending they are horses, draw the ladies about the galleries on rugs, or slide down the stairs on tea-trays; and his lordship detests that foreign fashion of cigarette-smoking by the ladies.

One day, when Mr. Baggers, the Earl's solicitor, had spent hours in the library, the doors being closed, as he crossed the passage, Mr. Stubbs heard him say, "If this pace keeps up, it will sweep away all but the entail." That meant trouble, sure, and, in Mr. Stubbs' belief, races — not those Lady Emily calls the "Varsity," but others at Newmarket or Ascot — are at the bottom of it. One of the grooms, who has crossed the channel (some said, had been a jockey until he hurt his leg) and who well knows whereof he speaks, when it comes to turf matters, declared in his opinion, it was Paris or Trouville.

Soon after that morning, we heard, — for he did not come to Ortham Towers at all, — that the Viscount had sailed to America after big game hunting west of New York, it was thought. As the Earl and Countess seemed distressed, it was concluded the sport must be very dangerous.

Weeks passed quietly with few guests at the Towers, when, one morning, Lady Emily fairly danced into the school-room, a bit of paper in her hand which she said Fräulein must read, and would have it that I, too, should see it. I was busy with the cages — old Poll having been so good since that first morning, never refusing to accept any little delicacy Lady Emily said might be given him. I should have explained before that what sounded so rude that morning Lady Emily believes really meant that he wished to get out of his cage. Having often been told "Don't talk so loud!" it became his habit to repeat these words when any one came into the room, and through a little hole he has eaten in his cover for this purpose, he can see everything going on. After this explanation I could, of course, have nothing against such a fine, intelligent bird. We became friendly, he even allowing me to rub his head when I looked after the cage, though always shrieking and striking at Fräulein in spite of her speaking most coaxingly.

This is what I read from the telegram:

"Come to celebrate birthday and marriage. Dearest girl in the world. Emily must be bridesmaid.

"GLAMORDEN."

Soon all at Ortham knew our young lord was to marry that beautiful young lady from the States who had spent a fortnight at one of the great country-seats near, when the Viscount came home for the long vacation. "Lord Glamorden has made good use of his time, for once," said Mr. Stubbs; and all seemed satisfied and serene again.

CHAPTER V

PRECISELY when I don't rightly recall; but one morning following Easter, I was sent for, to go to Mrs. Bufer's room. Fearing something wrong with my work, naturally I was a bit flustered; but Mrs. Bufers, who is kindness itself, at once said I had given satisfaction. She then asked many questions about my life in London with Aunt Sarah; about the big shop, and other things. I tried to answer as best I could; and, saying she would be back directly, she left, soon returning and telling me I was to go to the Countess, in her ladyship's boudoir.

Never can I forget that morning, or my delight over the plans told me. After mentioning having a good report of me from Mrs. Bufers, her ladyship said the Earl having decided that Lady Emily should accompany them to the States, she had spoken with Madame Duval, Lady Emily's nurse, — a respected, stout widow no longer young, — who had been with the Countess almost since Lady Emily's birth, and Madame Duval thought, especially as Lady Emily seemed to wish it, that, with training, I could fill her place for the travelling; she feeling in no way equal to journeyings, and could

not, at any time, walk above half a mile. Madame declared that even if my lady desired her to go, she knew, once the voyage commenced, she would die of fright, greatly inconveniencing her ladyship. The Countess did not tell me this last, of course, but later, in showing how Lady Emily wanted everything in her dressing-room arranged, Madame remarked that though she hoped she need not say she was more than willing to die for the Countess or Lady Emily, not for untold wealth would she ever again set foot aboard a vessel, unless to return to la belle France to end her days. She had crossed the Channel, and once — happily never again — consented to go on an excursion of pleasure with some of her own people, off Ilfracombe, and the remembrance of both was more than unpleasant.

I was sent to New Bond Street for lessons in hair-dressing; and day after day Miss Barnes, the Countess's own maid, instructed me in folding and packing, so, when all preparations for the foreign tour were completed, I felt at home in my work, and hoped I should not be annoying to Lady Emily.

Everybody was so rushed, with arrangements and appointments after the cable came, it seemed but a few days, though actually weeks, before we were on that grand steamship at Liverpool and soon beyond Queenstown, when, I am sorry to say, I was so stupid as not to be quite happy for a day or so. I was dizzy in my head, and

had queer, sinking feelings, but managed to attend to my duties, as Lady Emily required almost nothing done, begging to remain in her cabin, though the Earl, pleased at being on the sea again, insisted, almost, that she should come on deck and, as he said, really enjoy the bounding motion of those great, green waves.

Miss Barnes, — a most particular, persistent person, — never permits herself to be seasick, she says, and at the very worst, when even the captain kept a firm hold on the rails, brought in the hot water just at proper times, or sat on a round stool in the little passage outside her lady's door, putting on a button, or mending a glove, as though in the wardrobe-room at the Towers, and after the first night seemed a trifle disappointed that there were to be no regular toilettes, you may say, for dinner.

Mr. Stubbs was not seen for days. He lay in his berth nibbling at a Bath Oliver; but swallowing next to nothing, the deck steward informed Miss Barnes. Early one morning — those beautiful sunrise lights still tinged the waves — I went from the stuffy cabin to the ship's stern for a breath of fresh air, and never recognized the unshaven man, a cap drawn down over his ears, leaning dejectedly against a lifeboat support, gazing out upon the waters; but when he turned I saw it was Mr. Stubbs. He asked if it were true that Miss Barnes had not failed a meal; adding *his* trouble had been more like homesickness; that he was a sensitive man,

though some might not think it; had travelled much, never before having been rocked in the cradle of the broad, heaving Atlantic, however, and the only time he recollected anything approaching these feelings was, when as a lad, always a quiet, bashful sort of boy, he had gone to see his uncle, living on the Isle of Man; that time the sensations did not last long, but he was then told there were those living on that island who going there in youth, for a fortnight's stay, were now, in old age, preparing for eternity, without ever having had courage to return home, as it meant that fearful trip again.

After passing Ireland, especially when getting that last view of Fastnet Rock, near where his own mother, and her grandmother before her, had lived and died, this came strongly over him, and he could not leave his berth, to say nothing of properly valeting the Earl. Now he was quite himself and able to attend to all duties. His complexion did look awful, poor man, and he had a very lean, lonesome-like look, quite different, I must say, from his usually nice, fresh appearance, always the same, so you could hardly think of him as ever having been without sandy hair and a neat black tie.

After the third day we had pleasant weather; many ships were passed, and at night those big liners, lighted from end to end, were a beautiful sight.

I did not feel quite myself until one afternoon when we saw, first, long stretches of sand,

very white in the June sunshine. Huge breakers surged over the beaches as though determined to wash away the high bluffs and dunes behind; then a lighthouse and lovely green hills appeared; soon after the forts came in view; and not long before sunset, that grand statue of "Liberty Lighting the World;" then that wonderful bridge, spanning the river, and those tall buildings all had heard of, and we knew we were entering the harbour of New York.

CHAPTER VI

THERE was misunderstanding about the steamer's arrival that day, or a mistake in forwarding the telegram, for Lord Glamorden was not on the pier, as he had written he would be. After inquiries and delays, the Earl said he would wait no longer; so, gathering together our parcels, we went down to a big hall-like place, where a vast quantity of luggage was already piled and eager-looking men, custom officers, bustled hectoringly about. His lordship disliked being detained and questioned, but said Stubbs could open the boxes if required. Miss Barnes and I stood near. The Countess, of course, had several gowns direct from Paris, just as received from Monsieur Worth; and Lady Emily everything new, you may say, never before having worn anything but the simplest frocks. The soft white paper was still inside the bodies, and the skirts fastened firm with tapes, which Miss Barnes insisted must on no account be touched. Good-naturedly yielding, one of the men just pulled things about a bit, turning up the tray corners. A younger man standing by, commented behind his hand, — "Looks like swell dressmaking trade, Mur-

phy;" but the elder man shook his head. I was glad Mr. Stubbs did not hear this remark.

When it came to the jewels, they actually were taken somewhere for a day or more. Mr. Stubbs never did tell what the Earl said regarding this. The Countess brought to the States her pearls only, and a few hair ornaments that had belonged to her aunt, a noted traveller who had some of the family heirlooms copied in paste (though no human being, short of a jeweller, could have told them from real), fearing to risk the old gems in moving about. These were with the few gifts that had been brought at Lord Glamorden's special request, by the last post. Miss Barnes packed them according to her ladyship's instructions, and the Countess had forgotten to mention this to the Earl, who, naturally, was surprised himself, to see the cases of new trinkets.

Miss Barnes heard his lordship say to one who looked like the chief official, — Inspector, they called him, — that no doubt he had not exceeded his instructions, but the Government appeared to wish to exclude respectable people from visiting the country, subjecting them to such annoyances; that the system was simply monstrous for a civilized country claiming to be free.

Standing just behind us was a sweet-faced lady, apparently in distress. Seeing she was almost sobbing, I could not refrain from asking "Can I help you, Madam?" It was kindly

meant, she saw, and then told me she was returning, alone, to her native land for the first time, having lived near Edinburgh since she was an infant, marrying there a Scotchman; they had together gone to his ranch in one of the Southern States, — Texas. Important business summoned one of them to Scotland, and it being impossible for her husband to leave the farm, she went alone. Just as she was returning, word came of their child's serious illness. Now she was sure she would miss the train and not see her little girl at all, perhaps; for although trying to remember everything in her trunk, she had forgotten the toys for her child, and these, happening to be nailed in a wooden box, the officer had taken, saying he must see the head inspector. Nothing could be done, but later I was thankful to see her hurrying off, and did hope she reached her little girl in time.

Before they finished examining the luggage, word came that the Viscount was on the pier. His lordship had beeen yachting, the wind gave out, and he had walked miles across the Long Island, finally managing to flag the slowest of trains, at some hamlet, or cross-road. His lordship was in despair at being so late — awfully cut up, he said; but did everything in his power, short of swimming the bay, in order to be on time for the steamer's arrival.

The officials having finished with the luggage, Lord Glamorden, with the Earl, the Countess and Lady Emily, started in a private carriage,

for the bride's house, where they were to remain. Miss Barnes and I followed in a cab, Mr. Stubbs on the box. Passing through many not over-clean streets, under a roaring place, — the elevated, — we came into a nice square, with a marble arch like ours in Hyde Park; then on and on; crowds hurrying along, in heat like that of a London August, up the Fifth Avenue, our cabman said, finally stopping at a fine, new house where Barnes was directed to remain with the Countess; and Mr. Stubbs and I were sent to a large hotel, near in distance, but very high in the air.

It was nearly dark by the time we reached the hotel entrance; and as I followed Mr. Stubbs in, a young man immediately came forward, saying, "This way, please," opening the door into a small room, hardly as large as the cabins we had just left. The door closed instantly, and we were shooting up as though we could never stop again. The start was so sudden I could not help grasping Mr. Stubbs's arm, and not a word was spoken, although he turned pale, I thought; but in a moment, the boy, who had been working a bit of iron rope and looking at me in the mirror, said, "Here you are; fifteenth floor." The young man who first spoke to us got out, putting keys into the doors of two nice rooms. For a long time I could not look out of the windows at all, we were that high from the ground; it made one giddy to see the streets and the people so far below.

In half an hour we were to unpack what was needed by the Earl and Lady Emily for the night, said Mr. Stubbs, after I had tidied myself. The same pleasant man who met us when we came in showed the way, walking with us to the door, warding off the motor cars and bicycles that seemed to have the right of way to go through the thronged streets as they pleased.

Being told that Lady Emily would not need me until eight the next morning, I was thankful enough to get to bed and be on solid land again.

CHAPTER VII

Though the Earl and Countess were in New York but a few days before the wedding, several splendid entertainments were given in their honour. After one of these, Mr. Stubbs heard his lordship say to the Countess, — "Mark my words, Augusta, if this love of display and luxury continues, another generation will see a monarchy here." Lady Emily, however, attended none of these affairs, as she had not yet been presented at their Majesties' court. Repeatedly I was sent with her to see the sights; Mr. Stubbs following in another hansom, or for walks in the Park, where the bird-house was always an attraction; not nearly so big or noisy as at the Zoo; but here Lady Emily liked watching the macaws, or a monster yellow crested Australian cockatoo; he kept this adornment moving up and down, rolling his black eyes very amusingly. A huge, clumsy blue bird, in the same cage, enjoyed being talked to, and would always reply, the keeper, who had charge of the birds for many years, said.

We drove to a beautiful hill by the riverside, to see the tomb of a great general; and once to the Aquarium, an interesting place where won-

derful fishes are kept in immense glass tanks; miles from the Park, but well worth seeing, Lady Emily thought, and near here the first Dutch settlers in New York lived, and built their fortress.

A cousin of Mr. Stubbs, an extremely observing man, has been butler for ten years, — a long time this is considered in America, — in a very nice family, living near the Fifth Avenue. This cousin tells Mr. Stubbs a good deal respecting manners and customs, different in many ways from ours; higher wages, but more to pay out, and changing continually, you may say, and living beyond their means striving to keep up appearances. In more than one house where he lived before getting the steady place, the people did not seem to know what was due themselves, and had no idea as to the rights of servants; that, of course, meant endless worriment for all parties.

In New York one hears much exciting talk about Wall Street; for ever hurrying off or coming back from the Exchange, and where our gentlemen would discuss the latest hunting news, Cabinet changes, Court doings, or the wars going on in every part of the world, Americans talked about stocks, or a queer assortment of beasts, — bears and bulls. The cousin later learned this to be a very nerve-jading business they are clever at. They talk of their high-stepping horses, also, but most of the stepping, shaking of the head and foaming at the mouth

comes from sheer cruelty — using bits such as our coachman, Mr. Hobson, would not tolerate in his horses' mouths for a moment; and bearing reins that are simply torturing contrivances. Seeing people rolling complacently along behind such poor tormented brutes, smiling, and proud of their prancing, is a sight sickening to them that know. Many of the omnibus horses are a wretched lot, Mr. Stubbs himself observed; and as for those put before carriers' vans, and drays, some were only fit for the knackers. He wishes laws might be enforced against crowding the trams; he seldom gets a seat, and naturally being a very polite brought-up man, it is most unpleasant knocking a row of hats off people's heads, owing to unexpected starts and lurches of the tram. Once, landing for a moment upon the knees of a stout man who was reading a German paper, the language used was unfit to repeat, he felt sure from the person's manner, though not understanding a word said.

CHAPTER VIII

A MORE beautiful day for a wedding could scarcely have been desired. Lord Glamorden himself gave Mr. Stubbs three small cards, directing him to show these to the policeman standing outside the church. When our ladies were dressed, we started out with Mr. Stubbs. Oh, such a crush! not guests, of course, but people pulling, pushing and struggling to get near the awnings leading to the church doors. Mr. Stubbs was most determined in helping us on, acknowledging, however, he had never seen such a mob of women who might be called respectable. Crowding at the Queen's Jubilee was bad enough, but with men one can push back, as he could not think of doing with women.

Once inside the church, — Mr. Stubbs clasping Miss Barnes's hand, as he forced a way through the crowd and charging her not to let go of mine, — the sight was charming; garlands of roses, creepers and other foliage were twined around the pillars and altar, lovely white roses, only, upon it. The ladies were extremely handsome and smiling, — a little more hurried in their ways than our English ladies, but most kind-appearing.

Lord Glamorden stood on the chancel steps, his lordship's cousin, a captain in the Coldstream Guards, beside him as best man, looking so happy, and as if a hundred years of joy were before him. A few minutes later the bridal party entered; from our places, well forward in one of the side aisles, we had an excellent view of the procession; the music was grand, with harps sounding out above the organ.

We all agreed that our young lady was by far the loveliest of the bridesmaids, and their dresses of rose silk muslin and large tulle hats, with satin bows and plumes, were most becoming. The shower bouquets, moss roses and lilies of the valley were the sweetest things I had ever seen; and a handsomer, happier couple than the bride and bridegroom could not be imagined.

As we were leaving the church, Miss Barnes said, — knowing she would not be wanted, on account of the wedding breakfast and birthday speeches, — she would come to my room and search for the Countess's kodak, which had been mislaid on leaving the ship, and might be inside a roll of unopened rugs that had been sent to the hotel by mistake.

As soon as we were free from the crowds outside the awnings, Mr. Stubbs sighed dismally, and casting guardedly melancholy glances toward Miss Barnes, asserted he never could rightly decide which were the most affecting, — funerals or weddings. Sometimes he felt

surer as to the former than he did about how the marrying would turn out; "a leap in the dark at best," but every woman is happier, he believed, for trying it at least once. Miss Barnes took him up very sharp, retorting, rebukingly, she would not listen to his gloomy talk; such views were absurd, and that he must still be suffering from the effects of the sea. Ignoring these rather personal allusions, as we crossed the street, Mr. Stubbs came over to my side remarking, he wondered if I knew what it is that neither time nor travel improves, and that gets shorter as it grows older. I replied, of course, I did not know; I could not help having an idea of his meaning, however, when he added that he was not thinking of a candle, this time, but of some people's tempers.

Mr. Stubbs insisted politely upon seeing us into the lift, having rather a disappointed look when Miss Barnes quietly remarked, it was more rapid than some, but she found it exhilarating, and was reminded of tobogganing and those water-chutes at the Exhibition.

CHAPTER IX

THE Earl had planned a visit to Washington wishing to meet the President — one of the best since the first, who was of good English stock, said his lordship. Hearing through our Embassy that the palace was closed, Mr. Stubbs thought the trip given up, the President, with part of the court, having left for Oysters-on-the-Bay.

The day following the wedding his lordship told Mr. Stubbs what already he had suspected, — that we were to go straight on, around the world. This plan had been considered by the Earl and Countess, but not knowing how the sea-voyage would agree with her ladyship, definite decision regarding going beyond the States was deferred until just before the wedding. Miss Barnes was directed to pack one or two boxes for England, with articles not wanted in travelling; the Countess giving her leave for a fortnight to visit a niece in Canada, married, as second wife, to the Governor-General's gardener. After seeing these relatives, she was told to go direct to the Pacific coast, — to San Francisco.

On returning from helping Miss Barnes off,

Mr. Stubbs appeared rather cast down, but kindly said he was sure I would do all and more than could be expected of me, and something about "two's being company," after all. He remarked, also, it was astonishing how some people seem born incurably obstinate, without appreciation, appearing to keep their hearts in a sort of cold storage, and hardly knowing when the best is offered; that he was a man capable of taking a hint, however, no need of telling him a thing twice, he was glad to say; but the ideas and ways of some, especially women, he was bound to say pass comprehending; and as for feelings of true affection, and the like, he doubted if some were capable of such emotions.

Early the next morning we started from a station quite close to the Fifth Avenue. There would be no second class, his lordship thought, on railways in the States, but later found there is, though not called just that.

After Mr. Stubbs booked the luggage we had our hands full with the bags. There were no railway porters, though one or two men in red caps, standing near, offered to help. I made sure these were Salvationists; Mr. Stubbs replied, not the real kind, but might be considered as sort of "savers." This I did not understand and he remarked, it was owing to my having been born Scotch; that none north of the border can comprehend a joke.

Inside the station we had to walk a great distance to the train. "They are indeed long-

suffering people in New York, to put up with such imposition," I heard the Earl say. Mr. Stubbs and I were directed to a blue velvet sofa, in a long railway carriage, behind chairs where the Earl and Countess, with Lady Emily, were seated.

His lordship thought little of the scenery, but Mr. Stubbs found it entertaining watching for that boy driving geese; some small black twins inviting people to let them do the work; a tall person in yellow robes, and other fanciful scenes, with notices quite different from any our Mr. Coleman, or the Monkey brand allows. Lady Emily considers some of the advertising most unpleasant, and wonders the parish authorities permit public highways to be so disfigured. Some good people too, might be rather misguided, she feared, in posting sentences like, "Prepare for Eternity," in places where they are liable to be followed, as her ladyship saw on one wall, with such injunctions as, "Try Scourine."

After two hours in the train we reached New Haven; a noted place for study and sports, Lady Emily believed. His lordship wished to stop there, many relatives connected with old New England days having lived in this town, and one, a Mistress Harlakeden (for so ladies were then called, the Countess said) had married an early Governor of the Province, and was buried near the old church.

CHAPTER X

We were directed to go through to Boston and have everything ready at the hotel by nine o'clock, when the Earl and the ladies would reach there. The Earl had been keen to stop at a place called the New Port, but the Countess begged not to do so, fearing it "hardly safe for so young a lady as Lady Emily." We knew Indians had long ago left these parts, but thought, hearing it was a bathing resort by the sea, there might be high tides, or a treacherous beach; but Miss Barnes, who knows everything, insists the doings there in society are quite unsuitable for young ladies who have not yet been presented.

On coming back to the hotel the following noon, the Earl and Countess seemed delighted with Boston, changing their plans in order to remain the better part of a week.

Mr. Stubbs, who had been on the box, when driving about the town, found the place sensible enough; not so distracting with noise as New York; but the cabman did go on so about a bit of green, called the Common, and more than once took them for different views of a monument, well enough to look at; but no call

whatever for climbing it, as the coachman almost insisted should be done.

Later I saw Mr. Stubbs was right in what he had remarked, for hastening to the cab that afternoon, — my lady having forgotten her parasol, — I did hear the cabman say, just as the Earl stepped into the cab, — "Shall I drive you to Bunker Hill Monument, sir?" His lordship replied, quite short, — "No, no, my good fellow; we have been there twice already; drive to the nearest station for Cambridge." Then turning to the Countess, his lordship added, "It is incredible, this talk about that hill once owned by a loyal Englishman named Bunker."

Having been given leave for the afternoon, as Mr. Stubbs and I were going towards a beautiful library, near that church where a greatly beloved and mourned Bishop — who more than once came to England and preached before our Queen — used to preach, Mr. Stubbs went over the story again, telling me, as he kindly explained the history of it all; how, long ago, the Colonies rebelled against their lawful rulers, finding fault with those in high places of authority, going so far as to throw overboard, as though in the very face of Royalty, the tea they had sent, as well as doing many other most insubordinate acts; inciting discords and mobs here and there, so that generals of highest rank, commanding armies, were sent over from England to quell the disturbance; but these finally

decided to leave, Germans, or Dutch and some Indian tribes having mixed in the quarrel; consequently our troops and generals returned to the old country.

Being something of a student himself, Mr. Stubbs is of opinion, though by no means going so far as to be thought a radical or free thinker, that perhaps the Colonials did have some grievances; but he could not go far enough to assert they were justified in casting away that tea, no matter what the quality, — ordinary Ceylon, or the best India. He also has observed that ladies and gentlemen in the States never appear to depend on tea, as our ladies and gentlemen do.

From what he has heard, Mr. Stubbs believes most of the fighting occurred where that monument has been set up; for himself, he always holds there is right on both sides, and brave men, too.

I had no knowledge of these events, of course, but hearing the Countess reading to Lady Emily, what the blind poet, Milton, wrote concerning one of her ancestors who long ago governed, or ruled, this part of the country, —

> "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
> Than whom a better senator ne'er held the helm
> of Rome."

I knew there must be connecting links between those times and our people.

CHAPTER XI

An early start was made the next morning, his lordship being most anxious to see some place in the country often talked of by the old Earl, the home of an American gentleman, one of the greatest thinkers who ever lived, I, myself, heard the Earl say. This gentleman had been in England, our Earl remembering well the pleasure that visit gave to the late Earl, his father, and how, for years, letters came and went between them.

It being a clear, warm morning the Countess wore a dust cloak, taking no other wrap. His lordship directed dinner to be served in their own dining-room at eight o'clock, saying they would not return for tea. After setting things to rights, Mr. Stubbs and I, being free for the day, went to the seashore, not far distant, and ate there a peculiar stew-like mixture of fish and many other things, known as chowder; not just to my taste, I must say, though Mr. Stubbs did have two helpings; kindly proposing strawberry ice then, and the merry-go-round; this I enjoyed, though rather reminded of those first days on shipboard.

About seven o'clock we expected his lordship

and our ladies every minute; Mr. Stubbs having been in and out the corridors and down to the door repeatedly looking for them; was finally told the train might be late, owing to the day being the Fourth of July, when, it seems, something like "Independence" is celebrated in America, a sort of Guy Fawkes day, but with saluting and flags, as on the King's birthday.

We waited, quite uncomfortable, until after ten, fearing something was wrong; when the hotel manager sent up a telegram, adding it had been delayed on account of his having gone for a sail to celebrate the day, with the musical society of which he was a member. The telegram read, —

"Unpardonably detained. Tell my man we return to-morrow."

Then we knew there must have been some unpleasant occurrence, and I could not sleep thinking of what it might be, and wondering how the Countess and Lady Emily could manage without their dressing-cases, to say nothing of all the other things needed for the night; but there is no use worrying, as Mr. Stubbs said in the morning.

CHAPTER XII

It was well on towards two o'clock when his lordship arrived, and would not hear of having luncheon until he had seen the young man from the hotel office. He was sent for, and Mr. Stubbs heard his lordship directing him to close the dining-room door; that was about all he learned until later; then everything was explained. The Earl, it seems, himself stopped at the hotel office and said he wanted tickets for Concord, — the place where that American gentleman, the late Earl's friend, had lived; the young man in charge replied, he would send the tickets up that evening. On receiving a small envelope with three tickets, these, naturally, were not looked at until the railway station was reached; here great crowds had gathered for cheap excursion trips to the races, and other events of the day, so that his lordship became separated from the Countess and Lady Emily, they, too, being pushed and jostled in a most extraordinary manner; finally reaching the Concord train, though not until it was about starting, "dangerously, inexcusably crowded," was the Earl's comment, with people even hanging on the steps.

When at last they got upon the train, the Earl found his tickets had been stolen, or possibly lost, in that wretched crowd. Nearly an hour passed before a guard came through the carriages, fairly forcing his way; seeming to have almost no authority; said he had never known such a crowded Fourth, as, aside from the holiday, there were races, baseball matches and the opening of new golf links; that train was usually the fastest on the line; what delays might come that day he could not say; but hoped the worst of the crowd would soon be off. Several rather rough-looking lads and men began waving flags, and tooting noisily on long horns; presently a cornet sounded above the uproarious commotion playing what the Earl thought to be "God save the King," but found, after removing his hat, it was something about America, though the tune was the same as our National Anthem.

On his lordship's explaining regarding their missing tickets, the guard said he must ask to have some small sum paid as fare; but was sure the railroad company would make it all right if the Earl cared to write particulars to the Boston office. He was most civil and obliging, helping them off at Concord — the crowd having left by that time — and as the train moved out of the station, called a cabman, who, he declared, knew everything about the place, and had horses that could be depended on to use their four legs.

As they were getting into the cab, — a sort of double victoria, Lady Emily said, — the coachman inquired if they wished to see the town. The Earl replied, "Yes," and having three or four hours before the up-train, told the man he could drive to the principal sights, before stopping at Mr. Emerson's, that being the name of the old Earl's friend. The cabman thought he knew the house (now the residence of a noted author), having often heard his twin brother talk of driving visitors there. This brother, it was later explained, was really the one the guard intended should drive, not knowing he was off for the holiday, having been chosen, as oldest in descent from their grandfather, to head the procession and raise the flag in their native village, forty miles away.

The Earl fancied Concord would be smaller, more rural than it appeared to be. After driving to public buildings and through shaded streets for an hour, they stopped at a comfortable house not far from the road, and were surprised to find it looked remarkably new. As they were questioning the coachman, a very pleasant-appearing lady, so far as visible beneath a large sunshade, spoke to them from a balcony, and on the Earl's asking if the house could be Mr. Emerson's, replied, "Oh, no, surely there is some mistake. The Emerson house is miles away in another State."

From what Lady Emily told me, his lordship must naturally have been more than vexed and

astonished at this discovery; but the lady in the balcony kindly explained that by driving a few miles they could connect with trains for the right Concord, without returning to Boston. The Countess feared this might be too fatiguing, but the lady strongly urged their going, saying most positively, she felt sure they would not find it an unpleasant experience, and much nicer than going back to Boston. His lordship was rather pleased to agree, and the lady, from the balcony, directed the driver regarding the route.

After long travelling over roads — considered exceedingly tedious by the Countess, — they reached a small station; its doors were locked; but after some waiting the station master came from a nearby house, informing them they had missed the express by twenty minutes. He thought, however, though nowise sure, it being the Fourth of July, that what he called an " accommodation " would be along in less than three-quarters of an hour. The Earl inquired if they could get anything to eat; the man replied his folks were off on a picnic, but they were welcome to doughnuts, huckleberries and milk. The Earl thanked him, although uncertain just what the man intended bringing them; he returned soon with a big dish of small round cakes, also berries and buttermilk.

A train came along the line shortly after the time mentioned, less crowded than the one out from Boston, but again there were boys with flags and horns, and some rather startling send-

ing off of firecrackers. The Earl found her ladyship, — who was very tired by the many changes, — a seat by herself; his lordship sat behind, in the long carriage, with Lady Emily.

At the next station, a strange-appearing figure entered, — very tall, wearing a short wool skirt of shepherd's plaid, a black-bordered white knitted shawl, and a boat-shaped hat trimmed with red, white and blue ribbons, which partly covered a brown wig. Under one arm she held a large, speckled fowl with fiercely resentful eyes, its body wrapped in an old military cape. This captive bird, — later spoken of as a "Plymouth Rock," — was a promised gift to her brother-in-law.

Seating herself beside the Countess, though many other places were vacant, after prolonged, steady gazing at her ladyship, this odd person exclaimed abruptly and loudly, "I am Mrs. Pycroft — Mrs. Peter Pycroft from Babylon!" Her ladyship started, in some alarm, fearing the woman must be one of those poor demented creatures who fancy themselves the Queen of Sheba, or some other exalted personage; but concluded no harm could be intended, as she continued, "You are from Canada, I guess." When the Countess kindly replied, "No, from England," this peculiar person added, "I should have guessed that first; but it seemed far away to begin with. I made up my mind you were not Bar Harbour folks, nor city boarders from Massachusetts." Mrs. Pycroft kept on talking

in a most extraordinary way, asking many questions, and giving remarkable details of diseases, accidents connected with Fourth of July excursions in her own family, and other disasters. This I learned from Lady Emily, who was so kind as often to tell the day's adventures when I was brushing her hair. Some ladies read straight through brushing and braiding, scarcely lifting their eyes, or exchanging a word from beginning to end.

The Countess, wearied with the talk and heat, turned toward the window, closing her eyes. At once the strange person put down two paper bags and the large palm-leaf fan she carried in her hand, and unfastening a black silk reticule from a cord about her wrist, remarked, "You do look considerable het up and powerful pale and peaked; I am sure one of my pills will be good for you; no one knows what they are made of, but I can guarantee they are all right, for my own first cousin, a full-blooded Indian, mixed them with his own hands." The Countess protested she could not take pills without the advice of a medical man, and that it was only the noise and heat from which she suffered. To appease this formidable person, her ladyship finally accepted a peppermint lozenge, without which and "Educators," the stranger declared she never travelled. "I'd be pleased to spare you part of my pop-corn, but it got flattened out some on the stage, owing to Judge Hetton's setting on it, by mistake, most of the way from

Babylon; he's hefty — takes after his ma's folks in fleshing up — has the most pondrous mind, too, I ever saw; our State House boys calls him the big 'Ino,' claiming his having all the original markings, and winning a first-class blue ribbon prize at our County fair." When leaving at the next station she turned to the Earl, saying, "Now that I know you folks are from the British Isles, I will give you all my Educators, I guess; you may need them before night;" and dropping a package of small, square biscuits, with that name stamped upon them, into his lordship's lap, departed with her loudly cackling, rebellious charge, before reply could be made.

Soon queer rattling sounds startled everybody in the car, many passengers thrusting their heads out of the windows or rushing to the doors as the train came to a dead stop. A goods train ahead had run into a cow and calf, derailing one of the cars; and leaving it poised on the edge of an embankment. The cow was killed, but the calf escaped, Lady Emily was glad to say, and no other lives were lost, though several of the railway employees were badly bruised and shaken up by the collision.

CHAPTER XIII

After a long delay due to righting the lines, another change had to be made for Concord. Realizing they would be very late getting there, the Earl asked an official — not the guard, but a brakeman, Lady Emily thought, — about a suitable place to stop the night. The man replied he would direct the Earl to his cousin's, and pointed out from the car window a substantial-appearing house standing well back from the road, shaded by beautiful elms. They would be comfortably looked after there the man remarked, adding the train would "slow up" on making the next curve, before getting to the station, and he would let them off at the foot of a lane five minutes' walk, by a short cut, to his cousin's farm.

As a terrific thunder storm threatened, the Earl decided accepting his advice better than attempting to find the inn, but even in that short distance to the house, the rain coming in great sheets, all were completely drenched. By the time the door was reached it was almost dark and the house seemed closed. On the Earl's calling loudly, a fine collie ran out from a barn near, followed by a very decent-appearing man, who

quieted the dog's excited barking, as he came towards them, a lighted lantern in his hand. His face, clean-shaven, they could see in the half light, and his age apparently sixty. Showing them into a nice hall, he in a pleasant way remarked, he was sorry to say his family had gone to a lecture at the town hall on "The Battle of Bunker Hill, and the Defeat of the British near Concord." He had heard the lecture himself, last year, and would have gone again to see those living pictures (added since the last Fourth) had not a valuable horse of his been shamefully overdriven on an excursion that morning, and this detained him when his folks started for the lecture. He thought, however, if the party would dry themselves, they would still be in time for the best part of the show, to his mind, the routing of the redcoats, followed by rockets.

Thanking the man, his lordship replied that, having made an early start, they were tired and hungry; could a meal of some sort be provided? The farmer feared there was almost nothing in the house, owing to his people having been off picnicking in honour of the day; but on his lordship's explaining that after many delays, they had been directed there by the farmer's cousin, kindly said he would do his best, and might, at least, promise the finest baked beans and gingerbread to be had in New England; "though my wife protests when I get started on our home products, there's bound to be more

boasting than's seemly, maintaining I positively persecute our neighbours when we've a fine bean or cucumber crop through offering the extra pickings; folks then fairly flee, or feign not to hear when I get talking of our unusual gathering of meller Baldwins, fearing being pestered into lugging home a mess of apples, they've no earthly use for, to please me.

"Bless me! I had forgotten how wet you must be. Come right into the kitchen and dry off while I see what I can scare up," adding good-naturedly, "Help yourselves to wood or anything else you want; I'll be back soon."

A wide fireplace and hearth nearly filled one end of the room, though the cooking was usually done in a small adjoining building where the range stood; several windows and doors opened on a nice garden with trim borders of flowers; pansies, larkspur and carnations enclosing rows of lettuce, peas and other vegetables.

The farmer was heard stirring about whistling energetically one of those patriotic tunes the men had played on cornets that morning, and presently came up from the cellar, saying, "I am in luck, they have left most of a cold chicken. I knew there would be pies; take your choice, apple, cherry and pie-plant." Three or four nice tarts were brought with the chicken, and tomatoes and cold potatoes made into a salad, covered with excellent mayonnaise, always kept on hand, he said. Drawing one of the tables nearer the fire, then blazing pleasantly, a de-

lightful meal was spread upon it by the farmer, the strawberry jam and cream quite the best Lady Emily had ever eaten. Though not much accustomed to that beverage, his lordship chose the cider, brought from the cellar, fearing that the root beer offered might have some unpleasant effect. The Countess asked to have tea, if it was not giving too much trouble, and getting it without delay, her ladyship felt more comfortable.

When this decidedly welcome repast was finished, the farmer remarked, his women folks would be tired enough when they came home, and he must get the kitchen to rights; the Portuguese girl who did their heavy work having gone to visit relatives on the island of Nantucket, where she belonged. Taking off his coat he brought a big pan, and filled it with hot water. Seating himself by the Earl, who had been obliged to remove his coat on coming in, as it was soaked through, the farmer began washing the dishes, and Lady Emily insisted on helping him dry the plates. In a pleasant way, he remarked, though holding firmly to those principles of the temperance folks, believing they were sensible views to live by, he had rather stood out against signing pledges, on account of liberty, and liking cider; never touching, nor would touch, spirits in any manner, shape or form; he had however, taken a kind of pledge, made to himself, on account of his ancestors, — that each Fourth of July he would read the

Declaration of Independence; but owing to his concern about that horse loaned to a young minister, or one studying to be such, who should have knowed better how to drive, even if he were hurrying to see his sweetheart, the Declaration had gone out of his head. He would take it kindly if the Earl would get the history book from under the Bible, on the shelf, and read it aloud while he finished the washing up. This was asked so courteously his lordship at once consented.

After listening attentively, Mr. Hanlee — for that was the farmer's name — thanked the Earl, remarking he had seldom heard the Declaration read better or with more feeling; and if it were not so late, would ask him to try the "Hosea Biglow Papers," written by a Mr. Lowell, who well knew what he was about, though reading out the meaning is sometimes not just easy. He used to be called the "Poet of Democracy," understood foreign courts and ways too, knowing how to value such follies, but liking the company met there.

"Our home is in England," his lordship said, "where many are of my way of thinking, that American colonists and their descendants have given an object lesson to the world." Mr. Hanlee exclaimed, "Sakes alive, why didn't you say so before? I've been so busy, foraging about, hardly had a chance to look at you, but made sure you were from York State — one of those old Knickerbockers, perhaps. We do have

them along every year or so, though most of them live so much here and there in foreign parts, neither they nor you can rightly tell where they do belong; but I am glad you are more of our sort than the Dutch, — honest, hard-working people, but obstinate in their opinions and ways, for all that. My wife's folks hailed from Great Britain too; she will be glad to tell you about it in the morning; now you'll be wanting to go to your rooms, I'm sure. They are fixed all right, for our folks are expecting summer boarders next week, — a widow and her two small boys; that is, if they ain't blowed up by this time through celebrating of the Fourth. Last year the eldest was so desperate over firecrackers and cannon, he lost a finger, and nearly put out his little brother's eye."

The Earl and Countess, with Lady Emily, were shown up a short, narrow stairway; on the platform, where the stairs turned, stood an old English clock; a round red sun painted upon its face, and below, two small war frigates moved up and down as the hands went round. Throughout the house were wood wainscotings, painted white, and the freshest of muslin curtains.

Under three oval windows at one end of the upper hall was a cushioned seat; to the left of these windows a door led into a cheerful, square room; an old-fashioned bed in the corner, having a fringed white canopy supported by four slender dark wood posts, the coverlet was freshly

laundered, neat matting and rugs covered the floor. Above the fireplace hung a long, gilt-framed mirror; in front of this stood two Chinese jars, one holding tiny American flags, the other filled with dried grasses. Opening from this chamber was one smaller; a large bay window with many plants, made it almost like a conservatory; and doors led to a veranda, recently added, the widow liking to do her writing among the tree-tops, Mr. Hanlee remarked, and she had a hard battle to fight alone, until those two likely little chaps were old enough to earn their living. To the north of the passageway, a large room held two small iron beds for the boys. In this room Lady Emily slept.

Returning to fill the water pitchers, Mr. Hanlee said, "I'll leave you each a candle, I guess. Wife says she can't bear to see me moving about with a lamp in my hands." Hearing a gate close quickly and voices coming near he added, "my folks are coming now and will fix you people all right for the night, I know." Hurrying down the stairs he called back, "Speak at that end door if anything is wanted. We live in the new part of the house, where I have all modern improvements, to please my wife."

A few minutes later, a young girl knocked at the door, bringing neatly folded night garments and a really beautiful bedroom gown of embroidered crêpe. Her uncle, an agent for a great sewing-machine company, had brought it

from Japan, she said. With this was a comb and brush, everything required, in fact, to make the Countess and Lady Emily comfortable for the night.

CHAPTER XIV

When Lady Emily went down, early the following morning, Mr. Hanlee's daughter — the young girl seen the previous night — asked if she should not take breakfast up to the Countess, who still felt stiff and tired from yesterday's adventures. The Countess was much pleased to breakfast in the little sitting-room, and Lady Emily thought it great fun holding a toasting-fork before the fire, and making the toast. Eggs were served in a china hen; and seeing there was no egg-cup, — only a small glass to put the eggs in, — the Earl carved a nice cup out of cheese, fitting it into the glass for her ladyship.

After breakfast Lady Emily told the Countess she had discovered that all the pictures in her room were Yorkshire scenes; an ancient Abbey; the Minster, and one print of Harrowgate Springs she thought might have been cut from a book. The Earl, much interested, said he must ask Mr. Hanlee how these old prints came to be there.

The Countess decided to rest on the veranda until it was time to leave for the station to catch the noon train for Boston. Mr. Hanlee himself would drive his lordship and Lady Emily to

see the town's noted places, he said. Before starting, the Earl saw Mrs. Hanlee and made a surprising discovery; the old pictures, it seems, belonged to her mother. Her grandmother came to this country as a bride. Mrs. Hanlee's mother knew little of her history, the grandmother having died when her own mother was about thirteen. She did know, however, — her mother having repeatedly told her, — that she was an orphan, and lived, very unhappily, with her only brother; so unhappily that she ran away with, and married, a foreigner, — her music or dancing master, Mrs. Hanlee believed. They came to Boston, where the man, becoming discouraged, took to drink, and died within the year. His widow, destitute, and scarcely more than a child, might have been tempted to end, when her baby came, the miserable existence that followed her hasty, unfortunate marriage, had it not been for the befriending of kind people, who sent her to a small house they owned in Concord, giving it rent free.

Several years after her husband's death, she married a well-to-do sea captain living near, a widower with one son. The captain was the kindest of men; so a few years of tranquil life came before her last illness. Many papers and letters were then destroyed, but the old pictures had been framed by the captain, who was handy at most everything. With the quaintly fashioned violet and white silk gown, unworn since her youthful days in England, in which she

asked to be buried, was found a prayer-book and the miniature of an aged lady with lovely snowy hair. On the white linen case enclosing these, worked in old-time sampler stitches, were these words: "Dear Grandmamma's miniature and cream-jug." The bag contained a silver creamer, and in the prayer-book was written in a round, childish hand, "Elizabeth's book from dear grandmother." The miniature was laid in the grandmother's coffin, as she had directed should be done.

The Earl inquired if the silver jug was still in their possession. Mr. Hanlee replied he would fetch it. His mother-in-law having set great store by the jug, always kept it on an upper shelf of their china closet; but after her death, when their Dorothy was not much more than a baby, she got hold of it in some way, when cleaning was going on, and threw it — she had a bad habit of throwing things — into the fire. The handle was seen sticking out of the gray ashes, otherwise the jug would have been destroyed; as it was, only a bit from the bottom was melted off.

On examining the creamer, to his lordship's astonishment he found engraven upon it the arms of a family closely allied to his own, and asking the grandmother's family name, found it to be what he thought; and the hall marks, though somewhat defaced by cleaning, were early Georgian.

CHAPTER XV

It would be necessary to start immediately if they intended seeing the town before train time, Mr. Hanlee said; first he would drive towards Lake Walden, that being a place the late Earl had spoken of; but as glimpses of it could be seen from the train, and the surroundings were so greatly changed since those days when the gentleman who studied Nature camped there, he thought it would hardly pay to go the whole distance.

While driving, Mr. Hanlee continued telling the story of his wife's mother. "When she was left an orphan, her stepfather, the sea-captain, sent for his sister, the childless widow of a Baptist minister, who was bringing up the captain's only child, a boy fond of books, so he was allowed to remain with his aunt, at school near Providence, in another state. After the sister and boy came, again there was pleasant home life for the girl, who had a very vivacious temperament. The boy, a dreamy sort of lad, was fond of collecting wild flowers, sorting them out and getting at the names; forever experimenting, too, with something; electricity, then but little known, or some inventions; and deeply

interested in that Count Rumford's doings. (The Count was born in a neighbouring town.) The lad liked working at carpentry, and always was trying to invent queer things; one time, a flying machine, getting at some results besides bad crippling falls, but nothing special toward great speed or high mounting; and later, a bit to stop runaway horses. So zealous perfecting musical instruments, making such mysterious moanings and squeakings at unexpected times and places neighbours got together — 'twas before our 'Search-Light Club' started, of course, — raking over and comparing those old Salem witch doings.

"The boy loved to go off and read (knew Latin and some Greek, too) in lonely places by himself; never seemed to care for girls or other young company; so it surprised all when, the spring before his coming of age, he told his father he wanted to marry Hester, — my wife's mother, that is, — and that Hester had consented, if he were willing. The captain was greatly pleased thus to settle the future of his ward, who had half the young fellows in the town dangling after her, for she was extraordinarily pretty and lively, and he feared trouble among some of those gay young men.

"Having ample means laid by to provide for both, within a year the captain set them up in a new cottage on his own farm, where they lived most happily. Hester was simply devoted to that quiet, shy man, who proved himself the

tenderest of husbands. He went on with inventing and reading, farming some, too, and was always one to help a neighbour.

"Two or three years later, when a little daughter was born, there was no prouder man in this county than the captain. After that, Hester's husband got strange ideas respecting the end of the world being near; was most earnest about it, talking more on this subject than he ever had on anything else, searching the Scriptures for texts and clues pointing in that direction; made up his mind to eat uncooked foods and quit using tobacco. Finally, many others came to his way of thinking; they made great preparations, going so far as to get ascension robes ready, believing and testifying that all would come true in their day. In some mysterious manner, these ideas spread through the state, and beyond; believers concluding everything ripe for the Lord's coming, set a special night, assembling together, waiting patiently for the appearing. Finding the Lord not yet ready was a terrible disappointment, most overwhelming for them, good, expectant creatures, His own children in their believing acts, if not rightly interpreting the times and seasons, which no man knoweth.

"After that cruelly disappointing night, arousing all to a fever of expectancy, Hester's husband seemed to just give out; his eyesight failed him; the poor man seldom went further than the porch, finally taking to his room, where they

found him, early one morning, seated by the burned-out fire, the curtains raised as though he were watching for daybreak, his hand on the open Bible, at that text, 'Mine eyes shall see the King.'

"Shortly after he passed away, Hester and her girl went back to her stepfather's, and before long closed his eyes, too, sad, lonely old man! Not many years later, I found my wife, — Hester's daughter, that is, — and brought her to the house where we now live. Grandfather was born there, and his father before him lived at the old place."

When they turned toward an old manse, the Earl expressed great interest in it and its surroundings; they also stopped near a bridge, seeing a monument bearing the figure of a soldier, and reading an inscription telling that the shots fired here in bygone days, "echoed round the world."

A deserted-appearing house was pointed out by Mr. Hanlee; chimneys of red bricks showed at each end, above the maples clustering close to the eaves. It had belonged to his uncle, he stated, a silent sort of man, meek, but set; his wife very set, too, but not meek. One day the husband as usual went to milk the cows. That was the last seen or heard of him for just three years, when he plodded into the kitchen one morning, a pail full of milk in each hand, at precisely the hour he had gone out, three years before; handed the pails to his wife, and sat

down to breakfast without saying a word about having been away. The wife was most close, too, about talking; both, good, well-meaning people, as well as set. If asked when Uncle Si — his name was Simon — would be home, always replied, business was detaining him, though, from the postmistress being one of the family, all in town knew not a letter had come from him since he had been away, and 'twas long before the days of post-cards. "He always was a little peculiar. I remember the boys shoutin' after him, 'Swamp ghost, watch out for the swamp ghost.' This was the only thing that seemed really to rile and pester him, for he were faded-out looking and loose-jointed."

"Well, folks figured it out this way: 'twas just after the donation party for the new minister; and some declar'd, while she was off arranging that, and a quilting bee, he sold the two-year-old, hand-raised heifer; that is, traded it off — he always was looking for bargains, but no good at 'em — with a Jew peddler, for half a wagonful of patent mouse-traps; clocks that couldn't tell the truth but once a day, and thermometers standing at ninety, or at freezing, the year round. The peddler did say — so we heard from a neighbouring house where he stopped — he could not conscientiously guarantee them timepieces for more than a year, and they might expect him around again before that time. Others declared the split came through a quarrel over the naming of their youngest child, or some

dispute on the 'unpardonable sin.' None ever did have the satisfaction of getting at the real cause of the trouble, nor of the making up; but it had to be allowed the couple lived on happy enough till a backing freight train struck them, about five miles from here; had stood a long time on the siding, and when they whistled up steam, 'twas natural to think the engine would pull forward; but it didn't — it backed, and struck the shay. The old mare, a slow one for moving in any direction, threw one out each side, just as they were in the middle of the tracks. 'Painless death,' said the doctor, for both were unconscious when picked up; never spoke a word, though living till evening."

CHAPTER XVI

On their way to a beautiful cemetery, Lady Emily inquired the names of the horses. "Grant and Lee," replied Mr. Hanlee, and, turning to the Earl said, "If you know anything respecting our late unpleasantness, the Civil War, that is, you may wonder a Northern man puts these names together for his favourite bays; but I tell you, sir, in my opinion, those two men were about the best there was of the war."

Lady Emily was extremely interested when Mr. Hanlee began talking of the war, as on shipboard, and whenever she gets a chance, her ladyship reads American history; accounts of those awful battles between the North and South, to the Countess, and the Earl's intimate friend, a Count of Paris, who came to the States at that time, to help, or watch all going on, often talked over these events with his lordship. Lady Emily tried to remember every word, and has, as Fräulein often declares, an amazing memory for a high-born young lady. Fräulein felt almost concerned, fearing such memory and keen desire to know might not always be convenient for her ladyship. In all experiences, both in Germany and England,

with young ladies of highest rank, never had she encountered a memory so remarkable. Her ladyship has a way of catching the very words and tones, you may say; one would almost think Fräulein herself speaking, in not just plain English, when Lady Emily told of lessons or walks with her.

Mr. Hanlee continued, "Yes, sir, I tell you there were heroes, South as well as North, those days; conscientious, believing, too, they had the Bible behind them on that slavery question. Look at Lee; at Stonewall Jackson, and a lot of younger men — captains before they were twenty. South and North gave their best — kept pouring it in, even when those grim old leaders on both sides knew, though prayers and parades went on, that the cause was already lost. I am told, believe it, too, 'twas a bitter enough day for some of them generals when they turned their backs on West Point and throwed up the Union. I'm no peace-at-any-price man, but when you go into war it's precisely what our Sherman said: 'Hell;' and those stirring it up well knew there's no turning back. You simply pay any price in men, or other treasures making a nation. The Southerners, fighting for homes, and what they called Liberty to follow the Constitution; we, North, for freedom, the Union strong against the whole world, and to show the South they were wrong in trying to force that curse of slavery over the lines. Our battle-cry was 'Union;' 'Let us die to make

men free;' but look at the cost, and the evil wrought over this whole land by that terrible struggle. I know of what I speak, for I ran off, enlisted and — may I be forgiven — said I was over age; looked it, anyway, and wrote out 'eighteen' in big figures; put that paper in my boots, reasoning it was lawful deception declaring I was over age. Well, one of those rebel bullets is travelling along between my shoulder and chest to-day; I came back a good deal of a wreck. Not one of our folks knew me at first. Consuming fever in your bones is another one of them war legacies, if you do manage to keep head and limbs together.

"No, sir, excitements those days, before and after that firing on Fort Sumter, are past believing now. Political party talk just frenzied true men, both North and South. This side the fence you were hailed patriots, on the other railed at as vandals unspeakable. I am free to say if there had been cooler heads — those Peace Commission folks seemed to have sensible ideas and might have saved the nation — better ways could have been found to settle, buying up, or right deciding on the slaves. Look at those millions in money flowing out like water, to keep the war agoing. I ain't talking of lives now; but no, hot blood, once started, don't easily cool. 'Twas brother against brother, that made discord fiercer, and a man's foes, they of his own household. Well, thank God, 'Blues and Grays' can fight over those old battles now

in almost a friendly spirit, smoking their pipes by peaceful campfires, talking, calmly, of days that tried men's souls, dividing the land by streams of blood. Defeat may rankle a little with those older ones, perhaps, who lost everything. I ain't blaming them, exactly; but this feeling, too, is going pretty fast, I guess. I didn't take stock in that Cuban war; maybe some of us old G. A. R. veterans thought there was a trifle too much fuss over those San Juan Rough Riders. I didn't altogether like those proceedings in the Philippine Islands either; rum is worse than lead for some of them natives. I am proud of our Country, but afraid this stretching out towards heathen lands, in the line of enlarging the boundaries, is not wise. Send them the Gospel, preaching and living it, too, I say; but look out for what you British call, 'extending the sphere of influence.'

"Well, I most forgot to show you the house where Mr. Emerson died," he went on; "I might as well say right off there's no team in this township equal to Grant and Lee. Anybody in these parts will tell you so; and for more than three years they have been bringing me good profits.

"For funerals or friendly rides, I charge nothing; but christenings, weddings, floral parades or sleighing-parties are five dollars, or more, each, and every penny goes to them Fresh Air children in the city.

"We had a boy of our own not long ago;

just four years, coming the first of next month; the week he was nine, we laid him over yonder. Never could get courage to tread that cypress-shaded path since; but mother goes there often, Sundays and other times. You never saw a brighter little fellow; full of mischief as a squir'l; such earnest ways of laughing, or carrying on over everything he did; a mite high-tempered, perhaps, like his grandma, but easy to make up in a minute. We had been married nigh to seven years before our first girl came, you know, and wife simply adored that little son coming so long after — always had been crazy for a boy; and he never was ten minutes out of her sight if she did not know just where he was or what he was doing.

"Yes, sorrows come to all, I know; linking the whole world together, and when life is given, whether we want it or not, suffering comes, too; but mother's life was just anchored to that child, and for more than a year she seemed to carry a dead heart in her bosom.

"It happened this way: mother did want a few white flowers that morning. One of them poor, half-witted almshouse girls strayed into a neighbour's the day before, and that night a nameless baby was born. Mother helped; and when it opened its eyes and breathed a few times, it was gone; and she thought putting a few flowers by the coffin would seem comforting to the girl, who, in a dull way, appeared to mourn her baby. So when Benny begged to

go to the pond and bring up some lilies, said, 'Yes,' knowing the flat-bottomed old boat could never upset, and 'twas no distance from the house, barely a quarter of a mile — you can most see the place now over yonder, beyond that bridge. She had been to the upper windows once to make sure he was all right, and then started down to meet him. When she came to where you can see the pond from our lane, there was his straw hat on the seat. For a moment, mother thought he must be on the bank, under shadow of the trees, perhaps — the water is pretty deep there — but it did not seem quite right. I heard just one cry, 'Father,' and together we ran to the boat. 'Twas no use; no human being will ever know, but they think he struck his temple — it was bruised, the only mark on his body — on the rowlock, or, pushing his oar, overbalanced and got caught under the lily pads; there might have been heart trouble, though Ben never did complain of heat, or anything. He was gone, we think, just after mother saw him, and, in less than an hour, again in her arms, a half-opened lily still tightly clasped in his hand.

"I don't know when I have spoken so about our sorrow; but coming to the cemetery led on, and though we are not much acquainted, I kinder knew you would understand. We have grown tenderer of others' children, perhaps, since mother had those words cut on his stone, — 'A little child shall lead them.'

"Well, I must hurry on, or we won't get to those graves you're searching for. Yes, there lies Mr. Emerson; that big rock is his stone. Plain and strong like him. What he wrote about empty hands and other things helped mother and me considerable. Hawthorne, too, had a kind heart — not much of a talker; and the Alcotts were neighbourly, though those transcendental ideas I never could follow; something like that higher criticism they talk about; experimenting with stops; putting in a comma here, or changing Hebrew words there; altering the whole Scripture renderings you have followed since you were born. Some good notions back of it all, I suppose, but past my comprehension. Following the Golden Rule, and that verse beginning, 'What doth the Lord, thy God, require of thee?' suits me. That's plain enough, even if 'twas written in a dead language."

CHAPTER XVII

As they drove back towards the farm, Lady Emily saw the Countess on the porch, a pretty place; stone steps in front, honeysuckles and other creepers at each side; with ferns, and lilies just blossoming. Mrs. Hanlee, her hair almost gray, tall and extremely nice, sat there also. Her ladyship had passed a most agreeable morning, getting ideas for her dairy at Ortham Towers, she said, and talking over some new butter tests, and the treatment of goslings.

Mrs. Hanlee's daughters brought charming bouquets of wild flowers, — Canterbury bells, which, the Countess told them, ancient chroniclers said opened their blue bells at " Sunne rising, closing with sunne set; " life everlasting, and others new to her ladyship, mentioning they never gathered roots, unless to use in home gardens, as they were members of a society to protect wild flowers and birds.

The young girls were very proud of their pet cat, a fine Angora with three kittens, the mother almost as beautiful as Lady Emily's own Mignonne, who won first prize at the London Cat Show. Lady Emily thought the girls' manners delightful, they were not at all given to the pert

ways she had been told many youthful Americans incline to.

When the Countess asked the eldest daughter to sing for the Earl the verses she had heard her singing earlier in the morning, she sang unaffectedly, with very nice expression:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

"And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

Lady Emily remembered having heard this poem at home, and the Countess said the lines were written by an English lady, a friend of her great-aunt's.

In returning from the pastures where the Earl had gone with Mr. Hanlee to inspect a couple of colts considered remarkably promising as pacers, his lordship asked the amount of his bill. A sum so small was named by Mr. Hanlee that the Earl said it was quite insufficient for the trouble given.

"No, sir, I am asking you regular rates; more than the widow, of course, she paying by the month, — I throw in them mites of boys; but those are fair charges; not a cent more or less; it all goes to those Fresh Airers, though we get good profit, too, liking to warm hearts as well as hands, at our hearth."

They were sorry to leave such kindly people, Lady Emily said; and on returning to Boston a beautiful microscope was sent to Concord, with a message saying Mr. Hanlee must sometime bring his daughters to see their ancestors' homes in England. His lordship remembered the old Earl's having spoken of Sir Claude, who must have been the Baronet when Mrs. Hanlee's grandmother was living; a most eccentric man, trained for the Diplomatic Service; but scrapes, and worse, at Constantinople and Venice, soon cut short his career in that direction. He finally met his death by a fall when hunting. His only son, coming of age just at this time, was sadly wild; tried to lose his identity in the London slums; later, leaving debts and dishonour in England, he fled to South Africa with a Music Hall celebrity. The Earl presumed they, or their children, if there were heirs, might still be getting an income from the Yorkshire estates. The ancient manor had some of the best oak carving in the kingdom, though badly damaged and out of repair. His lordship believed the old house and part of the land entailed; but the scandal about the young Baronet was so long past, he had forgotten details.

CHAPTER XVIII

Mr. Stubbs had a presentiment, that evening of the Earl's return, that the hotel office clerk would be off duty, and, knowing he should not be wanted until after ten, was standing near the entrance when the young man came out. He at once turned towards Mr. Stubbs, saying an Athletic Contest was to be held at the Young Men's Christian Association that evening, and if Mr. Stubbs cared to see their rooms, he would be glad of his company. Thanking him, of course, Mr. Stubbs replied, it would be most agreeable, as he was a stranger and also off duty.

Walking towards the Association, Mr. Stubbs just mentioned how worried he had been, owing to the mistake about those tickets. Promptly the young clerk replied, he, too, had been greatly concerned over the whole occurrence.

It seems he had already explained to his lordship, that he is a New York man, recently sent to Boston, and had never chanced to hear of Mr. Emerson. When Concord tickets were asked for, something may have been said about the Emerson house, which he took to be some new inn, or summer resort, not yet on their hotel

list. One thing he clearly recalled, instructions having been telephoned him the Saturday before, just as he was starting for a jolly good time over Sunday at his best friend's camp, to go immediately to the steamship pier to meet a party of British aristocrats — his own words — earls or dukes, — he did not know which, — so keen to reach Concord, where they had some appointment, that everything was left on the steamer for him to attend to, they rushing off to catch the Concord train. He was bothered most to death about the baggage. The parties' names being different from their titles, he could not get the initials on the trunks straight, but did not dare leave them, nor did he wish to make a fool of himself by lugging up to the hotel a lot of things belonging to other travellers; so, when another lord came along the following week, asking for Concord tickets, he naturally came to the conclusion it was the same Concord, in New Hampshire, and sent up tickets accordingly; also was on hand the next morning, telling the driver where to go. He might, of course, have mentioned to his lordship the crowds that would be travelling to celebrate the day; and now blames himself, especially since seeing the Countess and that beautiful young lady, for not doing so; but had an impression from friends in the navy that, though British and American sailors stand together against outsiders, the world over, they prefer celebrating Royal birthdays, rather than dress-

ing ships, or saluting the flag, Independence Day; leastways, had heard this was true in the past, in far-away treaty-ports, and believes he has been told that English captains sometimes find it a convenient day for sailing off on target practice, or coaling. He thought the Earl, perhaps, preferred being out of Boston and absent from military reviews on that day.

The young man, Mr. Starr, regretted inconveniencing the party; but thought he was doing what was wanted by earls and dukes, though had had but little experience in their company, or with foreign customs and ways. Mr. Stubbs tried to explain the Peerage, and though fairly intelligent, with a careful, slow way of speaking, the man did not appear to understand. Fancy his remarking he thought it would be simpler to call a duke's wife a "dukess." Mr. Stubbs of course told him, "That is impossible, her grace must be a duchess, unless of more exalted rank before her marriage." Mr. Starr then inquired if Mr. Stubbs happened to have a guinea about him, it being a coin he had long wanted to see. Mr. Stubbs explained that also, and the young man remarked it was hard getting the hang of things so contrary to their plain meaning. Such ignorance of British customs and royal ways was amazing. Mr. Stubbs might have thought he was chaffing; but he seemed earnest and had a very serious way of talking. Mr. Stubbs felt he should tell Mr. Starr that, repeatedly, he has been at great

country seats, visited by His Majesty both as Prince of Wales and Ruling Sovereign; and a more kindly-mannered gentleman, to all beneath him, could not be found. He wished Mr. Starr could have witnessed the King's hearty applause at a state concert where Madame Patti sang that song about England, which says "A poor, honest man is as good as a king." The Duke of Edinburgh, then living, and next his Majesty, clapped even harder than the King. Mr. Stubbs was obliged to add, however, as all the world knows, there were things in the monarch's youth better left undone. As for the Royal Consort, Her Majesty outshines all in the kingdom in gracious loveliness, as well as in rank.

The young man seemed much impressed, Mr. Stubbs thought, remarking he was glad to hear all this, for the nearest he has ever been to kings was in having an uncle see the Prince of Wales when he came to America — at that period, however, he does not appear to have been exactly a king. Later, he himself has been quite close to the Queen of Hawaii — if that is her proper title — when she passed through New York on her way to Washington, to try and get her kingdom secured.

The athletic contest was on by this time — very creditable wrestling, sprinting and sparring — so nothing more could well be said; but Mr. Stubbs felt he had straightened out matters a bit.

CHAPTER XIX

THE day before leaving Boston I was packing in Lady Emily's room, folding carefully and putting paper in the bodies, just as Miss Barnes had instructed. To see how badly scratched and torn the boxes, or trunks, are, even by this short trip in the States, is disheartening. Such treatment would not be permitted in England, Mr. Stubbs declared, when the Earl's new hat-box needed repairs, from having been tossed about most recklessly.

As I said, I was busy packing when the Earl came to the door, and handed Lady Emily a small parcel, saying, "A little gift, dear, to remind you of Boston. Before you open it, just get your pencil, and write down something for the vicar. You know we promised to find new coon songs for his boys' club, and to remember any good stories about the negroes. I have been at a conference this morning, to meet people working for the blacks. One, recently returned from inspecting some large schools in the South, told of a remarkably amusing old-time darkey, and I want you to write out what he said.

"A Bible study conference was going on in

a small town where he stopped, and 'the faithful' had been duly admonished to early and constant attendance by their coloured pastors. The doors of the place of meeting opened at nine in the morning, and before that hour most of the older inhabitants assembled outside, waiting for front seats. The preacher, a white man from some distant state, had gone through the history of Creation, dwelling on the law-givers, prophets and kings; the Lamentations, Daniel's trials, and, getting on with the minor prophets, hoped to arouse, about noon, a faithful but somewhat exhausted interest, by dramatically demanding: 'Here comes Amos; now where shall we place him?' A gray-haired negro in the front row of benches, leaning meditatively on a staff resembling in its proportions that of Goliath, apparently attentively listening, — in reality slumbering profoundly, wakened suddenly and seeing means of polite escape towards the bountiful supply of fried chicken prepared in honour of the gathering, exclaimed, with excited eagerness, — 'Let him hab my place, Massa; Massa Amos can surely hab my seat, for I'se gwine home!'"

Lady Emily laughed heartily at the old man's earnest politeness. The Earl was particular that the spelling should be as given him, before telling her ladyship of another patriarch in one of the older Kentucky towns, who, being questioned by a stranger regarding a newcomer in that region, replied: "I'se don' jus' know

'bout der *religion.* I ain't beholden to anybody, but he's powerful kind to his'n own folks, and mighty good doin' for der poor; knowin' fine-mannered hosses when he do see dem; but dose racin' boys what am allus foolin' round dat big stable, declar's dey hab heard ole massa say, ef he cotched enny pusson chicken-snatchin' down his'n way, he war gwine to set der blood-hounds on der tracks sure; an' enny whites or blacks, fit for members in dat Liars' Club, would git fired off dis yer plantation quicker dan a rattler's strike, or thunderin' lightning flashes."

Incidents were told, at the meeting, of younger men who walked hundreds of miles, willing to work night and day to get an education; one deeply-interesting man, formerly a slave, became the leader of his race from the bondage of ignorance and poverty, toward all that is unselfish and noble.

On opening the parcel, Lady Emily was delighted to find the dearest little book, bound in blue leather, her name engraved upon the locked silver clasp. Inside, several views of Boston were placed around crossed flags above Bunker Hill Monument, and at the back a map of the world was securely fastened. On the first page, the Earl had written these lines:

> "And not through Eastern windows only,
> When sunrise comes, comes in the light;
> In front the sun mounts slow, how slowly!
> But westward look! the land is bright."
>
> —*A. H. Clough.*

Below the Countess added, —

"With all thy getting, get understanding."
— *Proverbs iv. 7.*

Lady Emily must endeavour to write a few lines each day, as a journal, said the Earl. Then it came to me what I should do with a book the Countess that morning had told me she did not care to keep longer — a new laundry list, quite a large, bound book, bought by Miss Barnes before leaving for Canada. This the Countess felt sure would not be needed, in those far away lands where we would travel. Scarcely a night passed after this without my writing out on the backs of the lists the day's adventures. I just had to put things down. My fondness for writing out comes from grandfather, I have thought, though father never did tell us about his people; where they lived or came from we never knew; but once after I had learned to write fairly well, said: "You have your grandfather's hand, Annie, and he was a schoolmaster, devoted to his books, and getting great comfort from reading and study."

When we reached the railway station the following morning, Mr. Stubbs remarked that the finest private car he had ever seen had been placed at the Earl's disposal by a great railway king, for the trip to the Pacific. Nothing to compare with it had I ever seen; there were silk hangings, a piano, growing plants, and dressing rooms; even the pillow covers had lace

trimmings. At one end a sort of pavilion with red and white striped awnings had been arranged, after dark lighted by electric lights; and here often I was directed to sit with Lady Emily. Three coloured men from the West Indies, who spoke French, had charge, — a steward, the cook and a porter. These wore white coats in the car, and blue when they stepped off upon the platform. The cooking was as excellent as everything else.

The first stop made was at Buffalo, for a few hours. A very attractive town. Here, with my own eyes, I saw what I had heard about ever since I was a child in Scotland, and often seen pictured in the big London print-sellers' windows, — Niagara Falls. "Thunder of Waters," the Indians called the great cataract; most beautiful in the sunlight, a rainbow crown upon it. The roar of the rushing, sweeping waters prevented my hearing the Earl's comments; but Mr. Stubbs compared those seething waters to the pouring down of the flood upon the earth, in Noah's time, or the coming Judgment Day.

After those stupendous, restless falls, most impressive was that silent whirlpool below the Rapids, steadfastly moving on for uncounted ages, declaring almighty power like the unchanging stars of the firmament, ever since man's eyes first beheld them, and none know how long before.

CHAPTER XX

Mr. Stubbs appeared eager to learn when we should be in Chicago. Anything approaching butchery is revolting to his nature; but having heard of those stockyard sights, he felt he must see them, though, if following his own pleasure, he was kind enough to say, he preferred walking by the lake shores with me, if we could get an hour off; but considered it almost a duty to see those yards, and especially an old beast called a steer, that leads the other poor creatures to destruction. The sights were sickening, Mr. Stubbs said, later, but he was glad he had seen for himself.

After leaving Chicago, we travelled over vast plains; wonderful farming lands. Late the following afternoon, stopping jerkingly at a solitary station, one house only in sight, the porter told us a "hot box," or something wrong on the car ahead, would detain the train there hours. No town could be seen, but a man coming from the house said it was barely three miles away, in a hollow, hidden by the ridges of Indian corn, fully twelve feet high. The man added, "If you wait ten minutes I will bring round my schooner and get you all there most

as quick as one of them new-fangled automobiles we have seen sprouting out of the spring mud round about here. Our folks fears them worse than wild beasts; seem to get sort of motor-crazy, and now if they see *anything* new on the road, jumps out altogether, both sides, at first sight, not willing to take any chances."

A few minutes later the man returned in a big wagon, covered with white canvas; these, it seems, are called "prairie ships," or "schooners," in this part of the States. The Earl and the Countess sat in the middle seat, as easier riding. I was told to sit by Lady Emily on the back, and Mr. Stubbs on the front seat.

When all were seated, the driver continued talking about the motor-cars, saying: "Last fall one of our neighbours was travelling over to Cattle Creek market along this very road, loaded up to the top of his wagon with the biggest crop of eggs — part of them special settings at one dollar the thirteen — they had taken in for months; two stone jars of fresh butter balanced a coop of 'broilers' on the seat beside him, and his boys packed in pumpkins, cabbages and tomatoes wherever there was a chink to hold them. He had started a little late, but calculated on getting to the Creek before dark, though his horse is stiff forward; blind in one eye, too. On the best stretch of road between here and Cattle Creek — awful dusty, but straight as a dart for more than seven miles — one of those snorting monsters came up behind.

Farmer Ord might have been dozing a little, he said, for, the first thing he knew, they were tooting a horn like mad; that honk alone frightens most horses about as much as those fiery chariots themselves. Old Ned made a plunging kick as it steamed by close to his blind side; the breeching gave way, and such a mix-up, — eggs, farmer, butter, chickens, horse and vegetables — you never did see.

"Ord is not a swearing man, but did say, later, that since then he has not felt the same strength in rebuking those that are given to bad language. After a while he fixed up the harness, got what was left of the load back into the wagon and started along again. He kept repeating to himself some of those Psalms that are pretty hard on the wicked and your enemies; but was getting well over the indignant feelings, and began singing 'Beulah Land,' when, half a mile ahead, perhaps, he heard a sharp report or two, like pistol-firing, then hard hammering; but could not see what was going on; there being a sort of unexpected gully-wash just there.

"Getting nearer he saw that big machine, and on his back, lying almost under, was the man who drove it. Suicide, or some violent death, he could have affirmed, and felt sorry he had dwelt so much on those Psalms about your enemies; but a minute later, the man crawled from the dust, nearly a foot deep, and said, — using some expressions Ord did not care to re-

peat, — that he had bursted his machine. The sun was low in his eyes, and the road being straight he had not counted on any dip like that. He wanted to know how far it was to the nearest house or machine shop, as he would have to carry part of his auto there, or get horses to draw the car. Farmer Ord told him 'twas nigh to four miles, and the man seemed so put out at the distance, telling him that for more than two years he had most lived in his machine; could not walk a mile without pain, he was so unaccustomed to using his legs. Ord could not resist saying that though his load was considerably lighter than when he last saw him, he feared Ned could never draw another hundred pounds; but he would gladly take any message wanted, or send a team, if he could find one, to fetch him and the car to the blacksmith. The man thanked him gratefully, accepting the offer, and late that evening he heard him being towed along to the smithy, followed by most of the boys and other leisure classes of Cattle Creek, who seemed greatly pleased that the advice they are always so generous about giving had for once been taken."

Farmer Ord has been told those far East magistrates have a hard time fining racing chauffeurs, and thinks if some less high-sounding name were given them, they might have more respect for the rights of others. He does not know much about the East, but declares he should not advise letting any of our people here suggest names they consider appropriate.

CHAPTER XXI

On reaching the town, it was a pleasant place, we could see, but not very tidy, — scraps of paper and other rubbish blowing about the wide, ill-kept streets, — three churches and a nice schoolhouse. The driver remarked, " We've a lot of books piled up over the new Bank, and are hoping the town may be ' Carnegied ' before Thanksgiving."

This must mean provided with a library building the Earl said.

Just off the main road stood a very neat house; on the porch an old man sat until the " schooner " came in sight, then hurrying to the gate waved a letter, which he was anxious should go by the next mail to his son in the Philippines, he said; and would our driver drop it in the postal car at the station?

As we drove toward the railway, the driver said, " That old man has been nearer death than most people. Years ago, seated on his coffin, his eyes covered with a handkerchief, he awaited orders to be shot for deserting at a critical time in the Civil War, when a messenger galloped furiously up, his horse and himself foam-flecked, waving his hand peremptorily and shouting, ' I

am the bearer of a pardon from President Lincoln.'

"The soldier, scarcely more than a boy, was desperately homesick, and after months of illness had been discharged from the hospital, that day, as fit for duty, though still wretchedly weak. Hearing through a comrade that his mother had come to a town not fifty miles away, where her sister lived, he determined to slip off by night and at least see her before returning to field duty. Not realizing what this action meant, he told no one but his comrade, who, unfortunately, bore a very bad reputation.

"There were many desertions those days, and the officers knew discipline must be maintained by severest measures. When he was caught stealing off between the sentry lines, in some sort of disguise, thinking him a spy, the pickets fired, slightly wounding him; later, discovering who he was, the captain of his company could scarcely believe it possible, the boy's previous record having been excellent. In his terror at being captured, and then realizing what he had done, the young fellow told rather conflicting stories, and seeing he was not believed, became stubborn and they could get nothing out of him. After he was sentenced to be shot, his captain, who had known the young man's family many years, hastened to Washington, thinking Lincoln might save him. The President refused, adding deserters had increased recently, and example must be made. Then an old Judge,

the lad's godfather, and a companion of the President's own boyhood, went to the White House. He told Mr. Lincoln, it was not because his failure to speak might mean the breaking of a widowed mother's heart, nor even to save an only son, who never before had caused grief, from deserved punishment; but because, having investigated every detail connected with the fevered madness of a heart-sick boy, it was his bounden duty to place before the President a letter obtained that morning from the Dead Letter office, it having been wrongly addressed. This letter, written by the lad shortly before starting, told his mother he hoped to spend a few hours with her, though nothing would prevent his returning to the regiment but inability to hold a musket, or the close of the war. He did not tell his mother how he would get to her, but described the horrors he had witnessed since leaving home. Long nights without sleep were spoken of, and days when living was torture. President Lincoln read the letter, a sad smile lighting his wearied features, worn and agonized with the burden of a nation's woe, from which, even then, he seemed to realize that only death could free him, and raising his deep, searching eyes from the letter still in his hand, said, 'I have your word, Judge, as to the truth of this; I know I can trust you and cannot refuse what you ask. The pardon shall be given and the boy returned to his regiment.'

"Tears filled the eyes of both men as the old

friends clasped hands, and parted, never to meet again in this world."

Our driver told the Earl that the veteran's name was Long; that he married years after the war closed; had three sons and one daughter. The first child he named Abraham Lincoln Long; the second, Lincoln Long; and when the third came, in commemoration of all who helped him in time of desperate need, he was called Abraham Judge Savin Long, Savin being the captain's name. His only girl was christened Grateful Long. Two sons were already in the United States service, and the third probably would be, when he became older.

His lordship appeared much interested in the history of the old soldier, saying his father, the late Earl, admired Lincoln greatly, and kept the President's portrait in his study. Soldier Long was not so very old, the driver explained, but his hair became white before he left the army.

Our driver's name was Olsen and he was born in Sweden, but considered himself a loyal American, having for more than forty years voted at every presidential election, and would have gone to the war if a disabled arm had not prevented. The West was full of Swedes and Germans, he remarked, zealous American citizens, but not forgetting their fatherland, and proud of King and Emperor.

On reaching the railway again, the sun, a big, misty ball of dull crimson, was fast sinking

between where the lines going westward seemed to end, and the metal shone like the lights on sea calm nights, at sundown, as we sailed towards America. Five minutes later the sun slipped away, and we were off toward where it disappeared, — in "the great ocean of the west," said the steward.

Mr. Stubbs finds the American mode of travelling very much to his mind: "No worrying about your food when you take it along with you, and a chance to stretch your legs in moving about; most comfortable for the nights, too, if you have to keep going at that time." Nothing could be better than the Corridor Carriage trains of the "Royal Mail," he had thought, but now prefers this Vestibuled Limited. Many valets consider journeying and being away from the London season decidedly exasperating, but he enjoys the novel sights and experiences.

His lordship requiring little done, Mr. Stubbs is often in the smoking car, or in one called the Observation, coming back to tell me what he observes or hears. One day he found a small lad of seven years travelling all alone. The conductor had an eye to him, of course, but he was just labelled, by a bit of linen sewed on his coat, — "From County Kerry to Alaska," where his father has gone, hoping to find a fortune in the gold fields, though in Mr. Stubbs's opinion, it is more likely to mean death, from what he has been told of the snows and hardships, climbing over ice mountains. Men

work like dumb beasts, or machines, in many of those mining places, the year round, never stopping Sundays even, and only off for two holidays a year: and this in a Christian land!

CHAPTER XXII

One morning Mr. Stubbs sat near a gentleman with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows; he had the feeling of having seen him before; his hair stood out in a way that seemed familiar. Nothing was said, of course, but Mr. Stubbs did make out that the book he was reading was in the Greek language. Later, in that part of the car, everybody seemed to be laughing, and such remarks as "How extraordinary!" and "Is that so?" were heard. The porter told Mr. Stubbs the gentleman was a great travelling man; the writer also of many well known books, and has lectured all over the world. Directly, then, it came to Mr. Stubbs that he himself had gotten leave to hear him one night in London, and could never forget that entertaining talk and the roars of laughter; though meeting him in so distant a place, he could not at first rightly decide where he had seen him before.

An hour was spent at Denver, a beautiful city, where far-away mountains look very near, owing to the clear, dry air. At Leadville, one of the highest towns in the world, Mr. Stubbs thinks, the silver mined from those brown hills is amazing. For half an hour he listened to

what might be called a political oration, from the platform of a car going towards New York. The gentleman talked excitedly about the silver standard, saying it must be upheld; and warned his hearers against British influences dictated by Lombard Street or Court circles. Those listening were urged not to be slaves to any foreign power; and the West, the speaker stated, no matter what the East might do, would never submit to views or rulers not understanding the silver question. A very agitating talk, reminding Mr. Stubbs of Hyde Park on Sundays.

On the Countess's commenting upon a cottage standing a little back from the road and having more shrubbery around it than others near, Lady Emily was much amused at the reply of a tall farmer who was almost under the car in his eagerness to examine its unusual fittings.

"Yes, Marm, that's a nice place, no mistake, a mighty sightly farm; but Widder Webb's no hand to keep it up; let's everything run to rack and ruin; she's a good woman though, a powerful pious person, but no hustler, and, if you look inside things has got so mixed up you'd kinder hate to touch her best company preserves."

That night Lady Emily sat up very late to see, by moonlight, a wonderful mountain, called Mountain of the Holy Cross. It was most lovely, — not far from the summit, tracings of

snow in crevices outlined upon dark rocks a white cross, the figure of a woman, some say, kneeling before it.

From what I heard — for having mending that needed to be done that morning I did not stir from the car — Salt Lake City must be a remarkably odd place. The idea of many wives at a time is repugnant to him, Mr. Stubbs says, and he fails to understand those arguments carried on about it. It is all wrong, any right-thinking person must admit; "like putting your head through many nooses." The buildings where those following these peculiar doctrines worship are immense halls or temples. The streets are wide, and the town pleasantly laid out and clean.

The Earl took Lady Emily to the Great Salt Lake, twelve miles beyond the town. Her ladyship thought bathing in the lake delightful. You never could sink in such water, she said; and on coming out, wanted to walk a dozen miles.

His lordship desired to visit some valley, miles away, where big game and wonderful scenery abound, but decided, as going there would prevent their seeing anything of California before the vessel sailed from San Francisco, to postpone this expedition for another visit to the States, when they hoped also to see Alaska's wonders and Mexico, and in Arizona, the grandest of all canyons.

CHAPTER XXIII

THERE was never anything more charming than Southern California, all thought. At Santa Barbara, and other towns, the hedges, as well as the gardens, were masses of flowers; callas, geraniums, fuchsias, and roses, such as I never have seen; walls and hillsides appearing like cascades of glorious blossoms.

Los Angeles, and the ascent of mountains near, delighted Lady Emily, who was enthusiastic over first glimpses of the Pacific Ocean from those great heights. All were charmed with Santa Barbara and its old Franciscan Mission, the climate reminding the Countess of the Riviera in Italy, where she had spent more than one winter. We stopped to see a wonderful telescope in an observatory on the top of a mountain — one of the finest lenses in the world — and the next day reached San Francisco. We had scarcely been half an hour in the immense hotel there, known as the "Palace," — in fact, I was folding veils and straightening out gloves in the Countess's chamber, — when the Earl came into the sitting-room, the door being open between, holding two telegrams.

"Read these, dear; most unpleasant for you,

I am afraid, and very hard for poor Barnes."

The Countess read:

"Regret to inform you Barnes has fractured leg. No complications. Accident not serious, but travelling impossible for weeks."

This was signed by the Governor-General's own surgeon and dated two days back. The second despatch said:

"Barnes has broken leg; travelling impossible; will write."

This telegram, bearing the Governor-General's signature, had been sent a day later than the surgeon's.

The Countess was greatly distressed about poor Barnes, though I heard her say to his lordship, she was sure I could manage to do what was needed, and later, should an extra maid be required, knew Geraldine could find some one in Calcutta and send her to Hong-Kong. I, also, felt badly about Miss Barnes, though rejoiced to know I could be of use to the Countess. Mr. Stubbs seemed a good deal disturbed, also, saying, however, he was not surprised, having long feared a fall of some sort must come to one so independent.

Next morning I was told to pack the hold-all and dressing-cases, as the Countess and Lady Emily would go with the Earl to Monterey. They might return the following day, so Mr. Stubbs and I were to remain in San Francisco. Soon after they left, a telegram was brought, addressed to John Stubbs, which, when he came

back from the railway station, — where he had gone with the bags, — I handed to him. He seemed a little confused, but said nothing; and going towards the window, opened the envelope, reading the message more than once before saying, "Having known Miss Barnes so long in a friendly way, I did feel rather cut up about that accident perverse though Susan Barnes is, uncomprehendingly self-satisfied, too, I am bound to add, and kept saying to myself, — I expected some happening of this sort; one leg is sure to be shorter than the other. I could not get it off my mind, and as I went to my room last night a clock near struck thirteen times. I am not superstitious, of course, and knew it a mistake for eleven; but all the same, it was upsetting. I got a little nervous, too, remembering my own mother's step-sister, who never walked after Mahaffy's eldest, — tyrant of the village, 'Bad luck to you,' our boys used to yell after him — chased the pig under the wheels of the jaunting-car, and she was thrown against the wall, breaking her leg in two places. Just then it flashed into my mind, telegraph Andrew Leach, the Governor-General's own man, a very old friend of mine, having known him, boy and man, thirty-five years and more, and for getting at particulars he is unequalled. So slipping into my coat again, I went down to the office and telegraphed:

"'Wire how Miss Barnes is. Will leg be same length?'

"If anybody could get at facts I knew Leach would; and this is his reply:

"'Probably same length, getting at particulars; will write.'"

It did seem very tender-hearted of Mr. Stubbs to take so much trouble, and I told him so. That afternoon he invited me to a motor-car trip, to see some great sea-monsters on the rocks beyond the town; but having promised an English maid stopping in the hotel to do some shopping with her, I could not go. She wanted to take home a few little remembrances from California; and, when we met in the maids' dining-room, kindly told me much about the wonders I should see in those foreign lands we were starting towards, her ladies having made the same trip. We bought photographs of those great trees in the Yosemite Valley, she being glad to get these, having herself seen their immense size; also several pincushions made from the bark. Returning to the hotel, we strayed into a part of the town I never should have knowingly entered, seeing unspeakable sights such as Miss Sandys — that is the maid — said she has never seen equalled for disgrace in heathen lands.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE next day was Friday. Before noon Mr. Stubbs was called to the telephone by a message from his lordship. Having decided to remain at Monterey a day longer and then drive to some small place, we were to join them there, bringing the letters and other things wanted for Sunday. We started by train, as directed, and had everything ready in a cottage connected with the hotel, when the Earl and Countess arrived, very dusty, but having greatly enjoyed the drive, stopping at interesting places, Lady Emily said, though nothing she thought quite so charming as Monterey.

The following morning Lady Emily attended service with the Earl at a small stone church not far from the hotel. About five o'clock I was getting out the tea basket and placing the table on the veranda as the Countess likes — Mr. Stubbs had gone to the hotel for cream — when a bent-over, infirm old gentleman, most carefully dressed in black, wearing a high, old-fashioned stock, and hat with a mourning band, and, on his hands, black gloves half an inch too long

in the fingers, came to the veranda steps, and addressing his lordship said, — that having seen him at morning service he felt sure he was a fellow countryman, and though more than sixty years had passed since he left England, his old home, the church of his ancestors and all connected with Great Britain were dear to him. The Earl at once invited him to have tea with them. As he stirred his first cup, the old gentleman remarked, he remembered well the early days of tea-drinking in England: friends being invited to have a "dish of tea," as saucer-like dishes were often used instead of cups. His own preference was for Japanese tea, though glad to know English planters had been so successful in Ceylon and near Darjeeling.

He then mentioned he was one of the church wardens and recently had been concerned with questions relating to rites and ceremonies. Incense might be permissible; regarding this he was unprepared to decide, remembering in Old Testament times its use was commanded, though some claim that "sweet incense" referred to prayer. Whether this command has been changed by newer dispensation, he was unable to say. The present rector, being High Church in his views, before Easter had carved panels fitted into the communion table, so that it should represent a solid altar, obtaining the Vestry's consent also to add more steps to the chancel, and finally, on the morning of Easter Day, arranging a processional of clergy and choristers

to walk around the outside of the church. The old man, — Smithson, we heard later was his name, — feared this might be going too far, and though not holding with Mr. Kensit in his method of checking ritualistic services, he thought him right in resisting many modern innovations in the Church of England. His lordship agreed with this and said in such cases he believed *via media* was perhaps safest. This, Mr. Stubbs informed me, was Latin, and he knew meant keeping to the middle aisle.

In response to the Countess's asking Mr. Smithson if his family were with him, the old gentleman replied he was alone in the world; if they were interested, and had leisure, he would gladly talk of his youth, as he seldom met compatriots, and being so solitary, had formed the habit of going over the events of a strangely unusual life.

He was the only child of a delicate, always ailing mother, and on her death had been sent, a shrinking, timid lad, to Rugby. In his second year at the school he was suddenly summoned home by the elderly relative, his mother's aunt, who acted as his father's housekeeper. On reaching the Priory, — for so his home was called from having been built on the foundations of an old monastery, — he found his father had disappeared, and saddest of all, under suspicion of having caused the death of a distant cousin, who was also his landlord. There had long been bad feeling between the men and a deal of

wrangling over certain repairs. Damages had been claimed for injury to a valuable horse on a broken bridge. Neither cousin would pay, though right of way appears to have been given obliging the landlord to keep the bridge in safe condition. Both men were passionate, both given to hard drinking. The landlord was the last of five brothers, each having met a violent death, and all continually at actual or legal warfare with half the county.

A few days before the lad's return from Rugby, these hot-headed reckless men agreed to meet near the bridge and examine it together. The doctor from a neighbouring village, passing along the highway shortly before sunset hurrying to reach a patient, saw threatening gestures, and heard, though a long distance off, what sounded like violent altercation, but thought little of it, as the cousins seldom met without quarrelling: a few hours after the elder cousin was found by the bridge, a pistol clenched in his lifeless hand; while a faithful collie kept watch over his master's body and drove back those wanting to take him away. There could be no doubt that Smithson's father had shot his cousin; and it was the general belief, at first, that the shot had been fatal. Later, doctors proved to the jury that the bullet had simply grazed the left shoulder, causing a wound that bled profusely but inflicted little injury, and that the real cause of death was apoplexy. The dead man's own physician had repeatedly

warned him of a weak heart, and that very morning, a biting, cold winter's day, had urged him not to go out.

For more than two years nothing was heard of the elder Mr. Smithson. His boy continued to live with the aged lady at the old home, when one day, shortly before the lease of the Priory was up, a strange priest, a Roman Catholic from London, asked to see the lad, and as soon as they were alone told him he had just come from Australia; that his father was alive after a desperate illness there. Believing himself on his death bed he begged for an English priest, desiring to make confession. The elder Smithson's mother being a Catholic, her son had been baptized into the Faith. On reaching the wretched hut where the unfortunate man, when not struggling with fever, lay waiting and wishing for death, full confession was made, and listening to the sad history it came to the priest's mind that he had read in a paper sent from England, some account of an English squire having been shot by his cousin and that at first it was believed murder had been committed. After brief questioning, the good father, a keenly earnest man, was fully assured that one of the actors in this tragedy was before him, and had the joy of telling the penitent he believed dying, that in God's providence the guilty, though unpremeditated action, had not resulted in another's death.

The elder Smithson had believed himself the

slayer of his cousin, and did not excuse, even to himself, the awful deed, though there was great provocation, and shots had been fired by both men. Horrified by what he had done, he fled to the Priory, and, unknown in the darkness, got his mare from her stall and escaped to London. Selling the horse on reaching the city, he shipped before the mast, in a bark just sailing for Australia. The crew suffered tortures on the voyage. An accident exhausting their water supply, scurvy broke out; finally they were shipwrecked, barely escaping death, on an island where cannibalism — as was thrillingly proven by actually witnessing one of the savage feasts — still existed. On reaching the main land, greatly enfeebled in mind and body, Mr. Smithson's father made no effort to communicate with his former home, hoping too, by continued silence, that his son, as well as the officers of the law, would believe him dead. Since reaching Australia, though at first fearing every sudden sound or touch might mean arrest, the fugitive had neither seen nor heard reference to the crime that changed and marred his life. Reports went slowly in those days, and important events only were chronicled, before electricity flashed news to the ends of the earth.

The joyful shock of feeling himself free from the terrible dread that continually had followed him appeared to paralyze the exhausted sufferer, and for weeks death seemed more certain than

life. Finally, under the priest's careful nursing, life conquered and, two months later, the priest returned to England, authorized to tell the son that his father lived and to arrange, when it could safely be done, for the lad to join the father, who lived only for him.

About this time, gold was first discovered in California, and the elder Smithson managed to reach the Pacific coast, establishing himself there in mining interests bringing large returns. His son joined him in the home presided over by an elderly widow of a former Spanish governour. After twenty years of contented, if not happy life in the new country he learned to love, the father passed away, and not until then did the son, who never married, speak of their early history. A considerable property finally came to him, long unclaimed, as heir to an English estate; but he determined never to cross the ocean; and was then concerned with litigations, intending to turn over his whole fortune to trustees, in order to endow two free homes for aged men, one in his native village, and another in the land where many peaceful years had been spent.

The Countess and Lady Emily were so absorbed in listening to the old man's tale, they had forgotten it was long past time to dress for dinner. They hurried over to the hotel dining-room as soon as their guest left. Mr. Stubbs and I could not forbear hearing every word said. Thinking we might be wanted, and there being no bells, we remained on the other side of the

veranda, only a few feet away. It being Sunday evening, I had a chance to write all down almost at once, but could never tell the history in the old man's interesting manner.

CHAPTER XXV

We had but one day in San Francisco on returning there to take the steamer, and that morning, before his lordship was dressed, a reporter came to the door clamouring for the Earl's views about America. His lordship very good-naturedly consented to see him while breakfasting. The young man fairly demanded to know his lordship's impressions of the country, and many other things. Mr. Stubbs thought he seemed a bit disappointed on the Earl's saying he found much to admire, but feared Americans might yield to the temptation of considering material prosperity as the greatest of successes, and to over-rate the evidence, marvellous as it is, of commercial and industrial progress. His lordship believes the educational methods, now installed in the States, capable of leading the world, if earnestly, faithfully followed; but more reverence must be cultivated for the deeper, simpler things of life, and firmer detestation of evil methods to gain wealth or political honours.

This interview came out in the newspapers, so Mr. Stubbs bought copies. He said also he,

himself, had noticed one surprising thing in the States, and should like to have mentioned this to the reporter; that is the astonishing number of chemists' shops, or pharmacies. From what he sees of the constant drug-taking by everybody, he would advise closing half of them by law, and calling the rest " Harmacies."

As we were drawing out from the dock at San Francisco, I observed Mr. Stubbs on the lower deck, standing close to the end of the boat. Just after the bell sounded, " All ashore " having been cried, a Chinese man, wearing a long pigtail, dashed up to the gate on a bicycle. Catching a fishing net from a boy on the pier, he held it out towards Mr. Stubbs, who was signalling him. Reaching out over the vessel's side, he took a letter the Chinaman placed in the net, and putting the note in his pocket, tossed him something that looked like fifty cents. A moment later Mr. Stubbs appeared on the upper deck, calmly holding a basket of fruit, which he told his lordship had been sent from the ranche of the railway king whose beautiful car had been placed at the Earl's disposal for the trip to California.

That evening, not knowing I had seen the Chinese, the fishing net and the letter, Mr. Stubbs beckoned to me, as I was leaving Lady Emily's cabin, saying, " Leach wrote me very promptly, giving particulars concerning Miss Barnes's accident; as you are a friend of hers, I will let you read the letter."

He handed me a large envelope with two postage stamps upon it.

Later I read how poor Barnes came to have such a bad fall. It seems she was sitting on the porch of her niece's cottage in Canada, all ready to start for the train leaving at midnight. Her grandnephew, a remarkably bright boy of twelve, came along just then — though the sun had set it was not yet dark — and asked politely if she would go with him to see some bullfrogs, or hear the mocking-birds, Mr. Leach was not sure which. Miss Barnes was much pleased with the little fellow's thoughtfulness, as repeatedly she had rebuked his manners, telling his mother she was absolutely spoiling her only child. The aunt and small boy walked about for a time, and he then suggested her resting by the pond while he gathered the nosegay he had his father's permission to give her. After waiting perhaps twenty minutes, Miss Barnes strolled toward the house and was resuming her seat on the willow chair she had left on the porch, when she saw, though the light by that time was rather dim, a mouse, nearly the size of a rat, and it appeared to be running straight across the seat, just as she half sat down. Losing her balance, Miss Barnes fell heavily backwards, dragging the chair with her down the half dozen steps leading to the cement path below. She could not rise, and before any one reached her the little nephew appeared from the other side of the porch, lamenting and declaring he had no idea anybody

so big as his aunt *could* be frightened by so small a thing. The mouse had been given him by one of the young gentlemen at the Hall for Christmas; it came in a box, he remembered, stamped "Made in Deutschland," though the young gentleman's uncle had sent it from London. He knew it had been taken out of the box, and he had been playing with the toy that very day, wondering whether the long string he fastened to its tail was strong enough to hold a real mouse, but *just* the hour he had seen it last, or exactly where it had been left, he could not rightly say, but of course the plaything must have been on the porch, his aunt having found it on her chair. The doctor came immediately. Poor Miss Barnes was helped into the sitting-room, and a bed made for her there.

Mr. Leach heard the news that night, while waiting in the Governor-General's dressing-room. One of the Canadian maids told him of the accident, remarking it had happened to that very prim, precise English maid, who was visiting her niece at the gardener's cottage; adding, she had been told Miss Barnes was constantly criticizing the ways and manners of the Canadian maids, and some declared was that particular, she never entered her own room without knocking at the door.

The following morning, Mr. Leach, being unusually busy, did not get out, but in the afternoon, finding his Excellency's riding crop needed repairs, he walked down to the harness-

maker's, having almost to pass the gardener's house on the way. To his astonishment, — for the most he had counted on was getting a chance to speak with the gardener's wife, — he beheld Miss Barnes herself reclining in a long willow chair. It seems, after dinner, she had insisted on going out to get the air, so they moved her — only a few steps — outside the door. Mr. Leach felt, as soon as he saw her, that the least he could do was to ask how she was feeling. She replied, "Very well," but made no reference to the accident, appearing to think breaking of legs might be considered an every-day occurrence, and gave not the slightest encouragement as to his sitting down or getting at details. So, after conversing for a few minutes about the weather, he passed on, determined, nevertheless, to slip in at the side door on coming back from the harness shop, and see if the niece, quite an intimate friend of his, would not be more communicative; and sure enough, from her he was so fortunate as to get the particulars he was then sending Mr. Stubbs in reply to his telegram. In a postscript Mr. Leach added, — all agreed Miss Barnes had neither screamed nor fainted, and that her leg was likely to turn out all right as to length.

Weeks later a letter came to her ladyship from Miss Barnes, saying she greatly regretted inconveniencing the Countess, and as she was returning to England, would there await further orders.

CHAPTER XXVI

Outside the Golden Gate, as the entrance to that beautiful harbour of San Francisco is called, very rolling seas were encountered. Some declared the smokestack itself dipped into the water one night. Looking at it by day, this appears hardly possible, but may be true, as we did seem to be almost turning over. The sixth morning out, the ship's officers all appeared in white linen uniforms. Later that day we passed very near the island with a name sounding like one of the books at the end of the Old Testament, and were told it was Molokai, where Father Damien lived and died for the lepers. We gazed long upon those high cliffs separating these desolate beings from the rest of the world, and could fancy the loneliness of that self-denying, earnest priest watching there for God's messenger to bring release to those living in the shadow of death.

Just at sundown a huge rock appeared on our right. This was Diamond Head, eagerly watched for by all returning Hawaiians, said the first mate; and shortly the ship made fast to the wharf at Honolulu. A beautiful white beach

could be seen beyond the pier, and natives riding over the big breakers on long boards.

Finding the vessel in which we were booked for Japan would not reach Honolulu until the coming week, the Earl decided to take Lady Emily to another island, Maui, where a burning mountain, like those pictured in geographies, was then in eruption. The Countess, rather dreading another voyage, preferred remaining at the hotel. One of the Deaconesses connected with the Cathedral, whom she had met in London, would be with her ladyship.

These islands belonged to Great Britain years ago, and had then been named in honour of the gentleman who invented sandwiches. They were never cannibals in that group, however, Mr. Stubbs believed, but a peaceable race. Their queen once visited our late Majesty Queen Victoria, in London. We saw a long cloak made entirely of feathers. One or two feathers only of that deep shade of yellow are found on each bird; and this cape had been worn by royal personages.

It was frightfully rough, as Lady Emily feared it would be, the day we crossed the channel to the other islands; part of the time standing on deck was almost impossible, the motion being so violent; but soon we came under shelter of high, mountainous cliffs, tangled with bushes and creepers from the top to near the water's edge. After being fairly thrown into small boats, on account of the huge waves, we

stopped the night at Hilo, a town always to be remembered for the size and alarming activity of its monstrous spiders. They hid behind picture frames, or scampered unexpectedly, at dawn and dusk, from drawers and other secluded retreats of comparative safety.

The next day we took a wonderfully fine drive through coffee plantations, — the very sort of coffee one is always grinding at home, — passing beneath tree ferns tall enough for a horseman to easily ride under their arched fronds. Glimpses of the blue shimmering ocean beyond the forests were very lovely.

After driving for nearly seven hours we reached a small inn, on the mountain side; then, for the first time in my life, after dark, too, I mounted upon a horse, following Lady Emily over lava fields on our way to the volcano, just then starting an eruption. Never can that weird ride — the trail wound over lava, black and twisted into strange, serpent-like shapes — be forgotten nor what was seen at the end of it. Straining our eyes and looking through blackness, smoke and hissing steam, we made out an enormous pit, hundreds of feet below where we were standing. Suddenly a new world seemed created and destroyed. Waves of flaming fire rolled upon the blackness and appeared to lift and round it into the form of a globe, then rumbling and seething, subsided and darkness covered all again. It was so marvellous I forgot to be timid until Mr. Stubbs whispered, if I felt at

all nervous he would gladly walk by my horse the three miles back to the inn.

Returning to Honolulu, there were smooth seas, and after a day or so spent in seeing the many attractive places there, we were on shipboard again. This time the vessel was very large, with splendid decks. When we went on board, it was a charming sight to see the wreaths of flowers worn about the necks of passengers who were leaving Hawaii. These garlands, made by the native women, are called "leis." Fastened to the stole-like necklace of leaves and blossoms placed upon the Countess's shoulders by the Deaconess, was a bit of white ribbon, and on it, printed in violet letters, this verse: —

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air;
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."
>
> — *J. G. Whittier.*

Many cries of "alloa-alloa," a greeting similar to "Joy be with you," or "May we meet again," followed the vessel as we moved out from the pier. Near the sides of the ship little boys, without even wreaths upon them, dived many feet into the water for small coins thrown them. The cabins were very airy and comfortable, and, during that long voyage from Yokohama, not one of the Earl's party suffered from sea-sickness.

Mr. Stubbs thought he had never sailed in a nicer steamer, and found the second table most

entertaining. The first question among the men was, "Who are you travelling for?" or, "What house do you represent?" It seemed as though they were constantly planning to invent and offer every sort of device likely to entice money from the heathen; clocks, made in the form of dragons for the Chinese market, and to catch the Japanese, too; lighting oil, especially beneficial to heathen, so the agent said, because the cans could later be used for carrying water, for milking stools and many other household purposes, being shaped, as he kindly explained to them, almost as though intended for convenient fastening to the long bamboo poles so universally used. Sewing machines and bicycles, by no means the latest models, though the wheels would usually turn around, were widely advertised and bought in astounding quantities.

Several agents representing great gun firms were going out to distant lands, so that the heathen might more readily learn to understand civilized ways. Several of the younger men were boisterously foolish over wine drinking, making wagers as to which would soonest cover the table with emptied bottles, and talking very boastfully of their doings. According to his experience, such people usually end under the table, said Mr. Stubbs. Some earnest, young students were "Round-the-world Socialists," determined on defending the down-trodden and diligently declaiming against deceiving doctrines; others, journalists, crying "Reform" and loudly

denouncing every measure interfering with their own schemes, declared Mr. Stubbs, and whether members of Labour Unions or not, each appeared to be a fully organized Consumers' League in his own person.

One evening Mr. Stubbs began telling the exciting adventures that befell a friend of his connected with Scotland Yard, who had been assigned to the London Whitechapel district. To his astonishment the young man with whom he was speaking appeared to be half asleep, so he stopped talking. The young fellow then started up, apologized, and remarked he himself had been a reporter on one of the big Chicago papers and had seen detective service there, — such as being attacked, a dark night, in one of the worst slums of the city, by thirteen drunken negroes, all armed, shouting, "Your money or your life!" flourishing knives and shouting wildly, when no policeman was in sight; that doings such as these, when you have a hand in them yourself, make detective tales of the old country seem rather tame.

Among the passengers with whom the Earl and Countess constantly talked and walked were several missionaries, returning to their homes in Japan and China; delightfully earnest people, I heard her ladyship remark. Regarding others, Lady Emily wondered if they might not perhaps be mistaken in attempting to teach in any land. One lady smiled very much, in an appealing, bland way, but my heart ached when she

persisted in thrusting advice and booklets upon a distressed, stunned mother whose baby, just three months old, the father never had seen because leaving the mission station was impossible when his wife went to her mother's home in Hawaii for the coming of their first child. After hours of intense suffering the babe passed away. Having to leave her child's body alone on the surging ocean seemed almost to break the wearied mother's heart. Though kindly meant, it was not comforting to be asked, " Are you getting all the good possible from your sorrow? "

The captain's boy told Mr. Stubbs that when his master saw this lady, generally clad in a brown mohair ulster and wearing a sailor hat, bearing down upon him, he usually endeavoured to put the ship's length between them or rushed for his cabin, as she seemed never to tire of asking, if he thought it probable we should run into a school of whales, or what the chances were of seeing icebergs and the like in the Pacific; and one evening Mr. Stubbs overheard the purser muttering, — " She's at it again with her idle questionings, patronizing the sunset this time."

CHAPTER XXVII

Midway between Japan and China a strange thing happened: we actually lost a day of time. Lady Emily described how this came about, though explaining such facts is a difficult matter. The captain first determined Sunday should be skipped, fearing being called upon to read the service, some say, but finally agreed to select another day, and Monday was decided on, given up entirely as though it had been thrown overboard; and Tuesday followed Sunday.

When I went on deck that morning I found a little lad near the punch ball, alone and crying bitterly, a bigger bloated-appearing boy known as "the buzzard," — owing to his keenness in espying lumps of sugar left in tea-saucers; or any of the passengers possessing sweets, — having insisted on account of Monday being the small boy's birthday, and his just missing it, he never could be seven years old. I tried to console him, of course saying it must be some sort of mistake, and that in any case as he grew older skipping birthdays would not seem such a dreadful thing. The stewardess, whose husband was head steward — both were from Liverpool —

told me she heard that decorous, smiling lady telling her sister-in-law that very morning, she was uncertain whether to consider herself back in the forties again, the day being her fiftieth birthday. The stewardess repeated the conversation to her husband, and he remarked, it was the first time in his experience that any one, man or woman, preferred the roaring forties. This I surmise must be some sea joke, but I did not try explaining to Mr. Stubbs, knowing he gives me small credit for understanding pleasantries.

There was a good deal of game playing on the decks; some singing and music Sunday evenings. The captain declared he wished they would cease singing about "those in peril on the sea," it frightened the women and timid folks. People really were in no more danger on sea than on land. Mr. Stubbs knows one thing; in case of accident, keeping close to the captain would be advisable, it being easy to see how brave and kindly he is in spite of gruff, rather severe manners. He looks stern enough Sundays when all assemble, the officers fully armed, for fire drill and inspection. There always seemed fear of mutiny breaking out when the mixed crews mustered on the Pacific. A Perthshire gentleman and his sister, both elderly people, played chess by the hour without leaving the board; six games a day, or one game for six days, Lady Emily was uncertain which, but wondered they escaped nervous prostration from the strain.

The small boy who, in losing his birthday, was almost persuaded a sort of birthright had been forfeited, carried about a puzzle he wanted everybody to guess. It was this: A vessel, making twenty-five knots an hour, left Honolulu the exact time one started from Yokohama that made twenty knots an hour; both following the same course; when they meet, which will be nearest Honolulu? I am not sure what the right answer is, but Mr. Stubbs claims, the "Fastest ship."

An elderly gentleman, a Home Missionary, some called him, on his way to visit a son, a Bible Society agent in Korea, and also having some employment about the royal palace, spoke most interestingly to the passengers on a lower deck, where we often watched the Chinese playing fan-tan, or eating their meals, — huge bowls of rice, devouring the last kernel by using chopsticks in a very dexterous fashion. This good old man asked an interpreter to repeat what was said to the Chinese, and they seemed to enjoy listening. He described those Indians, living in America when the whites landed, and told of their customs and beliefs. All peoples and tribes hold some idea, vague it often is, the minister said, of a Supreme God who directs the world's affairs. This spirit of good, dwelling in each heart, and leading to right actions, is made clearer by those truly following Christ's example. Indians near his home who had set up crosses, worshipping them as representing

the sun, or, as they believed, the ruler of the universe, did so long before missionaries came to tell of one who gave his life upon the cross in Jerusalem, to show men how to live here and find life eternal.

Mr. Stubbs asked respecting the Sun, or Torture Dance, of which he had heard before leaving England, and hoped to see in the States. The missionary had never seen this dance, believing it to have been forbidden by the government as cruel and exciting to savage natures. Mr. Stubbs explained, of course, that he also objects to anything cruel, but dislikes missing any curious sights or strange customs to be seen in travelling.

One morning there was a fine display of red and yellow papers, small squares, thrown from the ship's stern, and we were told that the many Chinese on board, returning home, were celebrating some sort of festival. Not being able to find out definitely from the steward, Mr. Stubbs asked an intelligent-looking Chinaman whether it had political meaning, like wanting to frighten strangers away from China. The man replied, "No, bery heapee big number one foreign devils, smashee walls. All getee in now." So we thought he must know about those dreadful Boxer disturbances.

That evening Mr. Stubbs and I were alone on the upper deck, dinner being served below, when, directly ahead of the ship, though a tremendous distance off, I caught sight of a most

glorious mountain rising from the sea. My eyes must be deceiving me, I thought, for none expected to see land until the next morning. As Mr. Stubbs ran for a marine glass, an officer standing on the bridge called out, "It is Fuji, the sacred mountain of Japan!" We saw the snow-covered top, only, and it was more than a hundred miles away. At once I asked Mr. Stubbs if I might go down to the dining-saloon and tell Lady Emily, she having given strictest instructions, no matter what hour in the morning the coast appeared, I was to call her ladyship. Mr. Stubbs replied, his rule always is, "No woman in the dining-room after the serving of dinner has begun;" and that he would go himself; but seeing I greatly wanted to tell her ladyship myself, consented, saying it might do on shipboard; so, passing behind the tables, I gave Lady Emily her wrap, whispering the name the officer had called the mountain. A moment later she was on deck, delighted beyond expression with the first view of Japan, in that charming cloudless light after sunset.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THOUGH the evening promised a fair day, when it came time to go ashore in the morning, a drizzling rain began. On the pier at Yokohama, standing near the landing stage, were five perambulators, a little larger, perhaps, but much resembling those used by infants. I looked about for the babies, thinking there must be twins, and to my amazement heard his lordship say, " Burns, get into that jinrickshaw next the last." Already the Countess and Lady Emily were seated in theirs, dashing ahead; the Earl in front of all; Mr. Stubbs behind. His vehicle had a cover, and Mr. Stubbs having no umbrella, the little Japanese who was drawing him — in spite of Mr. Stubbs insisting that he did not mind showers in the least — made several low bows and proceeded to put up the hood. A more comical sight I never have seen than Mr. Stubbs, extremely red in the face, protesting, his chin almost upon his knees, endeavouring to indicate by uncomprehended signs and gestures that his place was in the rear, and for him to be leading the procession was quite improper; but in spite of frantic efforts to prevent, he was

being trotted off in that baby carriage, ahead of all the others, to the hotel, fortunately but a short distance from where we left the water. Nice rooms were ready for the Earl's party, overlooking the harbour and a promenade drive called the Bund.

After "tiffin," a meal which Mr. Stubbs and I ordered by pointing out numbered dishes on the bill of fare, much sight-seeing began. Soon I became quite at ease in the rickshaws — very nice ones were always at his lordship's disposal, the men wearing a cool white linen livery with blue designs, or Japanese markings, upon the front and back — following Lady Emily to most interesting places; very different, of course, from anything I had ever even dreamed of seeing. Going up a narrow lane, winding along the hill-side, we saw quantities of tea-pots, all shapes and sizes, being made. The workers, finishing the modelling on little wheels, seemed greatly to enjoy their out-of-door-work. The Countess bought several specimens before stopping to see a very strange place of worship, a Buddhist temple. Later, at a pretty tea house on top of the hill, where one has a fine view of the town and harbour, tea without cream was served, and small white balls, tasting like sugar, were placed in each saucer. Japanese do not use milk as we do. Over the door of a tiny shop in a town where many foreigners live, I observed "Milk Monopolist," written in English. That meant the only milk dealer in the

place, Mr. Stubbs said, and shows how clever the Japanese are in catching new ideas.

The Countess wishing to rest the next day, I was told early in the morning, to go with Lady Emily. We went by train a short distance, then, taking jinrickshaws, — some of the men drawing these little carts in the country regions do look so worn and old; a bit of cloth fastened about their foreheads keeps the sweat from their wearied eyes, — we passed many green rice fields, and had glimpses of lakes or tanks, covered with rose-coloured water lilies resting on broad leaves; finally coming out close to the sea, where, beyond a sheltered inlet, white crested breakers dashed fiercely against rocky headlands, as if striving to destroy the stunted pines clinging there; then following shaded roads, we passed several temples before resting on a grassy platform upon which was seated the grandest figure I ever beheld, — the Buddha worshipped by many Japanese. This god has a dreamy look, serene and benevolent in expression. He loved all living things, they say, and even the snails crawled about his head, making a sort of crown to protect him from the heat when he sat in the sun contemplating.

On our way back to Yokohama the Japanese guide, Mr. Matsu, who, I should have mentioned, goes everywhere with his lordship, said we must stop at a country tea house quite distant from the railway, and seldom visited by foreigners. A most charming place; the arbour

covered with wistaria, and shaded by many bamboo trees. A stream of clear water flowed between green banks; fish darted about, rising from the deeper pools as though expecting to be fed. Where the brook broadened into a small pond, purple and yellow iris grew, and a tiny island reached by rustic bridges had been made. Dwarf trees, hardly four feet high, though nearly a century old, were planted by moss-grown lanterns, the still waters reflecting and doubling the beauty of the scene. A splendid white bird seemed at home upon the island, though I could not see its nest.

Before tea was brought, an aged man, sandals on his bare feet, and wearing a long, smock-like garment, toiled up the steep path, leaning heavily on his stick. He prostrated himself almost to the ground, Matsu bowing in this same manner. The old man being so poorly clad, must be asking relief, I thought, and felt sure money would be given, but Matsu, who was listening attentively, quietly remarked, " This is the proprietor of the tea house; he welcomes the honourable strangers and thanks them for coming to his abode." As this was being repeated to his lordship, the old man fairly beamed with delight, again bowing to the earth when, in reply, the Earl said a few words complimenting the pretty maids wearing bright-hued kimonos embroidered with sprays of cherry blossoms, who brought the tea trays.

The way Japanese women dress their hair,

Lady Emily considered charming, accordingly the Countess sent for a hair-dresser to arrange her ladyship's head in true Japanese fashion, and it was very lovely, with a red japonica fastened at one side. Repeatedly, when in Lady Emily's room, she asked if I knew what the plaintive whistle — a low, musical sound coming clearly through the open window, meant; so I got Mr. Stubbs to inquire. He ascertained that the Japanese masseurs, who are always blind, go about in the evening making that peculiar sound, so those hearing it will know how the weariness of the day can be rubbed away. Most capable they are at doing this, and tattooing, also. Mr. Stubbs himself had a fine butterfly, escaping so naturally from a dragon that you might think it alive, worked into his arm, declaring the pain almost nothing, though it did seem to me a foolish thing for a man to submit to.

Lady Emily was quite enthusiastic over lessons in the arranging of flower vases, given her by a deft young Japanese, whose tiny fingers twisted and turned blossoms and leaves with marvellous skill.

A day or so after the flower studies were finished Mr. Stubbs remarked, — having received orders to pack, and especially to see that the Earl's full dress uniform was in good shape, — the next start, he believed, would be for Tokyo, the newer capital of Japan, where his lordship intended having audience of the Mikado. The

garden parties being over for the season, Mr. Stubbs was uncertain whether the Countess would be present.

We were hours in the train before coming to the most important city we had yet seen. Carriages instead of jinrickshaws waited at the railway station to take the Earl's party to a large hotel. In the afternoon Lady Emily accompanied the Countess to the Peeresses' School, where daughters of the nobles are educated and trained in court ceremony. In one room young ladies were being taught the proper posture in which to approach royalty, most abject, almost like creeping on the ground; but once in the open air play grounds they seemed the prettiest, most graceful beings ever seen.

After visiting the school the Countess and Lady Emily went to the house of a former lady-in-waiting to the Empress; ceremonial tea was served here, quite different from anything seen in other parts of the world. The guests, — not more than ten, — after removing their shoes at the door, sat upon the floor; that is, on rugs spread over beautiful matting; two maids crept in bringing the tea, which was then beaten with a little whisk and poured into a bowl, from which each guest drank, after making low bows in a formal manner. There was no furniture in the room; a shelf or alcove held a jar of lovely chrysanthemums; beyond this was a beautifully painted roll or screen. Almost no conversation seemed expected until later, when all followed

the hostess, a tall, most graceful lady, though no longer young, into a larger room, where the Countess was glad to find chairs provided, and listened to music. Two demure maidens, nieces of the hostess, sat on the floor playing upon instruments something like harps.

His lordship being unable to have audience of the Emperor until the following day, the Countess and Lady Emily started for Nikko, where his lordship joined them, reaching this charming mountain place in the late afternoon. Oh, such beautiful trees, temples and tombs! so quiet and stately. A delightful path crossed a red bridge and followed the river to a garden of gods. There are said to be a thousand images of Buddha, statues plentiful as rose trees, in the Queen's pleasance, but, though Mr. Stubbs and I counted more than once, we could make only nine hundred and ninety.

On arriving at Nikko, the Earl declared his interview with the Mikado well worth waiting for. His Majesty is strong and kindly; much more agreeable in appearance than represented by his portrait; and the Earl does not wonder at the worshipping loyalty of his subjects. The native hotel where we stopped seemed more like a doll's house than a dwelling place for grown people. Sliding screens of heavy paper take the place of doors and windows. There was little that could be called furniture, though the beds were comfortable and the

meals — once you are used to them — nicely prepared.

Nikko being a sacred spot, on account of the many splendid shrines, watching the pilgrims who throng there is most interesting. Thousands come to the beautifully adorned temples clustered under glorious cryptomeria trees, where the shaded lanes are calming and restful.

Nikko is a favourite resort with the Royal Family, and before leaving, we saw the Crown Prince and his grandmother. The former rode a spirited black horse. All Japanese prostrate themselves, or stand bending over, almost as though in pain, as he passes. A bishop of the Church of England, standing near the roadside, showed greatest respect in the same manner. Meeting the grandmother of the Crown Prince on one of the mountain roads, attended by a chamberlain and several court ladies, the Countess spoke with her through an interpreter. Her face was keenly interesting, and the bright eyes evidently missed nothing in the beautiful scenery at the point where their jinrickshaws met. Japanese costume was, of course, worn by the old lady, and her gray hair was becomingly arranged upon a small head that had no other covering.

One unpleasantness came the evening before leaving Nikko for Kyoto, but was soon over. I did not realize at first what the shock and trembling meant. While waiting for the Countess to come in, having just lighted a candle on

the dressing-room table, I turned towards Lady Emily's room with another candlestick in my hand; suddenly my knees seemed to give way, I had the feeling of mounting high steps, without knowing where I could find a foothold, and, to my amazement, the big lantern hanging from the ceiling in the middle of the room began spinning around as though possessed, and at that instant the candle I had placed on the table fell from its holder and spluttered out in a dish of flowers standing there. Then, in the darkness, I heard strange rumbling, snapping sounds; and in the street below some one cried, "Run for your life! It is an earthquake!" A moment later all was so still and steady again, I wondered if I could have been dreaming; but soon Mr. Stubbs rushed in, saying the crashing had been dreadful where he was, and he did not know when he should get over such a shock to his nerves. There was a French lady stopping in the hotel, and her maid told me of a very severe earthquake at Tokyo a year ago, which so alarmed her mistress she had never recovered from the experience. Large pieces of stone fell from above the doors and windows. Immense cracks came, and walls disappeared in clouds of dust, burying many in the ruins. Running to the nursery to see if her child was safe, the lady found the young Japanese ayah, or nurse, quietly bending over the cradle, as if, with her own slender body, she could protect her little charge from all injury.

CHAPTER XXIX

A TOUR to visit the principal towns had been planned, but owing to flooding rains destroying parts of the railway, it was given up, and we returned to Yokohama, taking from there a "maru" — which means "boat" in Japanese — in order to reach the old imperial city of Kyoto.

When I saw the native vessel, the smallness of its cabins, and how crowded it was, owing to the floods, I was glad the voyage would be short; only one night on board. I went immediately to the tiny room where Lady Emily was to sleep and began trying to stow bags and packages out of the way, when, without knocking, though making many profound bows when once inside the door, an official appeared, bringing with him an elderly Japanese wearing a dark kimono, big spectacles with tortoise-shell rims making his eyes look dark and strange. Distinctly, though not in very plain English, the officer said, "This Jap-nese genleman shall occpie that bed," pointing to a long seat under the port-hole where Lady Emily's gown and silk pillows were spread out. Both the men seemed

surprised, bowing many times, when I said, oh, no, it would never be permitted.

I started at once to find the Earl, when Mr. Stubbs, happening to hear conversation going on, came to the door and finally made the official understand that though it was quite true there was an extra berth in the cabin, it could not possibly be used by a stranger. So, after listening attentively and making many more bows, they departed with all their belongings, greatly to my relief. Mr. Stubbs has been told no foreigner really understands the Japanese, their ways are so different; what little you do get at is vastly to their credit, he says; accomplishing so much in the way of education and wars, in a few years; so brave and devoted to "Dai Nippon," meaning Japan, or the land of the Rising Sun.

Travellers may laugh at seeing three monkeys carved over a place of worship; but once you know the meaning, it is very sensible, as it represents some god protecting highways and appealing to passers-by. One ape covers his mouth, holding both paws firmly over it; the second closes his ears, and the third covers his eyes. This represents the temptations coming to all, and is intended to remind pilgrims that they must speak no evil, that no wicked words must be listened to, and that we must ask that our eyes shall behold only what is right. Something like a prayer, if truly used, Mr. Stubbs is inclined to believe. The images set up in some

of their temples have a very Christian expression of countenance.

Sunday was spent among hills where views of Fujiyama were very lovely. Many people visit this region for the sake of its hot springs, also, all Japanese delighting to bathe in water that is almost boiling.

On the way to Kyoto came an experience much worse than that first jinrickshaw ride. In trying to reach a railway station we were stopped by raging floods. Villages and bridges had been washed away, and in the rushing waters we saw uprooted trees, thatched roofs of houses, and many other signs of destruction. By going a little lower down the stream, some said, it might be possible to cross, and on reaching this point his lordship was told the ford was safe, if made at once; otherwise, as the waters were still rising, delay might mean days of detention. The official giving this information declared each person must be carried on the back of a coolie. Of course, when his lordship gave the command, I could only obey, humiliating though it was to be perched like a child on the back of a small, struggling man who floundered through waters nearly to his waist, my arms closely clasping his neck; for I was indeed fearful of falling into those swift flowing torrents, and Mr. Stubbs was in the same unfortunate position behind. I could not help wondering what Miss Barnes would have done had she been there, and what new perils might await

us in circling the globe. Finally, we were safely put down on the other side of the flood, and, finding jinrickshaws, caught a train, reaching our destination before dark.

CHAPTER XXX

"WHAT a delightfully poetic scene!" Lady Emily exclaimed, as I unfastened a door leading to the balcony, for her to breakfast there, overlooking Kyoto, early the following morning; and one could not fail to comprehend her ladyship's meaning. Great temple bells sounded deep, melodious notes, as troops of children passed beneath sombre, sheltering pines. Dews or showers had left thousands of quivering, flashing drops among the dark needles; gentle breezes swayed and rustled through the bamboos, bringing fragrance of blossoms and moist warm earth. Flitting from one sunny space to another, in bright-hued raiment, the children suggested gorgeous tropical birds darting hither and thither, their pretty gestures and gleeful laughter adding life to a charming picture. Mists, like thin curtains, half hid the town and valley, as though the people still slept. On distant hills fleecy clouds rested like white pine trees with snowy branches.

It being important to reach some seaport where vessels for China touched, the Countess much regretted that a short stay only could be made in so attractive a spot; but before leaving

Kyoto, many interesting palaces, gardens and temples were visited. At one of the newer shrines, the long black bell-rope was made of hair given by Japanese women for this purpose.

It was beautifully clear and still that night we left Kobe, by the great "Empress" steamer, and stars seemed shining in the waters below as well as in the heavens above. The next day, passing through inland seas until we reached Nagasaki, was most delightful. This lovely town stands on a hillside, above the Bay. When the coaling, for which we had stopped at Nagasaki, was accomplished, on the open sea outside the harbour, and beyond the rocks where Christians are said to have sadly perished many years ago, we met unpleasant weather, almost a typhoon, which, from the captain's description, must be very bad indeed. Soon the storm passed, and we entered a gulf or channel, into which empties one of the great rivers, called "China's Sorrow" because of the sad damage caused by its floods, reaching before long the port of Shanghai, at first sight surprisingly like an English town. On the pier, policemen, wearing regulation helmets like our own London "Bobbies," waved the crowds on, a large number of cricketers having come to meet some of our passengers who were members of a Japanese cricket club, a grand match-game having been arranged for that afternoon at the cricket-field. The church near the pleasant hotel

looked as though it might have been brought from some English town and set down just as it stood.

When we landed, Lady Emily drove with the Countess to an American Mission College, stopping on the way there to see the cricket match. I was glad of the chance to go to an outfitting establishment, having been told it would be easy to have the holland skirt and jacket I needed made in a couple of days by Chinese tailors. Mr. Stubbs wanted new gloves, and so went with me. After explaining to a large, genteel person wearing a black silk gown, — a widow, probably, and surely from London, Mr. Stubbs thought, — what was required, she replied, "Certainly, you can have the costume without delay;" and, calling a dignified, smartly-dressed Chinese, standing near, scissors in hand, a long queue hanging down behind him, she said, in a very prompt manner, "Boy catchee Missee round waistee; makee long skirtee, can do?" The Chinaman bending over me in his violet silk coat, muttering unintelligibly, pulled out a long tape. I understood then, what had been said meant my measures were to be taken; but it did seem a most extraordinary way to get at so simple a thing. Mr. Stubbs almost resented the measuring, but afterwards remarked, he presumed speaking in that manner was customary, he himself having heard one of the ship's officers say quite seriously, to a steward,

" Catchee cup coffee top side deck," and the man appeared instantly to know that coffee must be served on the upper deck after dinner.

The work on my gown was neatly done, I must say, and sent home when promised, two days later, just before we started up the coast to Tien-Tsin, on our way to the great city of Peking. This time the vessel taken belonged to a Chinese company, though its officers were Scotch. To hear the mate say we should get off in the forenoon, making that pleasant burring sound before the " noon," seemed very nice and homelike to me. Though the trip began on a river, one could hardly distinguish it from the sea, the waters being very yellow, and spreading out a long distance beyond its low, broken, muddy banks.

At Chi Foo, the following day, several hours were spent and chairs taken to that beautiful bluff overlooking the Pe-chi-li Gulf, where friends of the Earl's resided. Lady Emily boarded the vessel again at twilight, as the rosy glow faded from the Gulf's unruffled waters.

Shortly before reaching Tien-Tsin, forts were passed, and I heard the Captain say he feared there would be trouble at the bar. It seems the water is very shallow over the shifting sands rising up there, so crossing is dangerous; but after an hour's delay the boat floated safely into its moorings, and soon we were on the train going to the town — not an attractive place.

All seemed bare and barren since leaving the green, beautiful Japan and its smiling, friendly people, always greeting one another with cheerful " Banzai," or " Sayonara."

CHAPTER XXXI

Arrangements having been made by the British Consul for the Earl's visit to Peking, the next morning we went on board a small, private boat, his lordship having decided that travelling more in the native manner would give a chance to see how the people really lived, and be interesting and instructive. Though the launch had an engine, coolies were to help draw it in some places, and soon a dozen were tugging at a long rope, as many more behind, pulling another craft in which, the Earl told Mr. Stubbs, a bed could be made for the night or two on board. Much groaning was heard from the coolies, though the men seemed in good condition and not working too hard. Mr. Stubbs believed it meant they wanted more "cash;" for that is the way money, — big copper pennies, strung together through a hole in the centre — is spoken of in China. Nice meals were served in a tiny saloon where the Countess and Lady Emily slept.

Watching the river sights was like seeing pictures slowly moving. Many wretched mud villages and sadly poor people were passed; very few trees were seen, though just before sunset

we came to a large grove, where thousands of rooks appeared to find shelter for the night. On the Pei-ho, — that being the name of the river upon which we travelled to Peking — were many curious boats, some having eyes painted on the bows. Li, the Chinese guide, explained thus: "If you give no eyes, how can boat see where to go?" On more than one vessel a fine white cock was fastened near the prow; this meant some rich man had died in the Imperial City, and the bird signified that his body was being taken home for burial.

The stream winds and turns many times, and by moonlight we walked a long distance on the bank, Mr. Stubbs declaring the scene so alluring and composing; he could stroll on for ever. The second day a very high tower, or pagoda, came in sight, marking the approach to a great canal, one of the most ancient waterways in the world, said the Earl, and leading to Peking. Among the most interesting sights along this water course are the many stone tablets set up by dutiful children in memory of departed parents.

Large numbers of boats laden with grain were met, and on the plains, just before lofty walls outlining the Imperial City came into view, we passed men pushing heavy wheelbarrows, helped on their way by small sails attached in front; one man trundled two women, at quite a smart pace.

It is astonishing to see what heavy loads are

carried by natives in Japan and China. Their diet must agree with them, Mr. Stubbs thinks, and the forcing of opium on the heathen by our Government — " foreign smoke," those enslaved by the habit despairingly call it — is shameful, in his opinion. They are sensible in other ways, he considers, having been told roasting of flesh was discovered, in China, owing to a Mandarin, or some such personage, having been so unfortunate as to have his house burned. A small pig accidentally perishing in the ruins gave the Chinese an idea, ages ago, of roasting porkers. He could not vouch for this tale, but believes it true; and thinks also men so devoted to children, and venerating ancestors, must have other fine qualities.

Their fondness for birds and flowers is also to be commended. Repeatedly Mr. Stubbs has seen mature men taking their pet birds out walking, caged or fastened to a cane which the owners keep near them when kite-flying is going on. Venerable men seem as merry as boys over the game.

Carts of a strange shape drawn by mules, holding but one person besides the driver, and stranger chairs — the Countess thought them not unlike those sedan chairs used by her ladyship's grandmother in olden days in England — were waiting where we left the last canal lock.

Hearing of slight illness, a fever of some sort, at the British Legation, instead of stopping there, as his lordship had intended, it was de-

cided to go to a hotel. Each chair having five bearers, and a lot of servants coming to attend to the luggage, there was quite a lengthy procession to enter the city. We went under high stone gateways and through courtyards, where soldiers were practising shooting arrows from long bows. The surrounding walls, of a tremendous height, had small, oddly shaped buildings upon them. Above the gates and where the walls joined, guard towers were placed. The streets were wretchedly dusty. We jolted over ruts and stones most unpleasantly. After crossing a bridge and passing through many broader, dirtier streets — the houses must be clean, Mr. Stubbs thinks, as everything in the way of filth appears to be put outside the doors — I was glad to reach a decent-looking building, and find a room where some of the plentiful Chinese dust could be washed off.

The following morning being Sunday, all walked to a small church, adjoining the Legation. To hear the English service in such a far away spot gave one a strange home-like feeling. That afternoon Lady Emily accompanied the Countess to a school where blind girls are taught. Their eagerness to learn was a most touching sight. They tried to sing, reading from raised type, and succeeded well, though weeping pathetically when that chapter from the New Testament describing the healing of the blind was selected.

After leaving the Mission we went upon the

city wall. A bewildering scene it was to watch from there the throngs of people in the streets below: vendors of curious wares; wedding and funeral processions, difficult to tell one from the other without the guide's explaining about the colours, and boxes in which are carried gifts, and the bride herself! The music made a dreadful din, and those surging masses of strange human beings, in and out of the gateway, was most wearing on the nerves. Looking towards the country was pleasanter, where, midst a stretch of park-like green, stands that Temple of Heaven, the most holy spot in Peking. Once a year the Emperor goes within its tiled walls, alone, to offer prayer for himself and his people.

A great deal of time was given to sight-seeing. Chairs being used from morning until night, as much walking in those horrid streets — "swinish," Mr. Stubbs calls them — is decidedly unpleasant. Many purchases, also, were made, jars and vases enameled in a beautiful shade of blue; jades, Chinese scenes and porcelain, some rare pieces having the royal five-clawed dragon mark upon them; and repeatedly the Countess wore the dinner gown she had directed me to pack.

Representatives from all lands, it seems, reside in Peking, watching, so far as they can, what goes on in the sacred inner city, where the Emperor lives and the Dowager Empress reigns and rules as she pleases. She gives audience to foreigners and accepts Bibles, but all the same

they say distrusts the strangers, who may be wanting, at any time, to divide up the land among themselves. Both Empresses and the Emperor being still at the summer place upon the hills, miles beyond Peking, where, surrounded by gardens and lakes they escape the excessive heat of the city, the Earl did not request audience of their Majesties.

The fourth day after reaching Peking, the Countess told me an excursion of three days would be made to the Great Wall, one of the wonders of the world, built ages ago to separate China from the rest of the world. I was given particular instructions regarding what must be packed in the hold-alls, as no other luggage could be taken on the trip.

CHAPTER XXXII

Lady Emily expressed much delight at the prospect of going to the Great Wall, and before starting called me to the courtyard to "see the caravan." First, a saddle-horse for the Earl; then two chairs to be used by the Countess and Lady Emily in beginning the trip, each having four bearers and an extra man to direct. All wore odd-shaped round, flat hats with tassels. Next came seven of those dreaded Peking carts. To mount them you climb over a high wheel, then, sitting upon the floor, your feet are straight out in front. Getting any sort of easy position is impossible; there are no springs and nothing to hold by as you bound over great stones or swerve into deep ruts on the wretchedly kept roads. These carts resemble large barrels on wheels, though covered by a canvas top.

Mr. Stubbs rode in the last vehicle; three guards followed on horseback and two extra carts, or litters, held luggage, also bedding, as nothing of the sort could be expected at places where stops must be made. The October air was delightfully clear and soft; just a slight haze over the sun after we started. While the Countess and Lady Emily stopped, with the

Earl, to see some halls of learning, where the precepts of Confucius, a famous teacher, are taught, we went on slowly through crowded, unsightly streets. Many houses had finely carved fronts; but "not one in which you would care to live," Mr. Stubbs asserted, and I agreed.

Beyond, near several large temples having high walls covered with yellow tiles upon which dragons were stamped, we again stopped, and his lordship visited a monastery. The bonzes, or priests assembled about the gates, powerful men with broad, smooth faces, seemed none too willing to admit foreigners, and I feared it might not be very safe for any one entering there unprotected.

After crossing a splendid wide white marble bridge, a sort of stable-yard place was reached, and the luncheon, brought in Mr. Stubbs's cart, was eaten in a sheltered corner, where the crowds of curious people who pressed near, commenting and wanting to watch all that was going on, could be shut out.

Many miles beyond, and after dark, we came to another enclosure, called an inn, and here preparations were made for spending the night. Earth walls surrounded three sides of this enclosure, and at the rear a stone hut partly filled the remaining space. In one of the two windowless rooms upon a kang, a low, hollow brick platform, in colder weather used as a stove, the Countess and Lady Emily slept, my mattress by the side, on the hard earthen floor. In the

next cell-like apartment his lordship directed bedding to be spread for himself and a gentleman from the Legation who had joined the Earl after lunch. Sleep seemed impossible in that strange place. I feared, too, disturbing their ladyships. Mules and camels just outside the large doors groaned and snorted, and dogs barked. I was indeed glad when streaks of light came through a small barred opening high on the wall, which I had not observed in the darkness of the night before, and I could slip quietly out and heat water in the spirit lamp without arousing the Countess and Lady Emily. Almost everything needed for the meals having been brought from Peking, breakfast was quickly prepared, and soon after the Countess felt quite ready to continue the trip, telling me another night must be spent at this extraordinary inn, on returning from the Great Wall.

The road kept more in the open country, and we passed flocks of sheep. The shepherd of the largest flock, a lad of fifteen years, perhaps, clad in little but rags, waved a soiled yellow flag, signifying, — said the official gentleman from the Legation, — that those sheep were destined to feed the Imperial Court at Peking and must not be disturbed under penalty of severest punishment.

In spite of being very stiff from our cramped position in the carts, Mr. Stubbs and I thought the day most enjoyable. We rode through narrow valleys, then out by a tunnel-like pass, un-

der an arched gateway with interesting old carvings. After this, wilder regions were reached and soon the Great Wall itself closed the way before us, the longest, loneliest thing I have ever seen, or imagined, stretching away for hundreds of miles, over plains and mountains, hillsides and waste places by the sea.

After lunching by the wayside, all climbed many stone steps leading through a deserted guard-house to the top of the Great Wall, walking there for miles along a broad stone path. The wall itself is built of large granite bricks, the former so weather-beaten and gray they resemble the stone parapets protecting each side of the roadway. This road must be nearly twenty feet wide, and broader in places where there are turrets or watch towers. From the highest point we could see fully thirty miles of wall, Mr. Stubbs believed, and this labour of unknown millions of hands appeared as enduring as the rocks themselves, upon which its dragon-like curves rested.

Lady Emily was confident she could never forget that view over the Mongolian plains; the rugged mountain scenery, and, as far as eye can reach, the towering heights of those grim, gray walls. Her ladyship could hardly bear to leave so fascinating a spot, and before we again entered the Pass of Nankou, the moon came up, strangely overshadowing the road, as the mule litters moved quietly on, passing long strings of

soft-stepping, though protesting camels, heavily laden with tea for the Imperial City.

Having important despatches to send, the officer of the Legation was obliged to return to Peking the following day, but told the Earl, if the Countess did not object to another early start, he would gladly escort them part of the way to the famous Ming tombs. So, immediately after a very early breakfast served on the one rough table in her ladyship's room, all started, and in spite of bad roads, reached, before noon, the old tombs where emperors are buried on a beautiful hillside, among the oak trees. Beyond temples and high walls, topped with yellow dragon tiles, more steps had to be climbed before arriving at the place of burial. The guide thought the kings might have been buried lower down, inside the enclosure; but no one seemed sure which was the exact spot.

Before returning to Peking the gentleman from the Legation carefully instructed the head guard regarding routes, saying though he knew the man to be entirely faithful, he seemed somewhat uncertain about the roads after leaving some noted place where a magnificent avenue with stone statues must be seen. It was indeed a curious street — men as large as giants, elephants, camels and other strange objects, of immense size, ranged on both sides of the way, as an approach to the ancient tombs. The mules and horses cowered and plunged uncontrollably, decidedly alarmed by the figures, each, sepa-

rately, having to be urged past, all threatening, at one time, to run away together. Finally they quieted down, and after luncheon — eaten in a sunny corner outside the Chinese inn, and beside a large onion field — our mules jogged along slowly, until a small stream with steep banks had to be forded; and then, to my horror, I saw Lady Emily, who was in front — the Earl having ridden on a short distance — plunge out of her ladyship's cart directly into the river. I screamed to Mr. Stubbs and felt more than thankful to see her ladyship up almost immediately. The water was not above three feet deep, and though drenched, of course, her ladyship declared she was unhurt and preferred wading to the other side of the stream.

Lady Emily, it seems, had leaned far forward, trying to call the Countess's attention to some strangely marked birds hiding under bushes and broad leaves by the water's edge; at that moment the mule stumbled over a slippery stone and her ladyship, bending so far over, lost her balance, falling, fortunately, into a muddy hole. Everything had to be taken off at once, the Countess insisting that Lady Emily, who, by this time, was shivering from the exposure, should put on the warmest wrap to be found, which happened to be an embroidered kimono, and drink hot tea. When all were ready to start again, there was discussion among the men as to the right direction, and we turned off on what seemed more like a trail than a road. The

guide made the Earl understand, however, that it was a short cut to the main thoroughfare for Peking.

After travelling miles, over little used tracks — the sun was getting very low and no houses were in sight — at a turn in the road ahead of us, and perhaps fifty feet above, we came upon two or three desolate looking buildings, the first seen for a long while.

The muleteers stopped for instructions and were about starting again when a woman stepped from behind the crumbling wall that partly concealed her crouching form. Stretching out clasped hands, she cried, piteously, "Stop, stop, for God's sake help me!" Though dressed as a Chinese, unmistakably she was English, and so emaciated walking seemed impossible. His lordship dismounted before she had finished speaking, calling out he would come to her; but the poor creature shaking her head, motioned him to go on a few steps where the bank completely shut off all view of the road from the houses beyond. Painfully she crawled to this spot, and there, seated upon the ground, screened somewhat by bushes, told the Earl and Countess of her miserable plight.

From Lady Emily I later heard the strange history, and it is this: The poor lady, — for she was of gentle birth, — the last of an ancient Devon family, was orphaned before her nineteenth year. Her mother she could not remember, and her father was a man absorbed in books,

seldom leaving his own fireside, though occasionally on clear winter nights, protected from cold by great felt boots and his shoulders wrapped in blankets, he spent hours gazing at the stars, bending over big sheets of paper marking and calculating. When he died it was found that their last acre, as well as his library, — the sole possession the old astrologer really seemed to have cared for, — must be sold to satisfy claims of money advanced by a distant kinsman, a well-to-do merchant living in Bermuda. The orphan was thus left well-nigh penniless.

By giving music lessons in some of the county families; teaching dancing and painting a little, she managed to earn sufficient to take her up to London where, after a struggling year or so, one winter playing small parts in a city theatre, she secured a position as nursery governess in a Russian family connected with the Czar's Embassy. Small pay was given, but always, when going about with her charges, she was obliged to dress extremely well. While at a country house rented by the Embassy, a noted Chinese Mandarin came there to visit, and, attracted by her appearance, no doubt, for she was strikingly handsome, a member of the Mandarin's train sought her acquaintance, and later found means to frequently meet her in London. She was foolishly willing to receive his attentions, having always longed for adventure and dreaded planning for an uncertain future. She could do nothing really well; her present position also

had become precarious; her Russian employers disapproving of advances made by the Chinaman, strongly intimated if she continued meeting him, leaving their employ would be necessary. Having none to counsel her, and knowing that her admirer had large means and assured position in his own land, she determined to accept the propositions, agreeing to meet him in Southampton, where they were married at a registrar's office.

The foolish girl did not even inform the old rector who had christened her, knowing he would disapprove and probably try to prevent what she was determined to do. Her only companion on leaving London was a chorus girl she had befriended when ill in a public hospital. As the Chinaman and his bride sailed for China immediately after the ceremony at the registrar's, few knew what had become of her and none truly cared.

For a time the Chinese husband showed every kindly attention, showering richest gifts upon her. It being his second visit to England, he understood English and spoke it easily. He was also keenly intelligent, evidently appreciating the help possible through a foreign wife in a diplomatic future, doubtless hoping some post might later be offered in America, if not in England, he having met with flattering attention in both countries. Boxes of Bibles, and other books, had been given him by good people im-

pressed with his apparent earnestness and interested in his welfare.

After reaching Peking, life for awhile was very endurable; but soon her mother-in-law, the real ruler of the home, showed almost insane dislike of the bride, arousing, in every underhanded way, the husband's jealousy; accusing her own son of being a devilized Chinese; meaning he was contaminated by associating with foreigners. Constant bickerings and serious trouble soon entirely estranged people so unsuited to live together. The hoped-for diplomatic post was not offered; and in August of the preceding year the son had gladly agreed to his mother's proposal, which was that his wife should be taken to a farm owned by the older woman not distant from Peking, and here the unfortunate lady was confined a prisoner, visited at intervals by her husband and his mother to see that no communication was held with foreigners. Writing materials and books, even, were forbidden, and the place where she was kept was hardly fit for cattle.

Evidently it was the scheming mother's intention, if not also the son's wish, that such a useless encumbrance should conveniently pass away. The captive had reason to think her acquaintances in Peking — she had no friends — were informed she was enjoying country air, knowing her husband had several large estates in various parts of the Empire, for the raising of rice or silkworms. These she had already repeatedly

visited with him, and her absence from the capital being accounted for in this way, it was not probable further inquiry would be made. For months she watched, hoping day and night some travellers might chance to take the unfrequented road near her place of detention, where occasionally she was allowed to walk, as it also led to Peking, at such season as the streams were fordable. Her courage had entirely gone, and relief from the awful situation seemed impossible. No one passed when she had been able to reach the lane. Escape was a difficult matter, as the old couple guarding her were vigilant and she had no money to bribe them. Even on seeing the Earl, at first she hardly dared call, having caught sight of Lady Emily's bright kimono, and, not knowing, of course, of the accident at the river, fearing the party might be Chinese, and in that case stopping them would be worse than useless, and lead to punishment and closer confinement.

When all I have written out was briefly told, the Countess wished to immediately take the poor creature from such shameful treatment, but the lady herself thought it far better that the Earl should inform officials at the Legation regarding her condition. They must then insist on seeing her, having her brought to Peking upon important business, if no better way was suggested. Her husband, greatly desiring, on account of his diplomatic reputation, to avoid scandal, or to "lose face," as the Chinese say,

she believed would consent if the matter were quietly and firmly urged. Once in Peking, under British protection, she could easily reach a steamer at Tien-Tsin and return to England. If she simply disappeared and the impression were given that she had returned to England for a visit, her husband was unlikely to pursue. She herself shunned publicity and had no wish for revenge, and would rather die in an almshouse at home than attempt living through the tortures her own incredible folly had brought upon her.

Repeatedly the Countess heard from this poor lady, finally having the satisfaction of knowing plans for her escape had been successful, and she was then living in the rectory near her birthplace in Devonshire. What remained of life, she wrote, must be given to work for tempted girls, to warn and protect them from evils sure to come in following such sinful paths as she had chosen. Lessons came through bitter experience; if her sad fate helped others she would be satisfied. The one bright memory of China was her interest in the cultivation of silk-worms, and she had brought with her to England many of their eggs with which to experiment.

CHAPTER XXXIII

It was indeed late when the main route was again reached, and long after dark before we came to the inn at Chumping Chu, a more decent place than the last. Merchants from Tartary or Thibet, strange-appearing men, strong and heavy in build, crowded about the doors, so I was obliged to pin shawls and coverings over the curtainless windows. By sunrise the Earl started for Peking, the inn-keeper, a well-spoken-of man, and one of the guides, accompanying his lordship. The others were directed to go across country with the rest of the party, to some point on the river to meet the house-boats, and where his lordship would join them after informing the Legation of the fortunate encounter with the lady unlawfully held, and receiving assurance from the authorities there that all possible would be done without delay for her release. By nightfall the Earl reached Tung-Chau, where the boats were moored, having had satisfactory interviews with the British officials, who entirely confirmed the main facts of the remarkable history confided to his lordship a day earlier. It was then decided to drop

down the river a short distance before taking a morning train for Tien-Tsin.

The return trip was short and nothing of especial interest seen except the fishing always going on upon the Pei-ho — fifteen different ways, on that stream alone, for catching fish. At some places the Chinese train large birds to fish. These cormorants wear iron rings around their necks, thus preventing the poor things from eating the dinner they have caught for their masters. Mr. Stubbs says they are knowing enough, and keen, too — something like strikers — about getting their share, and won't work if it is withheld too long.

The evening we arrived at Tien-Tsin, Lady Emily was overjoyed to find she would be permitted to accept an invitation given by a German gentleman, to dine with quite a large party at one of the native restaurants. Although the hour was late when her ladyship returned, she would not allow the lights to be put out until I had been told about the very singular dinner. Several Chinese were present, officials of some sort, and the Earl cautioned Lady Emily that nothing should be said concerning the painful incident of the day near Peking, until they knew positively that the captive had recovered her liberty. When all were seated at table, the banquet began with bird's-nest soup, a strange jelly-like dish. Large porcelain spoons were used for this. Later, chop-sticks only were provided, so eating the many peculiarly prepared courses was

by no means an easy matter, and fingers had to do constant service, for the foreigners, at least; consequently the towels dipped in hot water and brought to each guest when the meal ended, were decidedly needed. Eggs cooked in some extraordinary fashion were served, these having been buried for a quarter of a century, to give finer flavour, it is asserted.

When Mr. Stubbs tapped on the door the following morning, desiring to change a label on my box, he seemed more hurried than usual, remarking he had been detained in the native city — a filthy place, as most sections must be when human beings are crowded together like beasts — having been sent there by the Earl to get a package of sables, selected by his lordship at one of the Chinese fur traders, and after getting the skins he could not resist trying to find a temple, dedicated to "Holy Cash," Mr. Stubbs had been told, and sure enough he did see there an immense gilded coin suspended over what he took to be the altar. The people gathered thick together at this spot, evidently worshipping. Knowing how strongly the political boss idea of "Where do I come in," is cherished in China and how gold is bowed down before the world over, the Chinese are more honest than Mr. Stubbs had credited them with being, in openly venerating what others secretly adore.

We left Tien-Tsin at noon, and after less than two days on the water, were again in Shanghai, spending several hours there before taking a

large vessel bound for Hong Kong, steaming slowly into that beautiful port at sunrise, a few days later. In the harbour craft of all sorts were anchored, and boats hurrying hither and thither made constantly changing sights and entertaining scenes. The Countess and Lady Emily ordered jinrickshaws soon after landing and rode to a charming place known as "the Happy Valley."

After lunching with the Governor at Hong Kong, their ladyships, accompanied by His Excellency, made an excursion to "the Peak" far above the town, where the ocean breezes are delightfully cool. The sunset from those heights Lady Emily thought one of the loveliest she had ever seen.

The third day we left Hong Kong by a river boat, for Canton, stopping over night at Macon, a "fascinating, picturesque place," I heard Lady Emily call it, belonging to Portugal, and the following evening arrived at Canton, one of the largest cities in China. Here the Earl stopped with English friends living in a commodious and most comfortable house, on the Concession, — the foreign settlement that is, just outside the city gate. Even in this gentleman's residence arms were conveniently stacked near the dining-room door, as uprisings against foreigners might come at any time and every one must be prepared. Not long before dark I was startled by a loud, confused roaring noise; trumpets, horns and drums violently beaten.

It did seem as though the Boxers must be upon us; but soon I was told this tremendous commotion is made every night warning all inside the city walls that the gates were to be locked, and after that hour none are allowed to leave or enter before daybreak.

On passing through the city's thronged thoroughfares all were carried in chairs, and the coolies had often to take off their wide-brimmed straw hats in order to pass one another in those narrow, ill-smelling streets; fortunately, however, incense was burned in front of many shops. The shopkeepers being the only Chinese who appeared friendly in manner toward foreigners, I could better understand why a small arsenal of arms are kept on the river boats, for fear of pirates, and in all compounds where strangers are permitted to reside.

It was a painful sight to see long strings of the poor Chinese blind, holding on to a leader who probably knew the way, or could, perhaps, see dimly, as they went from house to house begging food. We heard horrible tales of a place of execution, plainly seen from the city walls; and Mr. Stubbs, even, did not venture nearer, though feeling it almost a duty to see all he can.

In the market places small dogs were hung up over the butchers' stalls, as one sees game at home, and other tiny, dark, dangling creatures both Mr. Stubbs and I made sure were rats and kittens. Lobsters are sea scavengers,

he says, and we eat them. Everybody knows a Frenchman's fondness for frogs and snails. Why should not the Chinese eat cats and rats?

Look at the righteous indignation and exclaiming over Chinese women binding and pinching in their feet; then consider what the tight lacing — never intended by the Creator — means, of those fashionables who used to be called the "Smart Set." Their days, and nights, too, simply given to dissipations, gambling, under a polite name, and drinking, coveting of your neighbour's wife, and far worse, goes on almost unrebuked in gay society; considering and removing our own beams very often makes clearer the size of our brother's motes, Mr. Stubbs firmly believes.

In one of the temples not far from the market, placed among a long line of gods, the Earl pointed out to Lady Emily a statue said to be that of Marco Polo, the renowned traveller, for whom her ladyship's horses were named. This voyager came to China hundreds of years ago to visit a ruler called the Great Khan, and made so excellent an impression that after that king's death an effigy of himself, given the Khan, was preserved among the Buddha in the Canton temple.

CHAPTER XXXIV

On returning to Hong Kong the Earl, finding a French vessel in port, decided to take passage in it for the island of Ceylon, going by way of Saigon, where there is a French colony, and stopping at Singapore. On leaving the sea coast we followed for several miles a broad stream, before reaching the landing at Saigon. Many palm-thatched huts were seen along the banks of this river or inlet, and the natives, though poor, had a contented, cheerful look. Saigon seemed a well laid out, prosperous place, with clean streets, a park, several places of amusement and good shops. Mr. Stubbs spent hours ashore, exploring, and says though the eating is exceedingly good, and all have what they call *plaisirs,* the French never did understand or take to colonizing, as our people do.

Early one morning Mr. Stubbs called me on deck to see the promenading that goes on before breakfast. A printed notice in the cabins gives passengers permission to walk the decks until eight o'clock, in pantouffles, meaning slippers and robe de chambre. It was very amusing watching the couples, quite filling the forward deck, old and young tramping up and down

exercising; many with bared feet, like those taking the cure at that good priest's place in Germany, remarked Mr. Stubbs, and all wearing the strangest odds and ends, you may say, of raiment; pajamas, kimonos, cloaks, ulsters and bedroom gowns, like in a masquerade at the theatre, though those taking part seemed very serious.

Six days out from Hong Kong, a stop of several hours was made at Singapore. His lordship regretted not going to Java from here, but feared the heat and rainy season might mean illness, or detention inland, if some ancient ruins very interesting to see, were visited. Great baskets of splendid fruits were brought on board; mangosteens, and other varieties even more delicious than the mangoes and pines you get for almost nothing in Hawaii. Having, by mistake, tasted a ripe cactus pear in California Lady Emily declares never again will she be tempted by any variety of unknown fruits and believes that prickly pear must represent the forbidden fruit of olden times.

Being sleepless in the stifling cabin one hot night after leaving Singapore, I went on deck at dawn. The ship was then close to a rocky coast, called Sumatra; plainly, I could see trees near the shore, and distant mountains. Coffee and spices of all sorts thrive on these tropical islands, owned by the Dutch, — a good-natured merchant from Rotterdam, lying on a long chair where he had slept the night, outside the smoke-

room door, told me. Later Mr. Stubbs explained a chart, upon which the places we passed are all marked.

After crossing the Straits of Malacca, and into the Bay of Bengal, we entered the Indian Ocean and came to the palm-shaded coast of beautiful Ceylon, at Colombo. A long breakwater, stretching out beyond the harbour, protects the entrance. There was a good deal of delay about landing, as a yellow flag floated from our ship's mast; this meant, — what even Mr. Stubbs had not suspected, — a case of smallpox in the steerage! but before long, everything was arranged, and I was busy unpacking in a large, airy hotel overlooking the sea.

The Earl and Countess spent that first night ashore at the Governor's. The following noon Lady Emily sent for a double 'rickshaw, and with her ladyship I went to a museum in the public gardens, a mile or so from town. Coming back, the roads were nearly deserted, the heat being intense, and Lady Emily seemed disturbed to have the coolies go beyond a walk in drawing the small carriage. As we went slowly along, the top having been put up as a protection against the sun, we heard behind us sounds of blows, as though an ill-natured cabby were beating his horse. Another jinrickshaw quickly passed, and the man seated inside violently struck, with a bamboo stick, the bare back of his sweating coolie, who evidently failed to go sufficiently fast to please his fare. Lady Emily

was most indignant at seeing a human being so wrongly treated, and feared the man riding in the jinrickshaw might be a soldier. He certainly wore khaki and a helmet, though the 'rickshaw passed at such a sharp pace she could not be sure.

The hotel at Colombo seemed extremely comfortable after Chinese inns and the ship's cabins. The nights were cool, and in the dining-room punkahs kept up a pleasant breeze, though I could not but think those slim Hindu lads pulling the ropes must get very weary. Venders of jewels, silver and all sorts of carved curiosities and trinkets, swarmed about the hotel entrances, crowded the verandas and did a thriving business. Some of the men, the Cingalese, who work indoors, wearing their long hair in a knot behind, use combs like those worn by little girls in England. These are placed around the back of the head instead of over the crown.

One sees many sorts of natives in India. Mr. Stubbs takes "no stock in them, has no use for such," as the Americans say. They are not a mirthful race like the Japanese; have not enough "go" to suit him. He thinks they might be better for more good beef and the like; however, since travelling and seeing so much, many of his ideas regarding eating are somewhat changed. He observes the heavy loads these lean coolies lift easily. Few of our stout men in the old country appear to have the endurance that these get out of rice, and a

bit of fish now and again. No doubt heathen are capable of becoming loyal subjects; but the whining way of speaking some of those "good Lord, good devil" sort of persons, he would call them, who know a little English, affect, he mistrusts, doubting too, those real gems they are for ever offering, but finds it vastly entertaining, watching the ways of such oddly dressed beings. Shawls worn by many, are wrapped closely around their owners in the cool of early morning, or the damp night hours; but most show plenty of bare, finely bronzed skin in place of other covering.

Lady Emily's room overlooked nice gardens, and on the terrace chota hazri, or little breakfast, as the first meal is called, was always eaten, shared with the kites who helped themselves very liberally if one's tray happened to be left a moment unguarded. More than once, as I had been instructed to do if anything was wanted, I had to clap my hands, there being no bells, for a fresh supply of toast, the birds having made way with two of the three small pieces provided. Lall, the Hindu servant sent from Calcutta to attend his lordship, slept on the floor just outside the apartment and seemed to understand without spoken words what was needed. Lady Emily liked watching a pair of tiny lizards, hiding by day behind a shelf in her ladyship's room and only appearing before getting-up time in the morning. She would not allow them to be caught, saying they were quite harm-

less, and probably kept the room free from flies, or other insects. The small creatures darted here and there, pouncing upon whatever they considered fit to eat, in a very stealthy manner, as soon as it became light enough to see anything.

CHAPTER XXXV

Several excursions were made while waiting at Colombo for the Royal Mail packet for Calcutta, — one to Kandy, a railway trip of three or four hours in wonderful scenery, winding about mountains and through forests where groves of cocoanut trees furnish the natives with food, shelter and clothing. In a sacred temple at Kandy a relic of Buddha is kept. This treasure, the Saint's tooth, is guarded by priests and only shown under special conditions. Mr. Stubbs managed to get a sight of it when the Earl went to the temple. It was lying in a golden lotus, and a tooth of such length, he thought, had never been seen, even a thousand years ago, in any human jaw. The priests placed garlands around the visitors' necks, made of strong smelling blossoms called "Frangipanni." Mr. Stubbs much disliked walking about a heathen temple wreathed in this manner, and once outside again, gladly threw this adornment away, before going to some beautiful botanical gardens, the finest in the world, it is said.

One night was spent at a charming place among the hills, where the views of Adam's Peak

were wonderfully fine. Many believe Adam really travelled as far as this grand mountain, and in some mysterious way left his foot-print upon the summit. Chains, fastened upon one side of the steep rocks, permit devout pilgrims to ascend the precipice in safety. Near the village where pilgrims begin the ascent I saw most beautiful convolvulus growing very large, and such exquisite shades of blue I have never before seen. We passed miles of tea plantations, all in fine condition.

At Nuwera Eliya it was cold enough to make fires very agreeable in the evening, and the Countess found the change of air delightfully bracing. From Nuwera Eliya a fine driveway led to Baddulla, and at a small station not distant from this place, the train was taken for Colombo.

On reaching the harbour, and hearing that, meeting with heavy seas, the British mail steamer had been disabled, rather than wait longer, the Earl decided to take a French vessel that would touch at Madras on the way to Calcutta. This steamer was small and crowded, but fortunately, with the exception of one day off the coast of Pondicherry, a French settlement, we had no rough weather. I did not go ashore at Madras; but with his lordship Lady Emily spent the night at a rectory near the city. Though the clergyman had been called away by the illness of a parishioner, his wife and daughter were most kind, showing many inter-

esting sights about the modern town, as there was not time to drive to the temples built near where one of the apostles, it is believed, suffered martyrdom. The house was large and attractive; huge bats, however, flying in and out between the court and open verandas, after lamps were lighted, rather alarmed her ladyship, as they swooped down in such a sudden, fearless manner; and the punkahs squeaked so noisily, it was difficult to sleep at all, towards morning.

On reaching the mouth of the great river Ganges, leading from the sea to Calcutta, an English pilot came aboard, as constantly shifting sands make the passage a very dangerous one. Some said this young pilot — the son of an admiral — had never before been in command, and Mr. Stubbs thought, — though all appeared regular enough, as the pilot seemed uncommonly youthful, and the river having so bad a reputation in the way of crocodiles, — keeping near life boats was safest. On one trip he has been told, when the passengers were quietly seated at luncheon, the vessel turned turtle, and in capsizing many were drowned before they could get from their places. For himself, he prefers not running unnecessary risks of being swallowed alive. Nothing could induce him to leave his post on the forward deck, consequently he missed dinner, having a raging headache instead, when finally we came to the docks at Calcutta.

A drive along the river front delighted Mr.

Stubbs and me when, at twilight, we followed the Earl, the Countess and Lady Emily, who were in a carriage sent by the Viceroy, as Sunday was to be spent at Government House. A band played in the fine public gardens, and throngs gathered there; horsemen and vehicles of every sort filled with smartly dressed people dashing up and down, or turning into a broad, park-like street called the Maidan. The setting sun threw a reddish glow over the river, hundreds of masts standing plainly out like leafless trees along its banks. On the lawn in front of the vice regal palace, called Government House, were many tents. This young gentleman from the Viceroy's staff, who met the Earl at the landing-stage, said the house was full to overflowing with Christmas guests, so some lodged under canvas. With ladies in muslin frocks, and flowers blossoming everywhere, it seemed impossible that it could already be December and Christmas week. Inside the huge palace-like building servants of every description, natives in white or red liveries, wearing big, white turbans, French maids and English valets, were hurrying through the wide corridors, and there was general bustle and those unmistakable signs of festivity that one always sees at home at this season.

The Countess had tea at once, in her own beautifully large rooms, dressing for dinner by eight, as a concert, or some such entertainment, was to be given that evening.

Finding several young ladies near her own age in the house party was extremely fortunate, Lady Emily thought; and many officers being in attendance on the Viceroy during the holidays, the young ladies and gentleman have most delightful times together. After early service at the Cathedral the following morning, a number of the guests drove, later in the day, to beautiful gardens where there are famous banyan trees of immense size. The branches taking root in the ground, make, from one tree, a charming grove shading the earth for hundreds of feet.

CHAPTER XXXVI

During Christmas week Calcutta, of course, is crowded. So much is then going on, travellers from all parts of the world flock there, and Europeans living in India are constantly arriving. Finding the gaieties rather too fatiguing for the Countess, the Earl determined to rent an apartment for a fortnight in a quieter part of the town, close to the residence of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta. This house, surrounded by very attractive gardens, is not far from the Maidan, and belongs to her ladyship's cousin, a general in the Indian service, who, having been called back unexpectedly to England, in order to make official report respecting frontier fortifications, left the house in charge of his daughter-in-law, who, being rather delicate, lives a few miles out of the city, but was then visiting at Government House.

Lady Geraldine had servants ready and everything in order without delay, so the Countess was pleased to take possession of the quiet, cool apartment early in the week, spending Christmas there. Lady Emily decidedly preferred the gaieties at Government House, I fancy, and

her ladyship was in the apartment for little more than sleeping and dressing.

Each day began with an hour or more on horseback; then picnics usually followed, or some expedition on the Hugli — that branch of the Ganges flowing by Calcutta. Garden parties and visits to ruins, or to Indian princesses came later, before dining at Government House, or going there during the evening for other festivities. One night, something like a presentation at Court was held; that is, the Viceroy and Vicereine represented their Majesties in receiving the guests, and notables of Calcutta. Lady Emily did look most lovely that evening. It was her ladyship's seventeenth birthday; she wore the simplest of white lace gowns, and around her throat one string of the Countess's pearls. For generations this necklace had been handed down from mother to daughter, to be worn on that birthday anniversary, and again on the wedding day. Lady Geraldine sent her own maid, a skilled Viennese, to dress her ladyship's hair in some new way that she pronounced "classic," and admirably suited to Lady Emily.

I must confess to hardly recognizing my young lady as she came down the stairway to the hall where I waited to fasten her wrap; its soft satin linings matching the tea-rose tints in her ladyship's cheeks, and the changed hairdressing giving such a grand, grown-up appearance.

Lady Emily described the scene in the bril-

liantly lighted throne room, as the most splendid she has yet seen. The presentations were made singly, and quite in the court manner; everybody agreeing that the Vicereine was the loveliest of all the beautiful ladies, her gown just perfection. Later in the evening, the younger gentlemen and ladies danced until daybreak. Lady Emily's eyes were still shining with happiness, — for she stopped the night at Government House — when I went to her ladyship's bedside at the usual hour to say the bath was ready in her dressing-room.

Nothing about Calcutta would persuade one that December had come and that it was really Christmas, the air being more like midsummer. Even after hearing the service for the day read in the English Cathedral — my seat in the crowded church was near that marble monument in memory of a much loved lady, the wife of the first Viceroy, who, many years ago, died in Calcutta — I had a feeling the clergy might be making some mistake, and anthems, as well as gifts, be coming at the wrong season.

Mr. Stubbs did manage — he has not told me how — to get a bit of home holly and mistletoe: — fastening it to my door knob before I was up, and with the Christmas greens was a beautifully carved white elephant he had bought in Ceylon; also, one of those small images, in silver; a bird, unlike any seen on earth or in air Lady Emily says, so perhaps pagans must not be greatly blamed for bowing before such

fantastic shapes. The neatest note-book bound in red leather, "Diary" printed upon the cover in gold letters, was left at my door also, most unexpected from Mr. Stubbs, and so thoughtful, for he says I am always writing. Setting down what you see and think is something like a disease, he believes; you have symptoms in youth, wanting to put down everything you hear, or read, that pleases you, and on getting older it breaks out again into a regular habit. From Lady Emily I had a brooch and lovely sleeve links mounted in gold. The Countess gave me a roll of Tussore silk for a gown; a beautiful watch set in gun metal, and a sunshade which I greatly needed.

Though indeed happy in being so kindly remembered, receiving much more kindness than I deserve, I could not forget the twins, and all those I love so far away in England. Somehow tears kept coming when I was by myself, spending that afternoon writing letters to Mary, and others at home.

Sun, and moonlight also, work mischief in India, it is believed, and Lady Emily never rides, or plays tennis even, without her white helmet, a puggaree twisted around the crown.

On the morning of New Year's Day a grand review was held, with trooping of the colours, before the Viceroy. The Earl rode with the Viceroy's staff to this parade and long before eight a victoria came from Government House stables for the Countess and Lady Emily. The

Countess wore a charming gown, surely a French creation, Lady Geraldine, who is always very smartly gowned, called it, embroidered with bluets. As usual, Lady Emily was in white, wearing that morning a violet chiffon hat, the shade of her parasol.

Mr. Stubbs and I found our way to the reviewing ground, not unlike Laffan's plain at Aldershot, half an hour before the manœuvres began. A grander sight I never have seen. Most inspiring music was played by military bands when the Viceroy appeared upon the Maidan; then troop after troop of British and native soldiers passed, all marching most creditably, Mr. Stubbs thought; the gay colours harmonizing with the lovely costumes, and bright chuddahs worn by thousands of natives gathered in the brilliant morning sunlight to watch the procession. We heard wonderful firing of musketry, which sounded like Venetian shutters being suddenly let down, or hurriedly drawn up. This volleying is called by a French name, meaning " fire of joy," Mr. Stubbs learned. He wonders whether many natives are really joyful over foreign rule. Colonels of native regiments declare, however, they trust their own commands, as loyal subjects.

Few realize how hard-worked the Viceroy is. From his lordship's man, Mr. Stubbs has it that his lordship is up at all hours, both day and night, attending to dispatches, filling out reports, responding to appeals, laying corner

stones here and there, ferreting out conspiracies, pacifying rival native princes — most jealous and often incompetent mortals, entertaining strangers, visiting hospitals and the like; besides an immense deal of office work, due often to members of Parliament, hurrying through India for a few weeks' hunting, or sight-seeing. When they reach home they write articles for the Times, or spring out in Parliament committees abuses they suspect exist, or have been told of perhaps by dissatisfied natives or ignorant globe-trotters "doing India" in a fortnight.

Mr. Varley the Viceroy's valet, speaking for himself, says there is not a lazy bone in *his* body; but how it is possible for the Viceroy to keep up the pace he does, with all the meddling, harrying annoyance that goes on, is past belief. Those who think posts about the vice-regal court mean living a life of luxury, with lots of idle time to pass on your hands, are vastly mistaken.

Even at Simla, where a little tranquillity might be expected, duties are much the same; the really needed morning rides about Jakko, where the monkeys live, he knows are often shortened on account of official business continually coming up to those heights, and requiring the Viceroy's attention. Mr. Stubbs considers Varley right in his opinion, and from what he has himself seen of the prodding demands and clamouring duties, a tropical climate at that getting on your nerves, he is reminded of lines

he was given to write in his copy-book, when a lad at school, —

> "He who would all men appease
> And not himself offend,
> He must begin his work at dawn,
> Though none know when 'twill end."

CHAPTER XXXVII

Leaving Calcutta a few days later, by afternoon train, we travelled all night before crossing the Ganges in the early morning, and reaching the foot-hills below Darjeeling. Then up and up, by a narrow railway, making many odd twists and turns in passing through forests and tea plantations, we at last came to a station nearly six thousand feet above the sea; there the light fogs, hanging low on the hillsides, broke away, and far above, piercing the highest clouds, towered the most glorious peaks, — mountains of another world they seemed in the sunset light, showing great crags of pink granite where the winds have swept bare places below these everlasting snows of the summit.

That first glimpse of Kinchinjunga silenced all speech, though soon Mr. Stubbs whispered to me that we were then a mile above the ocean and the Himalayas went beyond his expectations. He was quite prepared to believe those highest points really are thirty thousand feet above the sea. An hour later we were comfortably settled at the pleasant hotel, where open fires are a great attraction. Homesick people

from the plains go to Darjeeling, simply to sit beside hearth fires, they say.

I could never tire of gazing upon those wondrous, untroubled heights, and, fortunately, moonlight nights came at Darjeeling. Spent though I was from the night's travel, I sat for hours by my window, watching the changing shadows. Strange green shades rested upon the snows, giving the mountains weird shapes, and with the stillness came a feeling of repose not realized by day. Before dawn mists again shut out all view; consequently, the expedition to see Mt. Everest, the highest peak yet discovered — not visible from Darjeeling — had to be postponed.

Save for a short trip in dandies, or doolies as some call them, the Countess and Lady Emily remained in-doors that stormy day, sketching and writing. Mr. Stubbs heard the landlord telling of an amusing mistake, that occurred years ago, when Indian matters were less well understood than now. After an unexpected assault, in subduing border tribes, despatches, it seems, were sent to England, saying "Fortunately doolies were at hand and soon carried off the wounded." This telegram, getting mixed in some way, was printed, "Ferocious doolies came down from the hills, carrying off the wounded." Extreme consternation was caused in London by this message until explanation of the error was made, and anxious relatives assured that something like Red Cross

emergency stretchers were referred to, not fierce natives, as English readers of the war news at first supposed.

The second morning at Darjeeling, all were aroused before daybreak. The Earl, with Lady Emily, rode to meet a party from the garrison near, joining them at a point where Mt. Everest can usually be seen in fine weather. Later, the Countess started in a dandy carried on the shoulders of four bearers. I followed. An enchanting vision it indeed was, when the sun burst from behind rosy clouds, lightly covering those far away, snowy heights. "Wings of the morning," her ladyship called these fleecy streamers floating above fortress-like deep pink rocks, near the summit of one of Kinchinjunga's five glorious peaks. Soon the rays gained strength, the lower, heavier vapours vanished, and the western mountain slopes glowed with sunlight, finally touching a river winding through the dark valley far below, until its waters gleamed like burnished copper.

Where the path turns, just before reaching the top of Tiger Hill, the guides pointed out Mt. Everest, but so distant it is from there, only the summit could be seen. The Countess finding a place sufficiently sheltered from the sharp winds for sketching, remained there until the Earl, riding what his lordship called "an old gentleman's cob," joined her ladyship. Such a remarkably clear sunrise was a blessing, Lady Emily thought; tourists often wait days before

the mists lift, and sometimes leave Darjeeling, without having a glimpse even of those superb heights they have travelled thousands of miles to see.

I was wakened the following morning by rain beating against my windows, and on looking out, there was no sign of the grandeur behind those thick, chilling clouds. All but the warm clothing needed at Darjeeling having been left in Calcutta, I had little work to do, and a chance to add many pages to the notes in that pretty book Mr. Stubbs gave me at Christmas.

Turning over the leaves to see how many were left, I noticed writing on one of the blank pages about the middle of the book, and these three lines written in pencil:

> "Midst all these heats
> My heart still beats
> For thee alone."

The pencilling was not very distinct; the S's resembled Mr. Stubbs's hand, though other letters did not, and no initials nor signature followed the verse. Had Mr. Stubbs been the writer, he would have said something about the poetry, it seemed to me. As he had not, I did not like mentioning the subject, especially so long after Christmas, and no one could have counted on our coming among snows so soon, and the climate's suddenly being so different. I just made up my mind it must have been some mischievous boy at the bookseller's probably,

where Mr. Stubbs bought the book, who did that writing, but in any case it was safest to say nothing, unless Mr. Stubbs himself should speak, for, unless very settled and determined-like, might not a man's feelings have changed?

The sun came out wonderfully clear the day we left Darjeerling. I was thankful to have a farewell view of the snows; this time through forests of feathery bamboo, as Lady Emily started early to visit a native village lower on the mountain's side, before taking the train for Calcutta, at a station an hour below Darjeeling. Many natives crowded around the train, some wearing large nose-rings. They offered bits of silver jewelry for sale, necklaces, and amulets set with turquoise, of fair size and colour, and the like. The women look as strong as the men; their faces are broad and flat, quite different from the delicate appearing Hindus of the plains. From what he has been told, Mr. Stubbs thinks they must have crossed the mountain passes toward Thibet, a forbidden land beyond the Indian borders, of which very little is yet known.

To one woman who held an infant in her arms, Lady Emily gave two cakes of chocolate done up in tin foil, carefully showing the mother how she must remove the foil, and throw it away before eating the chocolate. The woman obeyed instructions as to removing the silver wrappings, rolling them together into a ball, which she swallowed, before Lady Emily could

prevent, evidently believing the shining coverings too precious to be thrown away. The Countess was distressed at the mistake, fearing that hard substance might cause illness; but the woman could not understand a word said, and merely smiled her thanks, showing extremely strong, even white teeth, and, as the train moved off, we saw her bending over, evidently searching on the ground for more of that wonderful silver food discarded by the strangers.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE day before leaving Calcutta, I had, as usual, packed books, photographs and other small objects scattered about the rooms. Lady Emily, coming in just then from riding, asked where the photographs were, remarking two or three of the views could be put in her writing-case. I handed her ladyship that gold brocaded bag in which all the photographs were kept, and she selected first a large view of Government House. In front of the broad white steps stood a very splendid, tall, young gentleman, who repeatedly, I thought, has ridden with his lordship and Lady Emily in Calcutta. The other photographs chosen by her ladyship were groups — several people in each — one, a polo scene, I think, and the same gentleman appears to be just striking a ball. In another, I made out the Viceroy in uniform, with an aide-de-camp who certainly looked precisely like the same young gentleman. Though these last were only snap shots, Lady Emily remarked they would remind her pleasantly of India, and take up little space among her ladyship's own souvenirs.

In returning to the plains from Darjeeling,

the Countess felt the heat exceedingly enervating, but Lady Emily considered Calcutta the most agreeable place visited during the entire trip. The climate may not be exhilarating, but the longer one remains, she had found, the more there is to enjoy. In what part of the world can one find such superb moonlight, for instance, or be able to ride and make river excursions with such delightful people, in midwinter?

On reaching the Calcutta railway station, the first person I saw, was, as I surmised, the young gentleman whose likeness appeared in the view of Government House, and also in the snap shots; and the same gentleman who has ridden with the Earl and Lady Emily. He came forward immediately, as the train stopped, and, after shaking hands with the Countess and Lady Emily, said the special carriage reserved for his lordship was in another part of the station, but as the Benares train did not leave until evening he presumed they would go at once to Government House for tiffin. The Earl replied that, having promised to speak at a Mission Conference, before joining the Countess and Lady Emily at the Lieutenant-Governor's garden party he would leave the ladies in Sir Francis's care.

Before Sir Francis — for thus the gentleman waiting for the train was addressed — finished speaking, a moon-faced, pudgy Hindu, with projecting jaw and loose, hanging lower lip, advanced rapidly along the platform, actually

treading upon his lordship's heels, as he pushed forward to where Lady Emily stood, followed by two bearers in untidy white garments and legs bare to the knees. Each carried a huge, mound-like erection of closely pressed together flowers; these the Hindu endeavoured to present to the Countess and Lady Emily; not an easy matter, as already they carried sunshades, and Lady Emily held the Tibetan prayer-wheel, which, since discovering it in the Darjeeling bazaar, her ladyship had been unwilling to entrust to other hands. However, with cordial thanks, these strongly-scented burdens were received and finally borne off by Mr. Stubbs. It was easily seen that Lady Emily showed no enthusiasm whatever over the invitation given, in low, but rasping tones, by the olive-hued young man, who, notwithstanding his being a well-known maharajah's son, looked as though he had hastily been thrust into English clothing borrowed from some one twice his size, all but the small hat perching upon the top of his massive head and tilted far over eyes gleaming admiringly towards Lady Emily, who, in spite of the night's travel, looked bewitchingly radiant in a long coat of white China silk, her Panama hat having an embroidered scarf of the same silk covering the wide brim, as he begged she would permit him to show her his new Mercedes, — a beauty well worthy close inspection — the following day, saying he had also just received a splendid assortment of comic pieces

for his talking machine, among them that song: —

> "O! 'ow 'appy, 'appy, 'appy could I be,
> If I only knew my love loved me."

"Positively you felt you were listening to the real thing in those never-to-be-forgotten London Halls of Music; nothing half so fetching, or to compare with them in India, as yet, I can assure you," declared this rotund little prince, kissing the ends of his stubby fingers as though the mere recollection of past joys was beyond the power of ordinary expression.

Lady Emily failed to show the slightest interest in the entertainments proffered, replying they intended leaving Calcutta almost at once, as she walked towards the waiting rooms with Sir Francis, who evidently considered the Prince and his towering bouquets a most unexpectedly unwelcome intrusion; in fact, as he stopped an instant before speaking with the railway officials, I distinctly heard the words: "Amazing, insufferable ass!"

Mr. Stubbs having errands to do, I started with him, in a gharri, to get a few articles not needed at Darjeeling, and left in the Calcutta apartment. Finding himself at the Maidan, near the Parish School, where the Conference was being held, Mr. Stubbs went in, just as his lordship began a most interesting, moving address. Some of the remarks Mr. Stubbs noted down, as is his habit when he wishes to remem-

ber, always carrying a small book in his pocket, pencil, and reel of thread also, with needles, in case of accident to his clothing. The Earl spoke of feeling it a valued privilege to have seen for himself the efforts made by good men and women in all parts of the world, and from these experiences could truly say, self-denying labours are never in vain. Heartily wishing them every happiness, and continued success in their arduous work; if, as a layman, he might be permitted to offer a word of advice, or rather, place before them thoughts coming to his mind in connection with foreign lands, he would speak of lights that have failed, and efforts that can rightly be made towards strengthening the things that remain of good, in ancient faiths. Where earnest teachers of old have taught truths, teachers in these days should recognize this good, and through such beginnings lead to nobler faith and action. New ideas cannot immediately be grasped, nor old traditions thrown aside. Something touching foods suitable for hot countries was said, and that native habits and beliefs regarding eating of meats must be respected. Mr. Stubbs, however, having to hurry off to see about some parcels expected from England, missed part of the address, and could not remain for the prize-giving to the children, but, in passing from the hall, perceived that his lordship's speech impressed the audience greatly, and several remarked that it was altogether the best made that day.

Near the chapel entrance, on his way out, Mr. Stubbs nearly ran into a wailing Hindu foundling, waiting, in its godmother's arms, to renounce the pomps and vanities of this world.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Lady Emily considered the garden party perfectly delightful, the scene enchanting, when all the guests assembled on the green lawns to greet the Viceroy, who came in state with outriders, members of his staff with him, of course, and that aide-de-camp, who was Sir Francis, a distant kinsman of the Viceroy, and her own also, though they never had met until that first night at Government House, when Sir Francis took her ladyship in to dinner. Lady Emily remarked she had at once the feeling of having always known him; and strangely enough, Sir Francis mentioned this same feeling to her ladyship and was most thoughtful in pointing out the celebrities, — native princes attired in garments strikingly like dressing-gowns, over which gorgeous necklaces are worn, emeralds, — full of flaws, of course, but immense in size, — and huge pearls. Several maharanees were present, charming in manner and features. Her ladyship spoke with these ladies for a few moments in the large marquee on the lawn, where delicious ices and other refreshments were served.

After this, and until it was time to return to Government House, before leaving for the Be-

nares train, her ladyship strolled about the gardens, Sir Francis being especially anxious she should see some rare tropical blossoms; far more entertaining, he declared, than a lot of distinguished travellers, or jealous native reprobates, looking daggers at other equally puffed out "Highnesses" if the Viceroy happened to address one, when another thought he should have been spoken to first.

At the railway station there was great confusion and rushing about. I half feared Sir Francis would be injured, for positively he did not leave the carriage until the train started, placing, just at that moment, — after the other ladies and gentlemen had left, — a small package in Lady Emily's hand. It contained one of the flowers Sir Francis had in mind and searched for when walking with her ladyship that afternoon at the garden party. Later Lady Emily opened the package. I could not help seeing it contained much writing, about the specimens probably, as Lady Emily is quite devoted to botany, always keen, Fräulein thought, to know the names, and examine with magnifying glasses the wild flowers near Ortham.

The Countess gave a Latin name to the large, odd-looking blossom that dropped out of the envelope, saying she believed it belonged to that family. The guide, being asked the Indian name, replied, "It is a flower greatly cherished by Hindu brides." Though no comments were made, I did also see what appeared to be

a sprig of faded white heather, and a few small blue flowers, I should have thought ordinary English forget-me-nots. The light, however, was somewhat dim, and I may be mistaken.

Showing no disposition to read the pages then, Lady Emily simply glanced over the closely written sheets before bidding the Earl and Countess "Good night," saying she intended to be up early the following morning; but, after I had fastened the curtains about her ladyship's berth, she called me back to say I might bring that little acetylene reading lamp that hooked into the inner shutters of the sleeping apartment, and need not return to put the light out.

CHAPTER XL

BENARES is the religious heart of India, the Earl explained to Lady Emily — her ladyship prefers Calcutta — and the sights pass all for strangeness. Soon after dawn we were in a small boat on the Ganges, and as the sun rose, thousands, — men, women and children, — came down stone steps or through narrow lanes below the many temples ranged along the river's west bank, to prostrate themselves, offering prayers and washing their bodies in the sacred waters. Some of the ash-daubed, half naked fakirs, are vowed to remain a month, or longer, in the same position.

As we moved slowly along it was easy to see how earnestly absorbed all were in devotion to their beliefs, whatever these may be. Aged men are brought on litters to the holy stream, waiting there, patiently exultant, for death to come, and as their eyes close peacefully for the last time, gaze thankfully on the beloved and, to them, sacred stream of life.

Near one group, sheltering under a large straw mat umbrella, stood an elderly man bare to the waist, his skin white and pink as a child's. "He must be a European," Lady Emily ex-

claimed; but the guide said, "No, your ladyship, that is a leper." According to our ideas, it seems terribly strange for one so afflicted to bathe within a few feet of thousands, who, with queer caste marks, freshly placed by the priests upon their foreheads, drink and throw upon their bodies the water in which all stand.

The red sandstone temples and turrets towering above the river, and the sun's rays, threw a rosy glow over even the saddest part of the scene; those ghats, or steps where the dead are brought to be burned. Lying upon open biers carried by bearers, the bodies after being immersed in the river, are placed on the ground near the water, while the fire, that seldom goes out, is prepared; then one of the mourners, the eldest son, perhaps, walks five times around the funeral pyre, striking the forehead of the dead, to signify that life has departed. Wood is heaped up about the corpse, oil is applied, and a wisp of blazing straw touches the fagots into flame.

Even in the calm beauty of early morning, it is a sadly depressing performance; and I was thankful when we returned to Benares, though the evil-smelling, flower-strewn temples and courts at which we stopped were also distressing places. At one temple monkeys climbed everywhere, chattering like children; and in another, bulls — representing in some way Almighty power — are kept as objects of veneration or worship.

That afternoon the Earl and Countess visited a great Maharajah, whose palace, on the other side of the Ganges, is furnished quite in the modern manner. Ornamental clocks, often containing music boxes which greatly delight the natives; and vases, the gifts of distinguished guests, adorn the reception rooms. A fine tiger caged in the courtyard, striding and turning in his narrow prison, seemed very unhappy.

An hour also was passed in a Benares garden conversing with a venerable man considered an extremely holy person by the Brahmins. Mr. Stubbs believes him something like a soothsayer or seer. He wore almost no raiment, and sat upon the ground, shaded by trees, his posture reminding one of the great teacher Buddha, whose beliefs he follows. A kindly smile and manner convince those seeing him that his thoughts are pure and lofty, though you might not wish to follow all his views; for instance, as to returning over and over to this world, for growth and discipline, and many other things.

Lady Emily, finding the air of Benares rather depressing after Calcutta, preferred remaining at the hotel instead of making these visits.

Several short stops were made at different towns before reaching Agra; one, I remember, at Cawnpore, where, in a walled cemetery, lie the bodies of many English, slaughtered in that fearful mutiny. No native, even now, is ever permitted to enter the gates. Mr. Stubbs considers it would be more Christian to let such as

were in no way concerned in the massacring pass inside and see that beautiful white marble angel of consolation guarding the tombs; but these laws, made long ago, are still kept.

At some places I could not enjoy the trip at all, we saw so many suffering from famine; such desolate little children, with swollen bodies and thin, pinched faces, their arms and legs like wands. In a piteously gentle way they wailed "Memsahib, oh, Memsahib!" meaning they wanted something to satisfy their hunger. The Government endeavours to provide work for those able to do anything, and food for the helpless. For the smallest coin, or a few grains of rice, their gratitude is touching; but so many are suffering, — thousands, the Lord Bishop of Allahabad said, — in that district alone, justly entitled, by infirmity and poverty, to succour, and so few to minister to this appalling misery!

The Earl and Countess constantly subscribed to famine and plague funds, and Lady Emily continually handed out money, sometimes herself giving it to sightless lepers with disfiguring sores, stretching out fingerless hands in piteous appeal for alms, saying she intended to forget, in India, those English rules of organized charity. But the agonizing distress goes on year after year in spite of everything attempted in the way of relief. I could only pray, "May God end it speedily!"

CHAPTER XLI

Of all the beautiful Indian towns, Agra seems to me the most charming, with that wonderful temple tomb by the river, costing millions of rupees, one must believe, having seen its marvellous gems and lace-like carvings, placed there as a king's memorial to his queen; and there he rests by the side of his beloved consort. By day, and under the full, glowing moon, (very different from the watery ball the London March moon is apt to look), more than once I went to this exquisite garden tomb with Lady Emily, as the Countess's strength did not permit her making many excursions. Lady Emily seemed never to tire of walking upon the terraces, reading from a book of poems, often, or sitting where she could gaze into the mirror-like pools of water reflecting that lovely Taj Mahal, and its beauteous surroundings. Lady Emily was reminded of the devotion shown by our own king, the first Edward, to his loved Eleanor, and those twelve crosses set up in England in remembrance of that sad journey to her last resting-place, in the Abbey at Westminster.

Thinking of these things leads her ladyship to realize what man's devotion could mean, though she has been told, and Fräulein, — who

considers herself almost a widow, having in early youth been betrothed to a Professor, an elderly widower, having five children — who died suddenly, — confirms this belief, that woman's love is deepest and more enduring. Lady Emily had never spoken to me on such subjects before. I could see, however, that some reply seemed expected, and my own feeling told me that agreeing with her ladyship regarding this would be safe.

An expedition, pronounced " bewitching " by Lady Emily, was made from Agra to Futtehpore-Sikri, where some great monarch, in by-gone ages, built a beautiful mosque and palace. One old building has recently been refitted, and here the Earl's party slept, though Lady Emily declared sleeping in such fascinating surroundings to be almost impossible, and passed the greater part of the night — though it was by no means warm, judging from what her ladyship told me — on a terraced balcony above the charming marble court where the old king's slaves used to perform as living chessmen, or some similar game, he himself directing the moves.

Another excursion, to Gwalior, the fortressed abode of a Maharajah, delighted her ladyship. While the Earl and Countess attended an entertainment, called in India a durbar, I was sent with Emily and the native guide Silva, — his mother a Hindu and his father a Portuguese, — who, knowing more about this part of India, had replaced Lal, to climb a long, steep hill

above the town, upon the back of a splendid elephant. The great beast knelt meekly as we mounted by a ladder into the houdah, and then swaying and shuddering as though hoping to frighten us off, finally settled to a steady walk. His front legs, put down in a cautious, gingerly manner, appeared to have a different gait from those behind, which were carried rather stiffly, as the big creature rolled along.

In passing under an arched gateway near the top of the wall, we saw musicians seated in a balcony, over the gate, and stopped to listen, as they played on uncouth-appearing instruments. Weird, Oriental music, Lady Emily thought it. From the hill-top wide views spread out in all directions; and one or two richly decorated temples were seen, also rows of enormous figures, cut from the rocks, standing by the roadside where they had been carved.

When we returned to the town, Lady Emily could hardly be persuaded to leave the Maharajah's stables, as that prince owned several really fine English thoroughbreds. Then a long stop had to be made in order to see the elephants fed. These huge brutes greatly enjoyed their meal of sugar-cane, and big round cakes — grain of some sort, I fancy, — especially pleased them as they trumpeted loudly for more, after devouring each doled-out portion.

Just as we turned away to leave, the largest elephant of all came into the yard at a smart pace, evidently fearing he might be late for

supper. This enormous beast was tooled along by a small, slender child, a boy perhaps ten years old. Before I realized how near the elephant, guided by the mahout, was to where we stood, the beast trumpeted angrily, as if considering visitors an intrusion, and struck viciously with his trunk. In spite of warning cries from the keepers, I managed to get between him and Lady Emily, and should, I fear, have been trampled on had not Mr. Stubbs, who, sent by the Earl to tell Lady Emily it was time to leave for the Agra train, had been looking everywhere, appeared at that instant, and hurling me violently to one side of the path, safe though trembling in every limb, bravely placed himself in front, opening and closing his lordship's umbrella as he waved it protectingly over me, stamping hard at the same time, and exclaiming, "Stand, shoo!"

Enraged by this disturbance, all the other elephants made a tremendous uproar, tugging at heavy iron chains by which they were fastened; balancing their huge bodies, first on one foot and then on another, turning and bellowing loudly as they threw back their trunks and waved them over their heads in a most excited manner. Not being much accustomed to elephants' ways, I did feel faint, and thankful when Mr. Stubbs whispered he would help me to the carriages waiting outside the animals' quarters, in which we soon returned to the guest house on our way to the railway station.

CHAPTER XLII

At Lucknow, a great deal connected with that awful mutiny was to be seen and described. What days of heart-rending anguish must have been endured by those inside the forts, and by those attempting to rescue the besieged women and children, in such fearful peril from shells, and with the brutal enemy attacking and overcoming one hiding-place after another; until, when all despaired of succour, our glorious Scotch bagpipes told, unmistakably, that relief at last was near.

I am silly over being a Highland lassie, Mr. Stubbs declares; but the love of lochs, moors, bagpipes and heather is born in me, and never can fail while life lasts.

One night, Hindu magicians, — three or four white-robed men, — gave an exhibition of their marvellous doings. Even when the tricks, or whatever they may be, are explained, they seem almost as wonderful as ever. How can a covered basket be pierced in every direction with a sword, until blood flows out, without destroying the small boy you have seen curled up inside? Mr. Stubbs described his having caught the jugglers with a bladder full of something

the colour of blood; and believes also, instead of real mangoes growing out of flower-pots, as you watch, the conjurors slip in one plant after another. Detecting such doings is impossible, they are that skilful; but, as Mr. Stubbs intimated to them, he is not a man easily deceived, and feels sure he has discovered some, if not all, of their methods. I much preferred the tricks to those horrible serpents the snake-charmers brought; handling pythons, writhing cobras and other reptiles as though they were kittens. The Countess rebuked one man wanting to show a battle between a cobra and a mongoose, saying such cruelties could not be permitted in her presence. Her ladyship greatly disliked another performance, when a man like a skeleton, he was that emaciated, forced weights behind his eyeballs, supporting by them a basket filled with glass balls and other objects.

Mr. Stubbs is convinced we still are treading on volcanoes in India; an unheaval may come without warning, none can prophesy what may happen. He has studied native ways for himself, and heard much of their doings, ever since he was a lad, from having an uncle in the service of a former viceroy. The Indians have such uncommon, mysterious ways. From one end of the land to the other they send messages, by smearing the trees, or handing from one village to another those small dried cakes. Killing flies seems to be forbidden, but nearly twisting the tail off a hard-worked or obstinate bullock is

tolerated, and if a troublesome monkey chances to fall into a swift-flowing stream, in trying to drink, temperance societies are not organized to save him. After seeing the tropics for himself, Mr. Stubbs inclines to agree with those preferring an honest potato patch or turnip field at home, to all the waving palms or coral strands to be found abroad.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE streets of Delhi resemble a scene on the stage, Mr. Stubbs asserts, reminding him, also, of his favourite Champs Elysees, though the setting is different. Nothing pleases him better than strolling along that broad Chandni Chauk, studying native methods and watching the moving throngs on foot, and in every sort of vehicle; horsemen and camel riders, as well. In speaking of Delhi, a valet told him to go to Chandni Chauk for anything wanted; and Mr. Stubbs getting it fixed in his mind as a shop could hardly be persuaded, the first time he started out, — having taken a gharri in order to attend to various errands, — but what the driver was trying to cheat, when he wanted to leave him at some corner shop called Ram's; pretending, as Mr. Stubbs then thought, that he knew no dealer named Chandni Chauk.

One morning, clear, and crisp for India, Lady Emily wishing to make purchases, I accompanied her ladyship and Silva to the bazaars. It is difficult to escape the peddlers and toots, always hanging around gates and verandas, clinging to the carriage steps if they get half a chance, and, when driven from one side, rush-

ing nimbly to the other, or hiding behind and shrieking, "Memsahib, buy me. Buy my shop, lady. Nudder man, he no good!" After an hour's shopping we stopped at a palace built by one of the old rulers, a Shah Jehan. In those days this palace must indeed have been splendid, one throne room surpassing all for magnificence. An English soldier, from the barracks near, seemed to have oversight of this place. He was not long from home, evidently, though much freckled by the Indian sun, and limping somewhat from rather tight boots. Calling Lady Emily's attention to where the Peacock Throne — a wonderfully jewelled chair — had stood until it was stolen or destroyed, he explained the inscription in Persian letters upon the wall, meant, —

> "If on earth be an Eden of bliss,
> It is this, it is this."

The young man's hair was extremely red, and when he rolled very blue eyes towards the ceiling, reciting these lines, but changing the sound to, —

> "If hon hearth be han Heden of bliss,
> It is this, it is this."

her ladyship, I could see, found it hard to refrain from smiling.

The following day, Lady Emily, with the Earl and Countess, attended a picnic given in their honour by the British General stationed at

Delhi. Mr. Stubbs went on the box of one of the carriages. The drive of ten miles to the old city of Delhi was most entertaining, he thought; tombs and mosques the whole way, nearly, and one small memorial column, the most ancient of all, had been placed by the roadside hundreds of years before our Lord's birth. After making a fairly good meal, he found one of the noted sights, near the sort of tea-house where luncheon had been served, was a beautiful tower, the Kutab. The prospect from the top he considered well worth mounting hundreds of steps to see, and learned also that almost upon that spot the "Thousand and One Nights" tales — affording him much entertainment as a lad — had been told. The ladies and gentlemen stopped to examine a deep well, in which, it is said, one can never drown, and a small Hindu boy plunged down so many shivering feet, Mr. Stubbs could hardly bear to look at him, thankful though he was, to see the little chap rise safely to the surface.

On leaving Delhi, three days were passed at Amritsar, the Earl desiring to show the Countess and Lady Emily a wonderful golden temple, standing in the centre of a lake and reached by a beautiful marble causeway. Late one afternoon, I went to this spot, which is much revered by the people of Amritsar, with Mr. Stubbs, who much disliked having to remove his boots and put on felt slippers; but the natives considering the slaughtering of cows a

sort of insult to their religious beliefs, will not permit leather soles to enter the temple; and, after all, though not approving the worship of beasts in any way, Mr. Stubbs believes in teachings that uphold kindly treatment of animals, and these views he considers akin to those held by many of our London clergy, who greatly dislike those showy hats, decorated with plumage torn from wild birds and worn in the churches by their parishioners. The golden dome reflected in the water, and throngs of gaily attired people, the Sikhs and others, reputed very loyal to the British, made a splendid, stirring sight, though to my mind, more natural scenes, — hills, peaceful valleys and snowy heights, — give most satisfaction.

Sunday was spent at Lahore, a little beyond the city, in a pleasant bungalow owned by friends of the Earl's. The gardens are tasteful, cultivated spots, but not so full of flowers as our own trim bed in England. Industries of all sorts are carried on out of doors in Lahore and one could walk its streets for hours without tiring. Workers of every description are constantly busy, and the narrow thronged lanes, backed by carved house-fronts and latticed windows, are like pictures.

CHAPTER XLIV

At Rawal Pindi we lived in a village of tents. As it is a large military post, there are tents of every variety and size; some connected by canvas corridors, and in these the Countess and Lady Emily lodged. They were extremely comfortable, though open fires seemed decidedly agreeable during the February nights spent there. The Earl desiring that the Countess should have a glimpse towards Kashmir, a region where, before his lordship's marriage, he had passed a summer, an expedition to Murree was arranged for the following day from Pindi, but the morning proving raw and disagreeable, the Countess thought best not to go, and I was sent with Lady Emily. A young lady from the Commanding General's family accompanied her ladyship in the victoria, and the General's aide-de-camp rode with his lordship.

Several miles from Pindi, rough vehicles, called tongas, waited, in which we ascended the mountain roads, the carriage being sent back to the Post. After climbing steep, bare hillsides and toiling through narrow mountain passes for many miles, changing the horses repeatedly —

as they went at a brisk pace — the snow became so deep that the roads were no longer passable for wheels, and all of the party had to be carried, by bearers, in chairs or doolies, until the bungalow placed at the Earl's disposal was reached. Here, it was delightful to find that wood fires blazed delightfully, some on open hearths, and almost scalding tea was ready to be served by a decrepit, but low-salaaming Kitmutgar.

The sun shone brightly the next morning, and, before Lady Emily finished dressing, a heavy fringe of icicles — formed over night on the veranda-roof — had melted. I heard her ladyship say to Miss Bernice, the General's youngest daughter, that she was delighted, it would now be possible to ride that morning, as they had intended doing, for a view towards the Vale of Kashmir. If one could get there during the winter season, the scenery would, no doubt, be charming, but she felt especially eager even to look in that direction, since having heard a most lovely poem, "Lalla Rookh" read at Government House one evening, when tableaux representing scenes in the heroine's life were given, and Sir Francis, the Viceroy's A. D. C., who reads charmingly, recited parts of the poem as the pictures were being shown; and afterwards had told of a most interesting visit to Kashmir, made by him, — he already had achieved success as an explorer, — during the hot weather of the previous year.

When her ladyship returned to the bungalow, before starting for Rawal Pindi, she was enthusiastic over the rugged hills they had climbed on rough ponies in the frosty, invigorating air, describing the fine, wide valleys seen beyond the wild peaks and snowy mountain ranges, giving one, the Earl thought, a fair idea of those in Kashmir, though by no means as well watered and fertile.

On leaving Lahore, came a night's ride by train. One could feel the engine pulling heavily up grade and the air became decidedly chilly. When the moon struggled out from under the clouds, I could see we were moving along barren, rocky hillsides; but towards morning fields of millet surrounded the straggling hamlets.

Near Attock, where the Earl stopped for tiffin, at the fortress commanding the narrow valley, a rushing stream was crossed, the river Indus, Lady Emily said, adding that this region was associated with a famous general of olden times named Alexander, who conquered the greater part of the world. Descendants of his soldiers still dwell in the Punjab, distinguished from other natives by blue eyes and fairer skins. In case of attempt by Russia to enter India, Attock would be a vitally important point to protect, Mr. Stubbs understands, and says that these new guns mounted on the fortress are marvels of power and accuracy of aim. He trusts they never will be turned towards any invading foes, but should war come, he knows,

from what he has himself seen, that they would speak loudly and surely; and no braver, truer men can be found in any part of the world than those behind the guns.

CHAPTER XLV

Several officers waited to greet the Earl at the Peshawar station, telling his lordship he was expected at the military headquarters — one of the most important cantonments in India — and that the mess had prepared a rousing welcome, hoping to keep him as long as possible.

The Countess having promised to visit the wife of the English rector, Lady Emily accompanied her ladyship to a very nice bungalow situated in pleasant gardens not far from the church, where fruit trees and violets, in spite of a cold, piercing wind, already showed signs of blossoming.

Finding the Khyber Pass, leading to Afghanistan, would be open and guarded the following day, an early start was made, the Earl and Lady Emily going with the rector's sister and niece in a landau to the entrance of the Pass, nine or ten miles from Peshawar, where tum-tums, or dog-carts were ordered to meet them. The trip was decidedly exciting, although her ladyship did not consider there was much real danger. Still, their own escort kept near, and the sowars, or armed native guards, did keep popping up every little way, Lady Emily noticed. On some

of the routes the hillsmen met, going through the Pass, were exceedingly fierce in appearance. Part of the way the narrow road was fairly crowded with camels, bringing in huge bales of Kabul, or Bokhara silks and rugs, fruits and nuts to dealers in Peshawar, salt and all sorts of Manchester goods being returned in exchange. Many travelled to Afghanistan on foot, apparently, and many more mounted on shaggy ponies, or rode in native bullock carts, others riding really beautiful, spirited horses. About noon a disused fortress, perched high upon the rocky hillside above the Pass, was reached. A small tent had been pitched near here, and luncheon hampers were soon opened under its shelter. While lunching a string of camels stopped by the wayside, and Lady Emily begged one of the officers, who had joined the Earl's party at the beginning of the Pass, to give the tattered, hungry-looking boy in charge, some sandwiches. The gentleman consented, but the lad would not accept, he was positive, fearing to be defiled by eating meat offered by infidels; and sure enough, though evidently half starved, the little chap simply wagged his head most determinedly, and soon tramped on behind his big, brown charges. After luncheon, all walked for a long look towards Afghanistan, from the fortress, the party longing to go, Lady Emily declared, and for themselves see the strange, interesting sights in that little known country beyond the Pass.

That afternoon at Peshawar was spent with the Countess and the rector's wife in exploring the bazaars where, from small shops behind the open counters, rolls of lovely silk were brought out; also camel's-hair rugs, long peaked slippers of all hues, and cottons stamped in a curious manner with figures in wax were also offered for sale. Crowds filled every part of the bazaars. Most of the men had a war-like, Jewish cast of countenance, some wearing beards apparently dyed red, and hair coloured to match. These people looked so exceedingly fierce, I was thankful the Countess had the protection of a guard; and Mr. Stubbs, too, kept near. He remarked that the military and police authorities themselves acknowledge that it is next to impossible to prevent crimes, such as plundering and assaulting, in these regions. The wild tradesmen all protect one another and are "Agin the Government," whatever it may be, as used to be said respecting parts of Ireland; and once a sentinel is wounded, or a foreigner's house looted, the rascal who does it escapes, as he well knows he can, to mountain fastnesses, where protection is sure, and attempting to catch marauders would be like stirring up a hornet's nest. All who pursued would be badly damaged, and valuable lives lost, probably, in fruitless search among savage tribes, who recognize neither emperor, czar nor amir, as sovereign.

A gymkhana entertainment, with all sorts of sports, was given at the cantonment the follow-

ing day. Lady Emily found the tent-pegging and camel-racing most amusing; the big creatures, seeming really to know what was expected of them, dashed past the band and judges at a furious pace, as though enjoying the applause.

By taking a night train, we reached Delhi the following evening, leaving almost immediately for Alwar, the Earl having promised the British Resident, in the Rajah's absence, to spend a few hours at the palace, where the valuable old library was a great attraction. Lady Emily thought the armory, the grand white marble tank, the stables and the elephants fascinating; but I was glad not to stop long by those huge beasts, having that attacking one at Gwalior still in mind. The rooms of the palace, though spacious, are not very tastefully furnished. One audience hall hung in rose-velvet draperies, embroidered in dull gold, had a silver table with water running over it through little channels; this I thought remarkably ingenious.

Before returning to the train, handsome green velvet chairs, gilded and swan-shaped, were brought by the Dewar's command, the Countess and Lady Emily having expressed a wish to see some ruins upon the top of a neighbouring hill. Finding the heat oppressive, the Countess remained at the palace, being entertained there by the Maharani and other ladies of the Maharajah's family. I was directed to accompany Lady Emily and the guides. We were carried through delightful gardens, and then, beyond the mag-

nificent marble tank, followed narrow, shaded paths winding up the hillside. Before reaching the top, flocks of wild peacocks came out from the shrubbery, as if to greet us, and blue and green paroquets flew from tree to tree, following the bearers, as though curious to know what this invasion of their quiet groves could mean.

The sun was fast sinking when we reached the fortress upon the highest terrace above Alwar, consequently Lady Emily did not long linger, though thoroughly enjoying the beautiful colouring on the bare rocks, and viewing those distant plains beyond the village. Marble temples and tombs were reflected in the immense palace tank lying at the foot of the cliffs beneath us. On the way down to Alwar many little offerings, laid upon basket-like trays, were brought to her ladyship, — flowers, fruits and eggs, — by the slender, white-robed natives from whom Lady Emily bought several small silver trinkets, very prettily wrought by hand.

CHAPTER XLVI

HEARING from Delhi that the plague had greatly increased in the vicinity of Bombay, where hundreds of deaths occurred weekly from this dreadful disease, the Earl decided to give up the hunting expedition under consideration, and to return by the first available steamer to Europe, spending, if possible, a fortnight in Egypt on the way.

At Jeypore I heard Mr. Stubbs jesting with Silva over bringing us to a rose-coloured town — most of the Maharajah's buildings being tinted in rose-red shades — declaring he could not, however, consider it the pink of perfection. The genial smile of that crocodile in the palace tank gave him long-drawn-out nightmares. Silva prides himself on knowing many English words, but when these are put together, he does not appear to just get any meaning out of the language used, but always shakes his head from side to side, draws in his breath, and says, "Yess, yess, your honour." I don't think he is capable of comprehending anything like English chaffing, a difficult enough matter, even for those knowing the tongue.

Amber, the old capital of Rajputana, a few miles from Jeypore, is what specially attracts travellers, Lady Emily mentioned, and the next day would be spent there. Her ladyship regretted sickness had broken out that disabled the Maharajah's elephants, therefore they could not be used for the trip to Amber, so, much to my relief, we should not be again mounted upon those monstrous creatures. We drove through wide, thronged streets, sprinkled by hand, from pigskins, in the usual fashion; stopping at a museum where vast numbers of Indian relics have been collected, and passing crowds of tinsel-attired women wearing rainbow-hued coverings, turbaned men and Nautch girls, following wedding processions, or drawn in large bullock carts. An hour before reaching the deserted city of Amber, palki, — long covered litter-like boxes, — waited by the wayside for the Earl's party, and in these odd vehicles, carried by four bearers, the ascent to the ancient palace was made. None seem to know why so fair a place has been abandoned, "left to phantoms and to ghosts," said Lady Emily. We mounted broad stone steps, and crossed paved courtyards, passing many fine pierced marble screens, and through audience halls inlaid with large mirrors. When the rooms are lighted these must shine most brilliantly. After gathering flowers in a sadly-neglected garden, tea was served on a balcony overlooking a charming lake.

In returning to the pink, plastered streets of

Jeypore, we met the Maharajah's cheetahs out for exercise with their keepers. The leopards wore funny leather hoods; something like caps, upon their heads, and seemed quite tame, though fierce enough once started after their prey, it is said. Near the fountain where the cheetahs sedately paced, many street jugglers amused the passers-by, and grain thrown into the air by an emaciated long-bearded man attracted flocks of beautiful pigeons that circled and wheeled about his head as if thanking the aged man for their supper, finally dropping to the ground and gathering every kernel of corn.

On the way to Mount Abu, a breezy place among high, barren hills, a few hours were spent at Agmere, where the temples are especially sacred. Upon the lake-like tank near many fine ducks swam, diving under water and remaining so long, before reappearing far from where they went down, it seemed as if they could hardly escape being suffocated.

The lavishly decorated Jain temples at Mount Abu are marvellously rich in jewels. Such splendid necklaces and ornaments of emeralds and pearls it is a shame to bestow upon idols. Interesting schools were visited not far from the temples, where the English sisters teach and help many poor children. With the British Resident and other friends, the Countess and Lady Emily made a rather exhausting excursion to some mountain temples, going where the road became so stony and steep it was impossible to

use the chairs, and the Countess was carried on a wooden seat, supported between two coolies.

Hearing a vessel would sail two days later from Bombay, touching at Egypt, the Earl decided to go directly through by night train, in order to avoid detention in a city where pestilence has caused so many deaths. After leaving Mount Abu in clumsy, heavy jinrickshaws drawn by four bearers, the trip to Bombay was hot and uninteresting. At many stations crowds of frightened-looking people waited for trains in which to escape from plague-stricken surroundings. In some regions troops of wild monkeys enlivened the scene. Whole families, grandparents and children, evidently travelled together, swinging swiftly from tree to tree, or running hand in hand over the coarse jungle grass. I hoped for a sight of those huge apes called ourang-outangs; but Mr. Stubbs believes them far too knowing to leave the forests where they build house-nests for themselves in the high trees, and have a sort of intelligent language of their own, some say, in which they converse.

In Bombay, a large city where many foreigners reside, there was barely time for the shopping always necessary before beginning long voyages, and then with Lady Emily I drove to Kandy Beach and upon Malabar Hill, seeing those strange Towers of Silence, guarded by the big vultures, patiently awaiting the bodies of faithful Parsees, whose religious beliefs cause their being exposed there, when death comes,

for the birds to destroy. Long after the Towers of Silence had faded from sight, Lady Emily watched the shores we were fast leaving, finally pensively remarking, when the last glimpse of land vanished, that having learned and enjoyed so much more than she had anticipated in India, it was indeed hard to leave, suddenly, such a deeply interesting country.

CHAPTER XLVII

Mr. Stubbs finds considerable entertainment in watching everything that happens on shipboard. "Little worlds in themselves are these big liners," he says, and thinks the P. & O.'s especially interesting. All sorts of people were travelling homeward, some jarring and objecting to everything; others, foolishly pleased over being drenched with salt spray, sniffing in what they call briny sea-breezes, even when the air is simply foul with machinery oil, the worst of bad smells, in his opinion.

The passengers were all devoted, — so far as she would permit — to a sweet young English widow, but a few weeks ago the adored, happy bride of a gallant officer, who already had received honourable mention for bravery as captain of a regiment of Highlanders serving in the Punjab. He returned to England for their marriage, and on the voyage back to India sudden illness came, undetected heart trouble it was thought, though, later, letters were found which showed knowledge of failing powers and courage greater than his strength, and expressed anxiety, — should anything happen to him, — for the future of his girl wife, for both were

orphans; her nearest relatives being cousins, living in Switzerland for economy. After hours of agony Captain Gordon passed away, conscious to the end. Committing his soul to God's keeping, he begged his wife not to grieve, telling her to remember that from ocean depths God would bring them together again, rejoicing. Merciful unconsciousness spared her all knowledge of the last rites when, wrapped in the flag, her husband's body was lowered over the vessel's side at sunset, and, until leaving the steamship at Bombay, alone, the young wife, though repeating half-unconsciously, over and over, "The sea shall give up her dead," was too stunned to realize the desolating changes that had come.

"Truly sorrow has crowned a young life," the Countess said, when the broken-hearted girl, whose earnest gray eyes still seemed watching for him to whom her whole existence had been given, was placed by the Metropolitan of India under her ladyship's protection for the voyage to England.

Always there must be a mascot, or ship's pet, on long voyages, Mr. Stubbs declares; and certainly Miss Daisy was held to be this, by everybody. She was a sturdy, happy child, not yet old enough to understand the loneliness of her father, a desolate-appearing major, deserted by his heartless, shallow wife, one of those gay Simla ladies, who, after three years of discontented married life, eloped with a man as heart-

lessly selfish as herself. The little girl, clinging lovingly to her father or the faithful Indian nurse, prattled joyfully of her dolls, or talked of a cage of tame budjenegas she was taking to her aunt; fortunately seeming never to miss the mother, who had considered the innocent child an intolerable burden.

Late one afternoon, when most on board were resting or dressing for dinner, Mr. Stubbs went on deck to fetch a lot of books left there by the Earl, and found the small lady had captured a very haughty, lofty-appearing Mrs. Mynvet, the wife of an American millionaire, Mr. Stubbs learned from her travelling servant, and daughter of revolutionary parents, some thought, abhorring everything British, disliking children and opposed to the President's views. This lady, a black lace scarf covering her high gray pompadour, and holding a jewelled lorgnon before her extremely sharp eyes, had been persuaded by Miss Daisy to drink make-believe doll's tea with her.

Seated in a big deck chair by Mrs. Mynvet's side, and holding a cup like a thimble, was that very youthful curate, travelling on account of a weak throat. He seemed always to be repeating to himself, "Reprove, rebuke, exhort!" Standing near, also holding a tiny cup and saucer, in a helpless, protesting fashion, was a pale, gaunt French priest, wearing a broad-brimmed large black beaver hat. His earnest, worn face and grizzled hair told of hard work

and recent illness; never before had he been seen speaking with any one. A huge rag-baby presided at one end of the toy table, in front of which the child's low seat had been placed; huddled on the deck behind, wrapped in her white head covering, crouched the brown-hued, soft-eyed ayah, who watched with beseeching, wistful glances each motion of her golden-haired, imperious little mistress.

As soon as Mr. Stubbs appeared, waving toward him an inch-high teapot, Miss Daisy called loudly in her enticing child's voice, "Come, please have a cup of tea wiff Daisy, you very nice man; Daisy like ou ver much."

He had greatest difficulty in excusing himself, getting away from the company with his arms full of books and cushions, feeling, too, most uncomfortable to seem to disappoint the dear little lady he was always more than willing to oblige. As Mr. Stubbs disappeared down the companion-way, he heard Miss Daisy entreating one of the sailors, a Lascar in bare feet, to join the party.

Sending fake telegrams is a favourite amusement on deck among the young people, and those older make quite a serious game out of it, looking up the names of such Indian places as they have visited, in order to get them into the messages. No two people appear to pronounce the Hindustanee words in just the same way, Lady Emily declares, and are always disagreeing or discussing — sometimes not without temper — how they should be spelled, or where

accents must be placed. Her ladyship thinks that having little else to do accounts for their eagerness to prove themselves right in the pronunciation each prefers. Three times she has changed Baddulla, ba- bad- baddu, to suit different authorities, and now, notwithstanding all protestations, intends going back to the way she fancied right when she first saw the place.

Charades, scenes from "Kim," and a very amusing little play called "The Memsahib's Cheetah," were given by the passengers, and a song sung in a droll rollicking manner by one of the officers, a dapper, no longer youthful gentleman, returning from special duty in Japan, had great success: the refrain goes:

"I am a Jap, Jap, Jappy young man,
I copy them all I can,
Their arts and their ways,
Their pranks and their plays,
We follow them when we can."

Many constantly demanded "Tommy Atkins" or "The Little Tin Soldier." Both Mr. Stubbs and I preferred these to that one frequently sung in a coquettish manner by a portly, gypsy-appearing person, ordinarily very sedate and settled:

"Tho' thou my love betrayeth
I fain would hover near thee."

The dining-saloon stewards are fairly maddened by the way they are harried and worried

over the punkahs; passengers on one side of the table requesting they shall be stopped on account of too much wind, — a perfect hurricane, they call it. As some have bald heads it must be very annoying. Those on the other side say they shall be compelled to go without meals, if they are left to gasp in such a temperature, without any breeze whatever. They actually glare at one another, expostulating and giving dreadful abuse in a polite manner, one red-faced gentleman going the length of denouncing a couple of lean, neuralgic ladies opposite him, touring the world alone, as malicious mummies, owing to their tipping a steward to turn off the punkahs entirely.

Some enjoy piano music in the deck saloon; others go out, slamming doors violently, whenever music is mentioned. All agree in praising the captain, a quiet, reserved gentleman, fond of sketching, who seldom mingles with the passengers; but they complain of almost everybody else, including the steamship company, their agents, the quarters assigned, and their treatment in general. Mr. Stubbs considers the majority get far more comfort out of iced drinks and dishes than from one another's company or the thought of returning home.

One night, after a dance on deck, Lady Emily came to the cabin, telling me she would change the white taffeta and Irish lace gown her ladyship was wearing for a short skirt. A Swedish

astronomer attached to some scientific expedition had promised to explain the constellations, should the night continue cloudless; if they would go to the ship's bow, he added, he could point out the Southern Cross, stars the Earl had seen on an earlier voyage, and her ladyship longed to see. Wondrous things in the heavens were shown through a small telescope, and even an ordinary opera-glass helped in identifying the more glowing stars, and in placing constellations, her ladyship remarked later. The astronomer thought it by no means impossible that in ages to come, these throbbing planets differing from one another in size and glory, may be investigated by means of air ships.

From the Indian Ocean we entered the Red Sea, many on board being decidedly disappointed that no landing could be made at Aden. Our vessel having come from an infected port, passengers would be obliged to remain in quarantine for several days before entering the town. An English lady, on her way home from Nepaul, had long counted on spending the twelve hours in port with a married daughter, living there, but could not go to her; and if the daughter came on board it would mean being quarantined on returning to Aden, as though she, herself, had come from Bombay; so, instead of kissing the new grandchild, the little fellow was held up, struggling and kicking, in his father's arms, to be " kodaked," his parents later sailing around

and around the ship, shouting greetings, and receiving messages and gifts from the grandmother on deck.

One Sunday morning, while waiting outside Lady Emily's cabin, the pleasantest mannered old Scotch lady spoke to me. Her face was not even elderly, but fair and frank as a child's, the snowy hair being smoothed back in the way her late Majesty always wore it. Mrs. Fraser — for that was her name — handed me a small book, the Psalms of David, saying, in a kindly way, "I am glad to ken a country woman of my own is on board." She then told me, to every native in India the Prayer Union, to which she belongs, hopes to give at least some part of the Scriptures, believing God's spirit leads minds seeking light to comprehend that His kingdom is within.

Mrs. Fraser had been visiting her nephew, a medical missionary in Burmah, and was on her way to Morocco, where a niece is serving as trained nurse in a missionary hospital. She wondered if I knew we should soon pass near Mt. Sinai, though uncertain whether the mountain was actually visible from the Red Sea. To be near so many of the ancient places mentioned in the Bible thrills one.

The day proving intensely hot, the Captain feared it might be necessary to reverse the engines in order to give sufficient air in the engine room, but a light breeze came up before sunset. As I was leaving Mrs. Gordon's cabin in the

evening, — for sometimes the stewardess permitted me to do some little service for that dear lady — I heard Mrs. Fraser, who was often there, reading aloud pleasant books about birds and flowers, singing softly one of those quiet old psalms I had not heard sung since faraway days of childhood in Scotland; and then she said,

"I am a lone woman, child, all have gone before. Long ago the dear Lord led them to His better country. You must bide a wee with me in Aberdeen; we will cheer one another when shadows fall." There was no reply, but that warm hand-clasp, and the only real smile I had seen on the wan face meant a grateful heart, I am sure.

The day before reaching Suez, we passed a troop ship, outward bound for India. How those brave boys, manning the rigging and crowding the forward decks, did cheer while flags were dipped and handkerchiefs waved! To think but few, probably, would ever return to their own land made my heart ache, longing for the time when wars shall cease.

The following day we overtook a slow, rolling vessel, filled high above the sea with cages, and Mr. Stubbs ascertained it was a menagerie ship, bound for some famous dealer in Germany. The owners had been collecting wild beasts for months, through Africa, Arabia and India. Mr. Stubbs thinks they must have captured most of the serpents and tigers; for though before going

to India he had felt rather alarmed about boa-constrictors, lions and the like, he never saw a tiger uncaged, nor a cobra out of a tamer's keeping. The first night in a dâk bungalow, he did hear what he feared must be a large snake, moving stealthily about, but found when he managed to strike a match, it was a toad hopping up against the wire-screened window, trying to escape.

At Suez the Earl decided to disembark, and go by rail to Cairo instead of keeping with the vessel through the canal. That morning I heard the curate telling the lady from Nepaul that he had seen the sun set over Africa, and rise over Asia. The pale, thin-locked, wrinkled man standing near, — a philosopher he styles himself, — known on shipboard as the "dream gentleman," because of his fondness for interpreting his dreams to any one who will listen, remarked, — "This may be prophetic of coming events, young friend. Before you long life stretches, the wood for your coffin is still growing, years ago mine was felled from the forest and awaits me. Study the stars, and your night visions; who knows which is the true life? Many find happiness only in what are called dreams!"

We reached Cairo late in the evening, going directly to that large hotel, surrounded by extensive grounds, and formerly a palace, where spacious apartments had been reserved for the Earl. The River Nile flows beneath the fine bridge crossed in reaching the hotel.

Busy days followed, the Countess and Lady Emily paying visits and making many excursions; while his lordship was repeatedly sent for by that Earl who helps the Khedive in governing Egypt, consenting one evening to deliver an address — "an informal talk," according to Mr. Stubbs — at this gentleman's residence, and no reporting permitted. Great Britain's foreign policy was reviewed, his lordship declaring there must be no wavering nor uncertainty over boundary lines, and a clear understanding with minor powers regarding the disposal of territory.

A very delightful expedition, Lady Emily thought, the one made with a party of ladies and gentlemen to the Sphinx, and large pyramids, an afternoon's drive from Cairo. After seeing some sports at a club beyond the golf links, camels were mounted for the short ride to the Pyramids. Lady Emily *had* considered much written regarding one's sensations in riding camels as absurd exaggeration, but believed these descriptions fell far short of the truth, when her own big brown beast, kneeling until she was in the saddle, jerked out each leg separately, and jolted himself into an upright position. Something gave way in his back, as well as in her own, her ladyship feared, when he finally arose from the sands, and plunged toward the Sphinx. Two or three natives, Bedouins of the desert, push and pull, — insisting they are helping travellers wishing to climb to the top of those immense stone blocks forming the great pyra-

mid. Lady Emily's arms ached for days after this experience; though seeing that deep red sunset glow over the sands, and upon that wonderful Sphinx itself, well repaid for all fatigue, and the moonlight drive back to Cairo her ladyship greatly enjoyed.

CHAPTER XLVIII

WHILE waiting the following morning in a victoria, near the hotel entrance, ready to start on an excursion, arranged for that day, to those smaller pyramids and tombs not far from Memphis, a note was handed Lady Emily. Urgent official business, the Earl wrote, obliged an immediate interview with the Khedive, and finding neither interview nor excursion could be postponed he desired her ladyship should make the trip accompanied by Stubbs and me, with Mahamud the guide.

This message was brought by a stranger who explained that he was Achmud, Mahamud's youngest brother, and that the latter, hurrying from Cook's office with the tickets, had heedlessly pushed against a donkey standing in front of Shepheard's hotel and been viciously kicked by the brute, his wrist being completely disabled and his ribs very painful. Stepping back to Cook's he found Achmud, who was employed there, — though not as regular dragoman, however, — and told him to run with the note and tickets, and when the circumstances were explained to the Earl he felt sure Achmud would

be permitted to replace Mahamud for that afternoon.

Though hesitating about leaving without Mahamud, as there was barely time to catch the boat, Lady Emily wrote a line to the Countess, who was resting after an exhausting morning with mummies and other treasures at the Gizeh Museum, and instructed the Syce, — who always runs before the Earl's carriage in Cairo, — a slim, white-garbed young fellow girded about his waist with a wide, many-coloured silk sash, to see that the note reached the Countess in an hour.

Although not long past midday, a delightfully cool breeze blew over the Nile, the wind so strong that, owing to my failing to securely fasten Lady Emily's veil, it was carried off, sinking immediately into the river, and along with it, I am sorry to say, that much prized pearl pin, a Christmas gift at Calcutta. Mr. Stubbs placed chairs well forward on deck, and the river trip seemed very short. We passed a small island, and on it, or among the reeds and bulrushes near, the infant Moses had been found by Pharaoh's daughter, Lady Emily has been told.

In landing at our destination, Lady Emily was the last to leave the boat, and, as she stepped ashore, the dust ruffle on her ladyship's skirt caught on a nail, tearing away yards of fawn silk, and loosening the upper flounce. Pinning seemed useless, although Mr. Stubbs handed me

two or three strong pins always carried by him under his coat collar, so her ladyship said she would sit under some date palm trees on the bank near the landing, and when the other passengers — there were not many on the boat, and these were busy selecting donkeys — left, I could get out my pocket sewing case, and put a few stitches in the torn flounce.

The repairs were soon finished, and Achmud then brought three donkeys; one, a rather fierce looking, large, whitish animal, Lady Emily chose; a smaller donkey for Mr. Stubbs, and a quite meek-looking one, I was rejoiced to see, led up for me. Each donkey had a boy at its head; alert, clever little brown chaps they are, their thin, lithe bodies clad mostly in dull blue cotton shirts. We went slowly, so I felt little alarm.

After passing many partly veiled women, walking single file, and balancing on their heads large earthen water-pots, we came to some huge stone figures lying prostrate on the ground, and going a mile or more farther over the desert sands beyond, we reached several small pyramids and tombs. A few workmen — Egyptians — were digging in the sands and wheeling barrows; but the tourists from the Cairo boat had disappeared. Achmud advised keeping to the right of the diggers; but Mr. Stubbs, seeing an opening, or entrance into the sand at the left, felt very sure it led inside the pyramid where Lady Emily wished to go. Accordingly, as

Achmud had not been to the place since recent excavations had changed the surroundings, her ladyship decided to keep to the left and entered a passage cut into the sand bank. For some distance standing upright was possible, then the path began descending; one had to stoop, and finally the tunnel became so low and narrow, getting on hands and knees was necessary.

Lady Emily concluded to go on, however, a glimmering light being seen ahead, and turning seemed quite out of the question. We crawled seventy feet further perhaps, when suddenly all before us became absolutely black. Had our eyes failed, or was there a massive something approaching in front, breathing hard and gasping? A moment later we heard voices, and then Lady Emily called, "Don't move, please," and that same second, from behind, Mr. Stubbs exclaimed, "Move on, keep moving, please," quite in the tones of a London policeman. Some one then demanded, "Why don't you obey the signs? Go back!" And shrill voices together cried, "Halt, halt! bitte! Ach, ach, ja, ja!" "Impossible! Let the ladies pass out first!" came excitedly from the rear. Finally a man's voice from the other side shouted, "You have no right to come this way, and must go back." So, though Achmud, who could neither see nor understand what was going on, continued screeching, "Back, back, go back!" Lady Emily replied, "Turning is impossible. You must wait where you are until we can get out." In crab

fashion, but very slowly, on our knees we backed to where walking was possible, and on reaching daylight I saw Lady Emily could never again wear that beige foulard, it was that frayed, bedraggled, and torn from the band in front; and her ladyship's gloves were cut into holes by the gravel.

Quietly handing me his pocket brush, Mr. Stubbs slipped off with Achmud — who was half whimpering and upbraiding — to look for the sign. Sure enough it *was* there, telling travellers, in three languages, that entrance was forbidden; but the board on which the notice was posted had been blown or thrown over upon its face in the sand. Achmud did look crestfallen, though wanting to blame Mr. Stubbs for counselling keeping to the left; and Mr. Stubbs, too, had anything but a happy expression, his face purple, his collar almost gone, and his tie awry.

Presently an extremely corpulent lady, panting and shaking off dust, as she came out from the sandhill — for that is what it was, under a corner of the pyramid, but not a pyramid at all — began speaking reproachfully in German.

The ancients, it appears, fearing that the burial places of their rulers might be molested, contrived false tomb chambers, or mask walls, to mislead. The directors of these excavations, finding one of those masked places, left it as discovered, thinking it of interest to the public. From one side the passage was fairly easy, until passing the false tomb about the middle; the

walls there having been slightly pierced, light penetrated. At this point, the guides usually advise travellers to return the same way, unless exceptionally slender and active. The Arabs, moreover, having long ago been misled by the mask wall, had tunnelled from the other end, hoping to get the treasures they supposed hidden in the tomb. The excavators left this cutting also, so those interested might see how the attempt had been made, and the notice at the mouth of the tunnel prevented entering, of course, — as the regular guides knew, — from that side to the passage and false tomb.

Following the stout, angered German lady, came a tall, shuffling, rather loosely-put-together, sullen-featured boy. His hair stood straight up from his forehead, a big solar-tope surrounding the back of his head like a halo. Behind him appeared a shy-mannered girl, wearing blue glasses; long braids of fair hair hanging at the back. Coughing and choking from the dust, she stooped to pick up a big ornamental button, burst from her mother's attire during violent sneezing. Next her, a middle-aged lady emerged from the opening. She was pale and exhausted, seeming delicate in health. Her blue velvet bonnet was wreathed with humming birds. I noticed this the first thing, as the Countess and Lady Emily permit nothing of the sort on their hats. Fairly scrambling behind the fragile, fatigued lady, came a short, thick-set gentleman, round, protruding eyes rolling under a brown

bowler hat pushed well back from his perspiring forehead. Advancing directly towards Lady Emily, dusting his boots with his handkerchief, he held out a card, saying, — the voice I recognized as the one that shouted "Let the ladies out first," when nobody in the tunnel could move, — "My name is Bangser, Philadelphia, U. S. A., at your service." This introduction sounded like a challenge to a duel, Lady Emily later told the Countess; and thanking him, her ladyship pointed to the notice that Achmud was then trying to set up again, saying, its having fallen face downward in the sand must be the excuse for having gone into the passage by a forbidden entrance.

The gentleman replied, "That's all right, don't mention it; accidents will happen, you know."

Lady Emily, I could see, hoped the tourists would then move on, but Mr. Bangser came nearer, pressing together his lips, and in lower tones continued, — "That German lady is an extinguisher, isn't she? Never saw her until this afternoon. She talks English most as well as we do and says she was born in Pennsylvania, just across the river from us. The boy looks a leetle unbalanced, don't he?" Continuing without waiting for response, "Presume you're newcomers in Egypt. We have been here nearly three weeks; seen pretty much everything worth seeing up to Philae, and back; done a good deal of shopping, too, not bothering much with

guides, either. We are fixing over our place at Weischigen Mounts. Nothing like it in that section when finished, I can tell you. Our son Herbie's the smartest boy in the Schigens High School; stands head in everything; sets there just hauling in prizes, and when it comes time for him to heir my property I propose he shall have something worth talking about. I ain't sparing funds needed on account of decorations; some of our frescoes by first-class Philadelphia artists, I am told, — we haven't been in Rome yet, — beat the old masters hollow. Before wife and me caught on serious to this mummy business our *dragerman* — that biggest fellow you see selling his photos, sometimes about the hotel doors, but oftener near the Cairo bridge where, he says, the air reminds him of his native desert, — well, he simply despises those interfering gold-banded hotel porters, and says beware of them and everything they recommend, offering, himself, to *advise* tourists about reliable antiques; this not being his regular profession he don't think it right to charge, however.

" A true child of the desert, Shakba declares he is; but knows at a glance, he says, whether people are the right sort; and those capable of appreciating antiques he can tell the instant he sees them. Observing how anxious we were to secure a few real specimens Shakba just hinted, at first, that he might induce his aged uncle, a Bedouin Sheik, sort of lawyer, or judge, this means one trusted absolutely by everybody hav-

ing dealings with this old party, to part with — provided we pledged ourselves to keep the transaction private — one of the most authentic Amen Ra samples, come at perfectly regular by the Sheik in a little confidential trading; but the smallest joints, even, such as toes or vertebre we soon found were held at museum specimen figures, 'too extravagant for us now with a depressed money market and stocks flighty,' Mrs. B. says. We did buy, however, a dozen tomb necklaces, scarabs, and lots of those blue idols, pretty white inside, though, for ancients, if you crack 'em open. Now we are negotiating for a couple of mummies, and I've my eye on a sacred bull, too. The mummies look like the real thing. One's a thousand years old, if it's a day; the other, smaller, shorter and more shrivelled, from the price ought to belong to an earlier dynasty, but wife suspicions chemicals; says, 'Silas, you may believe me or not, but depend on it, that smallest, most shrunken one was stirring about above ground on our wedding day!' Short of thirteen years ago, that is. I'd have scruples over anything so recent as that; but when you get to four figures, it *does* seem to make a difference."

Lady Emily appeared decidedly uncertain what to reply to all this, and the German lady, having now finished straightening her daughter's hat, and shaking sand out of their shoes, came nearer, remarking in a general way and speaking English easily, "I don't like Egypt, it is too

hot, and the eating is so poor, but my children persuaded me to come, just as I was beginning spring house-cleaning. Husband is home, the head of a wholesale sausage house in Hamburg, but worse than useless for cleaning; forgets most everything but to eat his meals. Karl there, he's just turned fourteen, you never would believe from his size, though, that he wasn't years older, his hair has stood up that way ever since he got his second teeth; outgrew his strength; he's studying to be a cornetist, if his father will forgive his not carrying on the Hamburger business; and did also get into a little trouble with the police — nothing serious accord- to my views (having been born in America and only coming to the faderland to marry my husband); but Karl, he got overheard declaring the motif of the Kaiser's opera all wrong, and that had it been written by plain Wilhelm Kaiser, instead of Kaiser Wilhelm, it never would have seen the Berlin boards. My lawyer said, 'Better take him away, Frau Schneider, or you will have "lèse-majeste" upon you, before you know it.' You *are* liable to that most anywhere in Germany, you know. Many times have I been homesick for Hamburg, since we started in seeing all these ancient tombs."

Mr. Bangser nodded in a sympathizing way, and then added, "You never can tell what potentates and paladines will do if they get a chance; our senators and congressmen are cranky enough, without referring to ward poli-

ticians or all those regular bosses in every department, but kaisers and czars must be worse. I guess we will get along well enough without them in our country, if we steer clear of foreign entanglements, and some of the broils you would not be sorry to have us mix up in. A friend of mine, paymaster in the navy, and just from Constantinople, tells me that Sultan there fears to go to bed, and is afraid to get up on account of assassins. He stopped a lot of Saint Paul's Epistles, the other day, from getting to the missionaries, because of that one beginning, 'O, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?' insisting this was an underhand way of inciting the people of Galatia to insurrections and massacre. Those Turkish war vessels are the laughing stock of naval men; have to borrow powder, if asked to fire honorary salutes, I'm informed."

While this conversation went on Achmud had brought up the donkeys again, and Lady Emily said to Mrs. Bangser, before proceeding to more tombs and mummies, she hoped they would be none the worse for the unexpected encounter in the tunnel.

We spent but a few moments in those rock-hewn tombs, where Sacred Apis bulls are buried in small chapel-like enclosures, if one may use such a word in connection with beasts, and I was thankful to be safe on the Nile boat again, without further mishap. Just as we reached midstream Mr. Bangser rushed down the bank, the others following, some on donkeys in clouds

of dust and pursued by beggars clamouring "Backsheesh, backsheesh, give prissent, prissent."

The short gentleman waved a long white thing Mr. Stubbs believed to be the thigh-bone of an ox, and shouted, "Stop, you have left us." The captain refused, however, to make the landing again, saying he was late already, and a boat would be along from the sugar mills in half an hour, and by that passengers could reach Cairo before nine o'clock.

They did not fail to return safely, for the next morning, when the Countess and Lady Emily were selecting rugs in the bazaars, her ladyship saw the party choosing narghilehs at a Turkish cigarette shop, the wily Turk having persuaded Mr. Bangser to sit cross-legged — not an easy matter — and to puff away at a long pipe, while the others sipped coffee, and bargained with peddlers who came to the door for gold-embroidered scarfs, combs, scarabs, perfumes and reed pens, all, the sellers declared, being fresh from temple tombs of the upper Nile.

A day or two after this excursion to the Memphis tombs, we started by train for Alexandria. From this port Lady Emily was decidedly pleased to find a vessel could be taken, that permitted stopping in Greece for a few days. The Earl constantly talked of Athens, her ladyship said, having spent a winter there with his tutor before going to Oxford; and since visiting India,

she herself has thought far more of heroes, and such brave deeds as one reads of in Greek history; but had not believed seeing those beautiful islands would be possible, on their way to Italy.

From Alexandria, once an important city with its grand library, we went by a comfortable steamship, passing the Isle of Crete, to Pireus. Mr. Stubbs is indeed more than kind, for he sat up most of the night — after finishing his duties in the Earl's cabin — with one of the stewards, ill with hemorrhages, an Irishman from Baltyshannon town, who, the ship's surgeon thinks, is well gone in consumption. The poor fellow used to be on those big liners between Queenstown and New York, but drifted into the Mediterranean service on account of his weak lungs. He has not a living soul connected with him but a sister, and she is married. Still, it was not dying he so much minded, "but dying away from Ireland takes a man's courage," he told Mr. Stubbs, and then said, "On some ships they give a turn-off of the electricity before midnight, you know, just to show lights will soon be out. I've had that notice, Mr. Stubbs; the warning has come, but the light will linger a little while yet."

CHAPTER XLIX

A BEAUTIFULLY clear, early spring morning we landed at Pireus, and drove before breakfast — having just a cup of coffee on leaving the vessel — in open carriages to Athens. Mr. Stubbs and I had the small pieces — the larger ones having been sent to the hotel by train or tram — in a victoria behind the Earl's. I could see his lordship pointing out most delightedly to Lady Emily the various sights and buildings, before we stopped at a large hotel on a square, near the Royal Palace that fronts it and a long straight street. Beyond and behind the large, white residence of the King and Queen are beautiful gardens, and, crowning a hill not far distant, stands the Parthenon, one of the grandest, most admired buildings of the world.

The next morning the Earl's old guide, Mr. Thanasis Dimacopoulos, now an aged man, came and begged to show the honourable young lady, as he called Lady Emily, the scenes he, long before her birth, had shown his lordship. Many deeply interesting places were visited: temples, ruins, tombs. Cheerful places the cemeteries must have been, from the sculptures, still remaining, that once adorned them. The faces have a calm, smiling expression, as if those who

carved them, and friends left on this earth, really believed their dear ones have entered a world of light and happiness. Modern Greeks have depressed feelings, we are told, over troublous times, and the poverty in Greece, and there is sadness everywhere because the ancient glory of their kingdom has departed. They fear, too, being overcome by the Turks, or some covetous European power.

After visiting the Museum, the Countess and Lady Emily went with the British Minister and his wife to have private audience of the Queen. King George is a son of the venerable King of Denmark, accordingly, of course, brother to our own lovely Queen Alexandra. The sovereign's wife, a beautiful Russian princess, received the Countess most graciously, Lady Emily said, asking many questions about Japan, visited years ago by one of the Grecian princes, her Majesty's son, with the Czarwitch, now Emperor of Russia. Tea was served on a terrace opening into charming gardens, where Lady Emily walked with one of the maids of honour.

An excursion was arranged by some English and foreign residents for the following day, a battle-field called Marathon having been chosen as the place of meeting. Mr. Stubbs, on the box of one of the carriages for the long drive, heard much talk about the battle, and kept also sharp lookout for bandits, having been told the Greek highways are none too safe, even in these days. A rather windy spot, Mr. Stubbs considered, on

top of a mound, was selected for spreading out the luncheon; but as one of the gentlemen, reading from a book, declared it to be surely the true site, overlooking a plain, where the battle must have occurred, all seemed satisfied. The fight must have happened long ago, Mr. Stubbs concluded.

After lunching he found a sheltered nook behind some rocks, or ruins. Here, closing his eyes for awhile, he tried to imagine the whole scene: great guns booming, shells bursting, soldiers rushing hither and thither, all eager for slaughter. History is not his strong point, Mr. Stubbs is bound to say, and he cannot call himself a prodigious reader, though those lines learned as a lad he could almost recite backwards now:

> "First William the Conqueror,
> Then William his son."

It goes on like this for twenty or more lines; very handy and useful in getting at the kings. In thinking over those battles and struggles of ancient times, he is reminded of verses his Irish grandmother used to sing:

> "If I were King of France,
> Or still better, Pope of Rome,
> I'd have no fighting men abroad,
> Nor weeping maids at home;
> But this thing I would ordain,
> For I am sure it would be right,
> That those who make the battles
> Shall be the only ones to fight."

Moreover, these lines he believes were written before the days of Krupp and other great rapid-firing destroyers, and recalls his grandmother's telling him that, in her day, children were frightened by threats of Napoleon's catching them. "Old Bony will be after you," was the terrifying assertion, when they quarrelled or were disobedient.

The ladies appeared delighted at finding some stalks of wild fennel and several big green leaves, — most appropriate upon that mound, they commented; but a sort of weed, in Mr. Stubbs's opinion — to which the name acanthus was given. Mr. Stubbs pressed a leaf for me, with two violet-coloured anemones and a red poppy.

On the way back to Athens the party stopped at a farmhouse, getting honey there from bees feeding upon wild flowers growing on the slopes of Mount Hymettus; and arrived in the city in time to dine at the Minister's; then started off to see the Parthenon by moonlight, returning after late supper, with some Americans who had been on the excursion to Marathon: a rather exhausting day, Mr. Stubbs considered it. "You never feel precisely the same when you make your noon meal a picnic, especially if, at the same time, you are watching out for brigands."

On Sunday Mr. Stubbs and I walked to Mars Hill, passing many ancient monuments and places of assembly, where you see the very seats,

hundreds of years ago occupied by wise teachers and students. Here it is that the apostle Saint Paul taught, advising the Athenians as to what is right, and how to avoid wrong. Mr. Stubbs comprehends these teachings far better than the talk about that Parthenon, and those more heathen temples. A very loose, mixed state of things came through getting away from simple principles, and not doing your plain duty, as admonished by all Saint Paul pointed out and declared. He was a wise one for directing women, as well as men.

Nowadays there is far too little subjection; too much setting up to know by the weaker sex, and alarming attempts to direct the stronger vessels. Mr. Stubbs firmly believes it takes more than Solomon's wisdom to convince such that they are off the straight road.

CHAPTER L

A VERY agreeable, instructive day was spent at a place several hours from Athens, where much digging has recently been done, in the hope of discovering buried treasures, gold ornaments, marbles, and the like, Lady Emily said, and to learn more respecting the ways of the ancients; and, before leaving Greece, the Earl shipped to England many beautiful little figures, especially selected for his lordship's approval by Mr. Dimacopoulos. These were dug from tombs or temples — Tanagra, the Countess calls them — to add to the collection, one of the finest in Great Britain, gathered years ago by the late Earl.

A yachting trip from Athens to Corinth was made by the Earl, Countess and Lady Emily, Mr. Stubbs and I following by rail with the luggage. The air of Greece is delightfully cool, after Egypt, and from the window of the railway compartment glimpses of the sea and distant islands also, can be seen, making the landscape unusually charming.

We stopped the night at a clean, Greek inn, and the following day Lady Emily rode with the Earl to precipitous heights above the town. Her

ladyship considered the view of mountains and sea from Acro-Corinthus glorious; and his lordship's knowledge of ancient fables and history makes such excursions not easily forgotten. The Earl and Lady Emily rested, read and sketched, after lunching, upon the top of this rocky hill — a rough climb for the horses, over little used roads — where there are ruins of some sort, until nearly sunset. Coming down, they tasted the Grecian wine at a vine-trellised tavern, a delightfully shaded place. One enormously large vine with far-reaching branches looked as if it might have shadowed the portico for hundreds of years. The wine was rather bitter; but, having very little alcohol added to the grapes, is considered wholesome.

That morning at Corinth, after his lordship and Lady Emily started on the excursion, I was greatly pleased to have the Countess ask me to read aloud the Epistle written by St. Paul to the people of this very Corinth. Her ladyship's eyes had been somewhat troublesome, owing to the glare and dust of Egypt, — where, in the shape of tormenting flies, one of the plagues still remains, — and that her ladyship could put up with my stumbling Scotch way of pronouncing gave me pleasure. Though I was a little nervous, her ladyship kindly assured me that I had a pleasant voice.

The next move was by rail, part of the way skirting the shores of the sea — most blue and sparkling in the warm sunlight, — to Olympia.

Here, centuries ago, among green hills and swift-flowing streams, renowned athletic contests were held. One can now trace the outlines of those once splendidly adorned buildings and see the wonderful statues unearthed from ruins of arenas and colonnades. When all is explained one feels he almost hears the shouts of applauding, struggling multitudes, and sees wreaths given the victors, just as crowds now applaud our wrestling matches, or the winners of the Derby and at Ascot.

From Olympia, the trip to Patras was agreeable and not long. After a day's wait there, an Austrian steamer bound for Corfu came into port, and in this vessel the Earl's party made the short voyage, leaving the steamer for a few hours at Corfu, and driving on this charming island to a beautiful villa, where that lovely, unfortunate Empress Elizabeth passed some of her happiest days. The marble terraces, overlooking peaceful, shining waters, and shaded paths leading to tiny coves or sheltered beaches, are unchanged since their royal owner's death. It saddens the Countess, remembering how one so true and gifted suffered, dying cruelly alone, at last, in a strange land.

Before the steamship sailed, a former lady-in-waiting to the Empress — revisiting Corfu en souvenir, Lady Emily believes, of her dearly loved lamented mistress — came on board. This lady has lived in London and spoke English without foreign accent. She talked most inter-

estingly of past days, telling of walks, drives and moonlit nights by calm waters of the Ionian Sea, and amid those poetic surroundings of the Villa Achilleon. In whatever part of the world she may be, one of her greatest pleasures is watching the sunsets, whether twilight comes with simply a deep red glow, as frequently she recalls having seen beyond Kensington Gardens; or isles of flame arise in azure seas, as she has witnessed among peaks in the Dolomites. She ever loves to associate this tranquil hour with the Empress, it was so often spent with her whose noble spirit she believes still enjoys all that is glorious in a happier world. With the last perceptible dip of the sun a vivid green flash always comes, the lady said, and this final gleam, as the sun slips away, she likes to regard as a signal from the shores to which her Empress has gone.

CHAPTER LI

THOUGH reaching the harbour of Brindisi late in the day, the landing was speedily accomplished, the Earl and Countess expressing much pleasure at being again in Italy. Before noon the following morning we started by train for Salerno, stopping there to enable the Earl to show Lady Emily those magnificent ruins, the temples at Paestum. All that day we were passing through charming scenes; small gray towns clinging to terraced mountain slopes; castles perched high on solitary rocks, and sometimes having glimpses, from the train, of the Mediterranean, before reaching Salerno, just as the lights began shining out from the peasants' cottages.

From Salerno, one of the most charming drives imaginable was made to Amalfi. There, far above the sea, we lodged in what had once been an ancient monastery, overlooking the blue waters. All wished days could be spent here, for they would pass far too quickly, gazing out between the vine-festooned columns of that lovely pergola. From this exquisite spot the road leads to Sorrento, where, among orange, lemon and olive trees, on a steep bluff overhang-

ing the bay, most comfortable hotels have been built, with views of islands and sea one could never tire of looking upon.

To Capri — a dreamlike place, Lady Emily thought — the Earl took the Countess and her ladyship the following morning. After leaving the boat, having to climb high cliffs, the Countess rode a gentle donkey; but Lady Emily preferred walking with the Earl to the tiny inn, where a delicious luncheon was served on a sheltered terrace above vines and blossoming trees, with views of Mount Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples and Sorrento, beautiful almost beyond belief if one has not beheld with one's own eyes such enchanting scenes.

While eating luncheon — the freshest of fish, omelette, macaroni, cooked as one never gets it out of Italy, declared his lordship; asparagus daintily prepared, and fruits — feathery clouds of smoke gathered above the volcano, sometimes shaped like a huge bird with outstretched wings; again, as the wind varied, becoming floating banners, or trailing streamers, reminding one of the awful calamity that, almost without warning, blotted out this charming prospect, burying in lava, or smothering in ashes, the light-hearted Pompeians, who, rejoicing in the beauty of their vine-covered hills and sparkling waters surrounding them, never dreamed that overwhelming peril could be near.

After luncheon, the Earl and Lady Emily were rowed to a wonderful cavern. One enters

through a small opening under the cliffs, and once inside, the large grotto seems flooded with blue moonlight. A fascinating place it is, weird and haunting, quite different from any other caves Lady Emily has seen. The water dripping from the oars looks like drops of liquid silver, and the walls have a shining, starry appearance.

Having the day free, Mr. Stubbs and I took a fly for the afternoon, making a nice turn along the shores before walking to a hill-top where there is a fine agricultural school founded by the government for the training of young Italians. Expert gardeners and cultivators of the soil they become, we were told. Few meadows yield larger, more luxurious crops than these of Italy, and the vines easily rival those of France and Spain. The students find their way to foreign lands, too, as not many of the great land owners in Italy pay the wages good workmen can get in America and other countries; so emigration increases, and very low passage rates are charged by the steamship companies to American and other ports.

As we descended the hill, admiring the scenery and those lanes, shaded by olive and orange trees, where the golden fruit and fragrant blossoms hang temptingly over gray, moss-grown walls, Mr. Stubbs remarked, he should have to choose, he feared, between ascending Vesuvius by the funicular, or seeing Pompeii, his lordship having intimated that a very short stay

would be made in Naples. Half a day off would be the most he could expect, and though disliking to give up the volcano, having read about those last days in Pompeii, he felt he could by no means miss the sights there, and if it came to a choice, should decide in favour of the buried city.

The Earl had accepted, for himself, and Lady Emily also, he was inclined to think, the invitation of a noted Italian professor who makes a specialty of diggings, to accompany a party of naval officers from our war ships then in the harbour, to Pompeii the next day, therefore he feared my chances of seeing the ruins doubtful and, in case I did not, would endeavour to remember everything interesting, and on returning relate his experiences to me.

We lingered along the pleasant lanes, stopping here and there to gather wild flowers and twigs of those silvery-lined olive leaves, resting awhile by the wayside shrines one constantly sees in Italy, so it was getting late, and already a decided evening chill was in the air, before we turned into a wider road, leading towards the hotels. Just here we heard a tremendous clattering of horses' hoofs, as a man dashed past at full speed, leaning far over his horse's neck, and urging the poor beast, by voice and whip, to still greater effort.

Mr. Stubbs and I, having barely time to get out of the terrified animal's way, were quite breathless for a moment, and then, hearing

warning shouts ahead, again attempted to climb upon the high stone wall, somewhat broken down near where we stood. An instant later two horses attached to a victoria galloped up the road, the vehicle swaying and swerving from side to side in an appalling manner, like the fire department's engines tearing through our London streets, in response to an alarm of fire. On the top two men were seated, or rather, one half stood by the driver, grasping the side of the carriage with one hand, while the other held a pistol apparently levelled directly at us. It gave Mr. Stubbs and me a turn, but before there was a chance to speak, the carriage thundered by. The horses, it was easy to see, were fairly exhausted, disappearing beneath low arched trees, where the road leads towards the water.

As we hurried forward in the direction of the town, a mile or more away, a constable, or armed guard, rode up, and speaking in English, asked Mr. Stubbs if we had met any one on the road. He then said some official connected with one of the Naples banks had stolen securities, funds and other valuables belonging to the depositors. His defalcations having that day been discovered, he was making a desperate effort to escape with his booty to a yacht, waiting, it was conjectured, somewhere off the coast, in readiness to convey him across to Africa. This scheme would probably succeed, he being popular in the neighbourhood, having posed as a philan-

thropist, while spending others' money; and knowing well, also, many secure cavern hiding places in the cliffs that were inaccessible from the sea, except at low tide, but reached from the land side by secret winding passages, tunnelled for a great distance, and the openings carefully concealed by rocks and creepers. In these caves he could doubtless find refuge until, protected by darkness, flight to his yacht was safely possible.

After banking hours, it had been the defaulter's custom, on leaving his office, to go by rail to some point beyond Naples, where his wife usually met him in their motor or victoria; but that day, not having returned to his villa the night before, vainly hoping to longer conceal his crime, it was believed, he had made the entire trip in his Panhard, which met him outside the city. Later, this Panhard, evidently very effectually and purposely disabled, was found by the police, its owner having escaped on one of the fleetest horses in his stables. The police captured the victoria waiting near the station as a "blind," and forced the coachman, as we had seen, to lash his horses to their utmost speed in pursuit of his master.

We were told the next day that the embezzler had not been overtaken, and there was impression that some of those pursuing might not have been over-zealous in their duty, large sums of money having changed hands, it was believed. Mr. Stubbs says he has watched out for thieves

and thugs ever since he left England, but did not anticipate their turning up in the shape of bankers and philanthropists.

The Countess having greatly enjoyed the air and scenes at Sorrento, it was decided, the following day, to drive most of the way to Naples, stopping for luncheon at a charming place midway, Mr. Stubbs going ahead by train with the luggage, and I to go with her ladyship in the roomy vettura. Mr. Stubbs finds himself quite capable of making his way anywhere, always picking up a few words and expressions in the language of each country, and likes improving such opportunities for conversation as come to him, though sometimes people reply in English. For instance, this morning the Italian porter at one of the near-by hotels, of whom Mr. Stubbs inquired in very good Italian, — he having been in Italy before, never south of Rome, however, — as to where copies of the London newspapers could be bought, replied in English, "non comprehendo the language of France." Fancy, what an absurd mistake. The porter appeared sober, apparently hearing perfectly, also, and Mr. Stubbs talking Italian, the man's own tongue, to him, at that very moment! The pronunciation may not have been absolutely that of Sorrento, but the words were quite correct, Mr. Stubbs having looked them out, himself, in the phrase-book.

The drive toward Naples is not so captivating, Lady Emily considers, as that from Amalfi to

Sorrento; but simply being in Italy is an inspiration, and every turn of the road reveals glimpses of sea and shore one wishes never to forget.

CHAPTER LII

On arriving at that pleasant hotel, set high upon the terraced hillside above Naples, Mr. Stubbs had everything to rights in the rooms reserved for the Earl. His lordship is the most considerate of masters; but once having given instructions as to how things shall be done, or placed, is extremely particular regarding his wishes being carried out precisely as directed. The writing table, for instance, must be well out from the wall, and the chair always drawn a little slantwise, never pushed under the edge of the table or desk; and the hotel people must not bring in lamps until they are rung for, nor close all the windows before sunset. Mr. Stubbs himself is most careful to see that directions are followed exactly as given, never slighting any little details of his duties. In Naples he found some of the Countess's favourite hyacinths, the single, white sort, — the heavily perfumed variety are never allowed indoors at Ortham, — and placed a big blue bowl filled with these delicate flowers upon her ladyship's writing desk. Jars of jonquils and narcissi stood on a stand in the large square window, leading to a balcony with

awnings, where, sheltered from winds and glare, one may sit or have tea served; overlooking near-by gardens and the town's thronged streets to the flashing waters of the fascinating bay.

As Mr. Stubbs had thought probable, the Earl and Lady Emily started early the next morning to meet the naval party from our squadron, who were to accompany the Italian professor to Pompeii, and to the ruins of a smaller place, — Herculaneum, — this town also having been destroyed by the volcano. These excursions would take most of the day; accordingly the Countess directed me to order a carriage in the afternoon, and accompany her ladyship for some shopping. After going to several shops, buying coral ornaments, tortoise shell combs and photographs, the Countess drove by the seashore, and out through a long cavern or tunnel, to where the views are most charming. We passed many gaily-dressed peasants, returning to the city in high carts, much too heavily laden for the one small donkey drawing so many people, and when the stones are slippery, after rains, or from constant use, the poor, patient beasts do indeed have a hard time to keep upon their legs. The dwellers in this southern part of Italy are extremely superstitious, having firm faith in wearing medals, bearing the image of patron saints, or the Holy Virgin, or small hands carved in coral, the first and fourth fingers extended in a horn-like fashion to ward off effects of the "evil eye," or avert other misfortunes which they believe may

overtake them. Very devout they are, too, attending many masses, and venerating relics.

That evening, when Mr. Stubbs, who had spent half the day at Pompeii, returned, he described the sights as even beyond his expectations; and following the guide, who spreads all the history before you, in very good English, you can quite fancy you see for yourself the temples filled with worshippers, or those terrible scenes on that night of sudden destruction, when sentry and guards bravely kept their places outside the city walls, perishing in fulfilling their duty. He could picture, too, that poor blind girl, Nydia, of whom he has read in the story, groping through the deserted streets, piteously seeking some friend to save her from terrors the full horror of which she could only imagine.

Generally speaking, Mr. Stubbs has too great respect for his stomach to eat much in the way of sweets or ices, but did feel the need of refreshment, he says, on returning from those scenes at Pompeii, and consequently stopped at a confectioner's for an ice, much nicer than any he remembers having eaten in France. He was kind enough to invite me to go again that evening to this same place. We sat at a small round table outside the restaurant, where a band played, and a company of singers gave several splendid songs. Santa Lucia is one I like especially, having heard it before at Sorrento, when watching the peasants dancing, on the terrace, a very merry noted dance of that region;

the Tarantella, it is called. I agreed with Mr. Stubbs regarding the ices; nothing could be better, and our evening was most enjoyable. The Countess having dined out, did not want me until after ten o'clock.

The next morning Lady Emily desired I should be ready at half after nine, as she intended going to a museum, and the Aquarium. The galleries were extremely interesting; marbles, bronzes, and paintings, the former dug from where the ancients lived. You see also the very mirrors and toilet articles once used by those poor, destroyed ladies. The Aquarium her ladyship considered finer than those at Brighton or in New York; and such entertaining monsters in the way of fish I have never seen. One, named octopus, was a spongy, skeleton-like creature, with long, grasping arms, and legs writhing out in all directions from his ghost-like body. There were other fish of brilliant hues, and in one tank tiny creatures, mer-horses, Lady Emily said they should be named, floated, their heads shaped like a pony's, and their bodies steered along by small curled-up tails. Another curiosity was the electric eel. On grasping it firmly, a shock comes as though from an electric battery.

Her ladyship, having promised to return for noon breakfast, or luncheon, before starting with the Earl for Mount Vesuvius, could not remain as long as she would otherwise have liked at the Aquarium. Breakfast was served under awn-

ings in the balcony; a street band, wheeling a piano, stopped in the roadway below, and provided unexpected musical attractions of a very enlivening sort.

On Mr. Stubbs asking the Earl, shortly before it was time to start for Mount Vesuvius, whether his lordship wished to take the field glasses and aneroid, his lordship replied, "Yes, you can take them, Stubbs, and a wrap for Lady Emily, as we may be out rather late." Mr. Stubbs, naturally, was quite delighted, managing to get in both excursions, one having been the most he had felt it safe to count on.

From the summit of Vesuvius the views in every direction were beautiful, Lady Emily told me, but not so charming as those looking landward from Capri over the rippling waters; and the volcano was by no means as marvellous a sight as that wonderful lake or abyss of fire into which we looked, after crossing those blackened, twisted lava fields of Kilauea, that night long ago in the Hawaiian Islands. Her ladyship has a strong feeling that "Vesuvio," as Italians call the volcano, can not be trusted, and may again overwhelm those unsuspecting peasants, and devastate their fruitful vineyards, as it did ages ago.

In spite of what is said of the indolence of people living in warm climates, these Italians do seem very industrious, working willingly, Mr. Stubbs is assured, for a shilling or two a day, and being cheery and lighthearted over hard-

ships; but this pittance even would be counted riches in China or India, where hundreds of thousands perish from sheer starvation. He does not wonder that the half-famished Chinese take opium to forget their misery, as our down-trodden, hunger-gnawed outcasts in London drink rum, getting so filled with the poison that a match touched to some of them, he believes, would flame like a torch.

The scenery between Naples and Rome is not so varied and interesting as that between Brindisi and Salerno; but there are nice bits of country, and thriving farm lands. Owing to two or three tiresome delays — mischief workers having wickedly placed obstructions on the lines, hoping to plunder the travellers' luggage, it was thought, though none knew surely the cause of those tedious waits — the train was very late in reaching Rome. It was after dark, in fact, when the guard called "Roma," and the passengers hurried from the large crowded station to carriages and omnibuses waiting outside.

The hotel is but a short distance from the railway station, and quite close to the British Embassy. I heard the Earl reminding Lady Emily, who seemed delighted to be in what Fräulein always spoke of as the Eternal City, that the immortal Goethe has said, "One only finds in Rome what one takes there," meaning hard study is needed to attempt comprehending places so wonderful and aged as this great city of Rome.

CHAPTER LIII

It being Holy Week, shortly after our arrival, and strictly observed in Rome, no large formal entertainments took place. One or two solemn concerts, however, were attended by the Countess and Lady Emily, who spent many hours in churches and galleries.

Mr. Stubbs and I were given much liberty for sight-seeing, and he, having seen most of the interesting places before, made our going about together very instructive and agreeable, especially now that, having travelled so much, and read more, I can appreciate this grand opportunity for seeing all sides of the wonderful world.

Rome and its seven hills did use to be spoken of in Scotland when I was a child; but many of the Papist doings were not just well thought of, and our Highlanders talked a good deal about Jesuits, the scarlet woman and faults in the church of Rome. Malcolm, one of our oldest pipers, was free to say, he knew beyond peradventure there was a Papist Fund, called the " skirmishing fund," for perverting and subduing Scotland. Did not Deborah, Malcolm's

step-sister, she that was lady's maid to an invalid who, travelling in foreign parts went over sudden to Papacy, with her own eyes behold in one of their worshipping places above that Lourdes' Grotto, a banner bearing the inscription, — "Pray for Scotland!" Straws indeed show which way the wind blows and it's the entering wedge, mind you, that forces granite asunder. If kirk and ministers fail their bounden duty John Knox's spirit abides in Scotland, and there are those more than willing, in Malcolm's belief, to speak the warning word. Many severe trials — burying his last of kin; savings going, too, through no fault of his own — did not embitter Malcolm's stern, but tender nature. A giant in strength and suffering, his oft-repeated admonitions, — "Keep aye drappin' in the seeds, mon, they will be workin' when we be slapin', and ye'l no stand fermer yesel' laddie by studin' fayblenesses, an' dwellin' on the weeked deeds o' anither," has steadied the purpose of many a Highland-born lad, in dire temptation. Doubtless errors and wrong doings still exist in both kirk and church; but "those of every faith, striving for truth, are getting closer together, learning to forget differences that once separated them."

In talking with Lady Emily regarding intolerance towards others' beliefs, and of divisions and differences separating Christian people, the Countess said, — "Nations make peace, and become allies after fiercest conflicts. Why

should those claiming to follow Christ permit a divided Christendom?"

One forenoon Mr. Stubbs and I passed a couple of hours in the Vatican galleries, seeing, as Mr. Stubbs pointed out, some of the greatest canvases ever painted by mortal hand. Of immense size they are, depicting every sort of subject. Mr. Stubbs prefers the soberer ones, famous teachers, mountain scenes, flowers and children, having been brought up, after his mother's death, in a very quiet way, by his father's sister, a Methodist. Nymphs, sorceresses and the like have little to tempt his admiration. After studying all those most noted pictures, we walked long distances, going up and down many stone steps, to reach the halls of statutes; the like I have never seen. A gentleman, followed by a drooping-appearing company of tourists, explained, in English, the more interesting figures and groups, informing those pressing near enough to hear, who had made them, and where they were found. He called the Vatican, "This great storehouse of dead ages," urging the wearied ladies and gentlemen to attack its treasures, rich past estimating in marbles, paintings and books. When he had finished describing all the wonders that could be seen, I heard one of the ladies of the party, a tall, spectacled person, speaking in a quick, jerky manner, say, as she linked her arm through that of a shorter, more robust lady, the front of whose blue flannel blouse was generously

decorated with ornaments resembling medals and orders; stars, wheels, crescents and the like hanging from ends of ribbon, varying in width and hue, "It is your turn to count the animals this time, I will note the human beings. We shall learn a good deal in this way, even if we don't see the figures again; and if you should find any perfect ones be sure and put it down." Off they started with note books, appearing scarcely to glance at the works of art beyond making out — and many were very badly damaged — by which lady they must be counted.

I enjoyed Saint Peter's, and climbing that immense dome, as much as any of the sights. Mr. Stubbs holds the catacombs are more satisfying than anything in the way of pyramids or tombs to be seen in the land of Egypt. He could spend hours meditating on those Christian Martyrs, finding it better than a sermon for the temper. Rambling about that Colosseum is what he thinks improving to the mind; following the tracks of those ferocious beasts, imagining the dreadful carnage and deeds of horror, before the tortured Christians rested peacefully in charnel houses, under the very palaces, perhaps, of their cruel oppressors.

Lady Emily enjoyed walking on a terraced hill, where there are ornamental gardens and marble seats, — the Pincio. This Promenade overlooks the city, and beyond the gardens where bands play is a famous spot for gathering the first spring violets. This route Lady Emily

chose the morning we went to Saint Peter's church, her ladyship directing the carriage to wait in the Piazza del Popolo. After this delightful walk, I drove with her ladyship, through narrow streets, to the Tiber, crossing the broad, sluggish stream upon a wide bridge; many marble figures ranged along each side appear to be flying, apparently, from where they are fastened.

Passing through a rather gloomy street, we came out into that sun-flooded square with fine fountains fronting the colonnades of the grandest church ever seen. Lady Emily, being very desirous of seeing the views from the roof, or gallery, outside of the church, stopped at some office where permission is given to make the ascent. The Italian guide wanted to show Lady Emily one or two monuments that had escaped her ladyship's notice in previous visits to the huge church, and pointed out "the worn, world-kissed foot" of the bronze statue of Saint Peter, which stands to the right of that enormously long middle aisle, not far from the high altar. Such a place for dead popes, and tombs, I could never have fancied seeing. The bodies, however, are not always permitted to rest there, it seems, other churches liking to have the honour of a dead pontiff, the guide asserted. Saint Peter's is such a light, cheerful place one can see everything well; more agreeable that way than Saint Paul's, in London, and far larger. Mr. Stubbs says I should have seen Saint Peter's as it was

grandly dressed for some festival: miles of red velvet and damask hangings on the walls, and thousands upon thousands of pilgrims, fairly lost, however, in that immense space.

After examining various chapels and many marble monuments, we were shown to a small door, near the tomb of one of the more recent popes, and found the winding ascent from there to the dome quite easy. Along this passage stone tablets were set into the walls recording the names of crowned heads and other highly placed personages who had ascended. Coming out upon a wide roof and gallery above the portico, where the prospect over the square and hills beyond S. Angelo's Castel is very fine, we mounted steps to reach the lantern. From here one overlooks charming gardens where the Pope walks. Lady Emily felt almost convinced that a slow-moving figure, clad in white, leaning on a cane and walking feebly, was His Holiness; but the distance was too great to distinguish features. When we reached the lantern beneath the gilded cross surmounting all, we came to an iron ladder leading to the ball, and desiring to see the views from those narrow windows opening on every side, her ladyship directed me to stand at the foot of the ladder until she climbed to this highest point above the church.

To really see the famed Roman churches would take months. Lady Emily especially likes Santa Maria Maggiore and the extremely ancient memorial to Saint John near-by; also

a very grand church built in honour of Saint Paul, outside the walls of Rome, near where this apostle, it is believed, suffered martyrdom. The Americans have a smaller church, known as Saint Paul's, inside the walls, and to this her ladyship walked for afternoon service on Palm Sunday.

CHAPTER LIV

NEVER was sunshine brighter nor air softer than on Easter morning, when, after days of silence and gloom, all the bells of Rome rang out most jubilantly. The English church was crowded at the morning service and throughout the day, early and late, sight-seers and relic-venerating pilgrims, drawn to Rome from beyond distant seas, as well as goatskin clad peasants, thronged public squares and churches enjoying the brilliant sights and grand inspiring music. That joyous festival ended with vespers, at a convent above those stone steps leading from the Spanish square to the Pincian, where, behind latticed barriers, the nuns' sweet singing charmed all listeners.

Easter Monday an excursion, arranged by one of the ambassadors, was made in motor-cars to Ostia, formerly a noted harbour beyond Rome. The Earl and Lady Emily did not return to the hotel until ten o'clock. Two tires of the Ambassador's car having been punctured, and the machinery of their own giving out, involved a wait of exasperating hours by the roadside, until assistance came and repairs could be made. The following evening the Countess attended a

reception at the King's palace. Their Majesties are devoted to each other, to the little princesses and to the charming Queen Dowager, the children paying daily visits to their royal grandmamma when Her Majesty, — who is fond of touring the country by motor, — is in Rome.

One day that week, following Easter, the Earl entertained at luncheon those guests from the Embassy with whom his lordship and Lady Emily were always making long riding expeditions to the Campagna, or, beyond the ruins there, to villas and lakes among the hills surrounding the ancient city. As the last course was served a despatch came and was handed at once to the Earl by Mr. Stubbs, who remained in the dining-room long enough to ascertain that it was from the Viceroy, and brought bad news. The cable, a lengthy message in code, or cipher, told that Sir Francis had met with most serious injury on a hunting party with some German princes then visiting India, and begged the Earl should see, if possible, his mother, Lady Charlotte, who was in Italy, possibly in Sicily, but more probably in Ravello, her ladyship having ordered her touring-car to be at Naples directly after Easter, in order to go to the Italian lakes for a fortnight, before returning to England.

Lady Charlotte, having spent the winter abroad on account of ill health, at present was alone with a travelling companion and maid. Fearing the effects of sudden shock to her ladyship, in hearing that her only son was dan-

gerously injured, among Indian jungles, thousands of miles separating them, the Earl immediately inquired regarding trains south, and telegraphed Lady Charlotte's bankers in Naples, who replied that her ladyship, having arrived from Palermo that morning, had gone directly to the hotel where she usually stopped, — about an hour from Naples, — and would probably remain there several days.

His lordship decided to leave by the night train for Naples, returning to Rome as soon as he had broken the news to Lady Charlotte, and ascertained her wishes. Mr. Stubbs concluded the trip meant two or three days' absence, at longest, from one portmanteau only being taken, and said the hotel where Lady Charlotte stopped was the house at which we lunched on leaving Sorrento. Its name in Italian means: "Health can here be found."

Before noon, the following day, having occasion to pass through the Countess's reception-room, I found there that beautiful lady Mr. Stubbs called "The American Duchess," and, stopping to straighten things in the Countess's chamber, I overheard Lady Emily say to the visitor, they felt greatly distressed at having bad news from a cousin in India, consequently the Earl had left Rome the night before, hoping to meet Lady Charlotte in Naples, though, shortly before the Duchess's visit, a telegram informed them he had missed Lady Charlotte by half an hour.

Her ladyship's plans had been unexpectedly changed on account of a slight accident to her chauffeur, — a hot cinder having gotten into his eye caused inflammation requiring hospital treatment and complete rest. He probably would be unfit for duty for a fortnight, and Lady Charlotte, being extremely nervous with any other chauffeur, determined to go by sea to Genoa, and — these particulars I learned later from Mr. Stubbs — finding an especially desirable cabin available on the German steamer then in port, and also being disappointed that the suite usually reserved for her in the hotel near Naples could not be given up because the Russian Grand Duke then occupying it was detained by illness following a recent surgical operation, Lady Charlotte did not even unpack. Spending one night only at the hotel, she sent her maid to the bankers for the letters on her way to the steamer the next morning. The Earl, much tried at missing Lady Charlotte, caught the express for Genoa, without stopping in Rome.

The same evening after her Grace's visit, I was waiting for Lady Emily, who had not yet returned from riding, the weather having turned colder suddenly, and it being later than the hour she usually came in, I closed the windows of her ladyship's room, and lighted a stick or two in the small fireplace, so the room might be comfortably warm when her ladyship dressed for dinner. A moment later I heard her step in the corridor. Pausing at the door instead of

the usual pleasant word or look towards me, her ladyship went straight to the window, flinging it wide open, exclaiming sharply, "Why do you never air this room? The heat is simply unendurable."

Seeing her ladyship looked flushed and fatigued, I did not, of course, explain that the windows had been closed barely five minutes; but stood near the large chair, into which she had thrown herself, and waited to take her riding hat and gloves. When her ladyship's fingers touched mine, they were as cold as ice. I begged to ring for tea, but Lady Emily said it was too late. A pelting shower had detained them, and finally obliged sheltering near some ruins, as one of the young ladies in the party, unaccustomed to riding, became rather hysterical and feared to go on. It being nearly seven, her ladyship would dress in ten minutes, two or three guests, invited the week before, having promised to dine with the Countess that evening. I waited twenty minutes, but Lady Emily still sat in her habit by the fire, the windows open at one side. She had not given me her riding stick and was tracing figures with it on the carpet, or fanning herself with a magazine picked up from the table near-by. Not a word had been spoken until her ladyship directed me to bring a black mousseline de soie, instead of the pale green taffeta I had laid out for that evening. As the gown had to be shaken out — it having been folded away on the bottom of the long

upholstered chest in the dressing-room — and Lady Emily was very slow in dressing, the clocks were striking eight before her ladyship started for the dining-room. I felt uneasy about Lady Emily, for though she had not seemed quite well since the motor-car trip to Ostia, I never had seen her ladyship so exhausted; but there was no one to whom I could then speak.

It was barely ten o'clock when her ladyship came back. I was to go to the Countess, but must say nothing as to the cold her ladyship believed the chill of the afternoon would probably result in, and now that the guests had gone on to some entertainment, she was thankful to say she could go to bed early. When I returned from the Countess's room Lady Emily still sat in the large chair, fanning herself, though a strong breeze was blowing upon her from the open windows on the other side of the room, and evidently so feverish that I felt sorry I had not disobeyed and told her ladyship that Lady Emily was ill.

Being then too late to disturb the Countess, I decided to unfasten the dressing-room door, and after Lady Emily was in bed, I would slip out that way to my own room, get a covering of some sort and spend the night on the large box, or in a chair, where, in case her ladyship wanted anything, I should be instantly at hand. For a long while Lady Emily tossed about uneasily, very restless and breathing hard and hoarsely, but finally slept. Many times during the night,

quivering with apprehension, I stood at the dressing-room door, but dared not enter the next room, fearing I might startle Lady Emily. But at last, when daybreak came, as she stirred restlessly, murmuring, as if in pain, I crept softly to her bedside. Her ladyship raised her head a little, opening her eyes, but seemed hardly to know me, and muttering half to herself, "Less light, the sun kills in India," turned toward the wall again breathing most heavily.

Thoroughly alarmed, I went quickly to the Countess, who, as soon as she saw Lady Emily, sent immediately for the doctor. After seeing Lady Emily, her ladyship's temperature was not satisfactory, he said, nor did he like the symptoms of exhaustion; but would return an hour later, as consultations obliged his going to the hospital before that time.

On the doctor's second visit, he informed the Countess that his apprehensions were justified, and as he feared, Lady Emily suffered with pneumonia, caused, doubtless, by exposure when over-heated, and in a run-down condition, on the Campagna at nightfall, and that he must not disguise his anxiety in finding that both lungs appeared to be involved. A great blow this to the Countess, and especially in the Earl's absence. The doctor summoned, by messenger, a trained nurse, a young English woman then in Perugia, with a convalescent patient, no longer needing her services; and Sister Claudia,

a favourite fever nurse of the doctor's, came without delay.

Hearing from the Earl that slightly more reassuring news had been received from Sir Francis, and knowing his lordship would return to Rome as soon as he could leave Lady Charlotte, the Countess did not telegraph, and it was late the following day when the Earl arrived from Milan, where he had overtaken Lady Charlotte.

CHAPTER LV

THE ceaseless anxiety of days that followed seems now a nightmare of suspense and despair. Skilled physicians consulted, devoted nurses watched, and my dear young mistress slowly, steadily slipped from the grasp of those who would have given their lives to save hers. Rome was deserted by its gay throngs of Easter visitors, and the very air heavy and lifeless. Messengers came daily, from those remaining at the Embassy, with fruits and flowers, and more than once, the Queen sent her lady-in-waiting. Of these kind inquiries and attentions Lady Emily knew nothing. The Countess could scarcely be persuaded to leave the sickroom, but repeatedly the Earl insisted that an hour's drive in the fresh air should be taken, while his lordship remained near Lady Emily; and it seemed comforting to her ladyship to have me go with her. She always directed the coachman to drive to the Protestant Cemetery, telling me, the first morning we went there, that her own mother and sister had been laid to rest in that peaceful spot close to St. Paul's Gate and outside the Roman walls, almost in the shadow of the tomb where, nearly two thousand years ago, Cestius was laid; so,

as a young girl, the Countess had gone there before, in despairing distress.

I recollected then what Mrs. Bufers had spoken of at Ortham. The Duke, the Countess's father, as is well known, was a more lively, excitable gentleman than most ladies like as husbands, and after the death of his last son — four or five children having died in infancy, none but the Countess, her sister and one boy living the first year out — just as there was hope declining years might be more profitably spent the Duke started on a long yachting cruise, leaving no address, but taking with his Grace a very disorderly, carousing company of men and women. After these journeyings began, the Duchess, with her two little daughters, spent years travelling; living on the Continent, at Hanover, Stuttgart and Munich, coming one winter to Rome, for the second time, when the Countess was fifteen.

Repeatedly, rumours came — later proven false — of the Duke's death by one disaster or another; consequently, in again hearing that the yacht had been wrecked, in a terrible tornado on the Pacific, the tidings were not, at first, believed; but, later, absolute confirmation of this report was given, by the sailing master, who for days had drifted in a life boat, alone with a cabin boy, and the pet cat, a mascot which the little chap had risked his own life to save, when the yacht was driven upon the rocks. Finally, more dead than alive, they were tossed ashore

upon an island, and later rescued from these perilous surroundings by the crew of a sailing vessel bound for the Pitcairn Islands.

The Duchess, spent with anxiety and grief over the death, from diphtheria, of her youngest child, the Countess's only surviving sister, whom she had nursed through days of intense suffering, died, almost without making effort to live, begging her companion, who was also the Countess's governess, to see that her dying wishes were carried out, and her body left in undisturbed peace by the side of her little girl in the Cemetery at Rome. The desolate, despondent Duchess departed this world with but one regret, — the unsettled future of her only child.

The Countess, orphaned before she was sixteen, went immediately to her grandmother in Scotland, remaining there until her marriage, three years later, with the Earl, a playfellow of her childhood, and connected by ties of blood with her mother's family. When the Countess was nearly twenty, the heir, Lady Emily's eldest brother, was born, bringing greatest rejoicing over this event, the coming of the first son excepting his lordship, in three generations, to that branch of the Earl's family. Before his second birthday the happy young parents took their baby to spend a month with its venerable Scotch grandmother in the Highlands, greatly rejoicing, too, in again revisiting the scenes of their own courtship and marriage. A large, light-hearted company assembled in the rather gloomy

old castle, where entertainments and excursions added to the enjoyment of each day. The Countess was among the gayest, and, being young and inexperienced, noticed nothing amiss with the heir. The child looked the picture of rosy, perfect health; but his strength must have been slowly undermined by a poisonous drain that later, it was found, opened into the nursery.

From revels over some distant laird's home-coming, a Highland torchlight procession and ball, the Countess was hastily summoned — a night's ride from the Castle, though delayed several hours longer owing to swollen streams having destroyed the bridges — to find her only child in convulsions, dying in his great-grandmother's arms. It was this grief that shadowed the Countess's early life, leaving a delicacy of constitution which always remained. Years later, after months of illness, the next heir, Lord Glamorden, came.

The Countess had presentiments of sorrow in coming to Rome, remembering her girlish distress and desolation when bereaved there of her mother and sister; but happy years had softened that keen pain, which the present days of anxiety seemed to bring back.

As we were returning to the hotel that morning, driving through the Forum, and passing a fine old stone arch with the seven-branched candlestick engraven upon it, the Countess told me she remembered her mother saying, it was truth a noble Frenchwoman wrote when she said,

"having suffered much is like understanding many languages;" and that sadly unhappy Duchess could not but know, from experience, whereof she spoke.

One afternoon when, for days, Lady Emily had lain with little perceptible change in her condition of extreme weakness, — intervals of fever followed by unconsciousness, — I begged nurse Neale to let me watch while she rested. I could neither sleep nor eat those days; and it never tired me, — though grieving beyond expression to witness sufferings I was powerless to relieve, — to sit, as I did that afternoon, hoping I might be of use, behind the head of her ladyship's bed, which had been drawn from the wall so that all air possible might reach the sufferer. In a large chair the Countess sat near the foot of the bed, a book in her hand; that small, white vellum one written by Father Kempis, the gift of her mother, always kept upon her ladyship's dressing-table. The pages, I noticed, were seldom turned, though her ladyship had not left the room for hours. The door opened noiselessly; it must be Sister Claudia returning from some outside errands, I thought; but it was the Earl who entered, hesitating a moment on the threshold. His lordship glanced towards the bed, his eyes lingering tenderly upon Lady Emily, who just then appeared to be most calmly resting. The high screens of soft green silk before the windows darkened that side of the room where the Countess sat; and the Earl walked swiftly,

though a little falteringly, towards her chair, a look strong and exalted shining upon his face, such as I never had seen before, whether of greatest joy, or the deepest anguish, I could not tell. Placing his hand on the Countess's shoulder, I heard the words quietly spoken that burned and echoed in my brain. "Dearest, you — we — must be brave — our child may no longer need our care. A change, the doctors think, must come before night."

How I reached my room I never can tell; but as I dragged myself, stunned, groping and stumbling through corridors that seemed endless, I remember repeating, "A change must come before night," and feeling fervently thankful that in those last hours of despairing agony the Earl and Countess were alone with their child.

CHAPTER LVI

WEEKS passed, blank to me, save for moments of desperate weakness and half-comprehended pain, before, suddenly wakening from the stupor caused by fever, in which, all unknown to me, my life had nearly burned away, for the first time I became conscious of the touch of strong, caressing hands upon my throbbing brows, and looking up saw Sister Claudia's kind face bending over me. Her steadfast eyes met mine with such a friendly look; her smooth cheeks glowing with colour, faint and soft as an infant's. As if under some uncanny spell, bewildered and speechless, I gazed upon her, and about the unfamiliar room; feeling that she could perhaps tell me how, through chilling mists and darkness, I had struggled back to this earth, from far-away regions of mystery and silence; but my lips could not frame the only question my heart wished to ask. Seeming to divine my thoughts, Sister Claudia came nearer; taking both my hands firmly, and pressing the palms gently together, she said, "Thank the good Lord, dear child, Lady Emily lives." Then again I seemed sinking and slipping from all that living means, and I know now, death can

never come to me as a stranger. Little by little — as for days Sister Claudia refused to permit but few words spoken, the only thing she was severe about — that long interval of half-consciousness became clearer.

When all hope had been given up, and they believed Lady Emily dying, a sudden, wonderful change came; the strong forces of her brave, young life hurled themselves — for so Sister Claudia described this change that caused such joy — against the disease that had almost conquered, and with vitality such as the doctors had never before seen equalled she turned from the open grave towards renewed life. Powers, beyond understanding, gave back, in God's Providence, the precious daughter who had already passed, it was believed, beyond the changes and chances of this mortal life.

Lady Emily's strong, unbroken constitution helped towards an amazing recovery, and, by the time I knew she had not left us, her ladyship was with the Countess at Varese, among the lakes of Italy. Lord Frederic, her ladyship's uncle, having sent his yacht, the short voyage was accomplished with little fatigue, and everything promised speedy convalescence, if no relapse occurred. The dear Countess wrote many, many charges, unneeded though they were, to good Sister Claudia, as to my care, insisting that daily letters should tell her just how I was getting on, absolutely the quietest room in the hospital must be mine, and every attention given, night

and day, until I was strong enough to drive out and, under Sister Claudia's care, rejoin her ladyship at Varese, where they intended remaining several weeks longer.

When Mr. Stubbs's letters began coming, I learned many details, he liking to write of all going on, or of everything likely to happen. One or two short notes came from Varese, telling me a special train had most satisfactorily conveyed the Earl's party to that place, by way of Milan, and that the entire second floor of the hotel, on the side towards Monte Rosa, was reserved; and in the higher air Lady Emily continued gaining in a way surprising even nurse Neale, who always was extremely sanguine regarding her cases. After that week, the assistant only of the Roman doctor who had accompanied Lady Emily to Varese would remain. Four or five days after the last note from Italy, this letter came, dated, I was astonished to see, at Ortham.

"Dear Miss Burns: — Hearing good accounts of your continued improvement in health is indeed welcome news to me, and, now you are recovering, it will be helpful rather than harmful for you to hear of present doings. First, you will want to know that Lady Emily gains without sign or suggestion of a set-back, though my feeling is, none can be too sure about anything in this moving world; and sundry sur-

prising changes come, as you will see before finishing this letter.

"Repeated telegrams from India gave little that was hopeful of recovery for Sir Francis. Finally came a long message, saying that by slow stages — the hunting party having been with the Governor-General of Bengal somewhere in those wild regions north of Bombay — Sir Francis had been carried to that city for surgical treatment, and the internal injuries, considered extremely alarming at first, appeared to be far less dangerous than anticipated. He was, too, recovering from the shock of having been dragged by his horse, over rough paths, to where the party intended to have mounted elephants for the tiger hunt. The wounds caused by striking his head upon the stones were the most serious, but were healing nicely, and the broken arm knitting well also. Nothing did Sir Francis quite so much good as the Earl's cable, inviting him to come direct to Italy when strong enough to travel.

"I may as well enclose Mr. Varley's letter, for that gives a hint, and more, of how matters stand. There never was a shadow of objection to Sir Francis, though some straight-laced people might think him a trifle lavish in his way of spending, and a little daring and reckless as to his own safety, or others' views about his welfare; but you may as well know that Lady Emily might have had the strawberry leaves,

with one of the oldest titles of the realm, had she so minded.

"I mention no names; but the Duke is a man of whom any woman can be proud; not the newly-made variety — and was, long before his first marriage, one of the Earl's closest friends. Having been a great traveller since the death of the Duchess, his Grace did not see Lady Emily for years, until they met on her sixteenth birthday, I think it was, and again at Hurlingham, when Lord Glamorden's favourite pony was on the winning polo team.

"His Grace ran down to Ortham twice before we sailed for the States; you may recollect those mauve orchids, worn by the Countess at Liverpool; these came from the Duke's conservatory, brought by his own hands when taking leave on the steamer. From bits of conversation, and a word here and there, I gather that no proposals were to be made to Lady Emily until after her seventeenth birthday; and no definite reply to be asked until returning to England, the Duke having declared he would gladly wait a year if necessary, before knowing his fate. It was his Grace's intention, I understand, to run over to Italy, had not Lady Emily's illness prevented, joining the Earl's party in Florence, I believe, as being less gossipy than Rome.

"Lady Emily had always liked his Grace, considering him, naturally, however, simply a friend of the Earl's; but had it not been for Sir Francis, her ladyship doubtless would have yielded

to her father's wishes, though the Earl never was one to unduly force his children's inclinations; but, after Calcutta, I have very good reason for believing no earthly power could turn Lady Emily from Sir Francis, though they do say hearing he was almost dead caused her ladyship to know where her heart was. That is as may be; but one thing *is* certain, both began mending about the same time, neither knowing of the other's condition.

"Miss Neale acknowledges having known of similar cases before; and by this time Sir Francis is actually on his way to Varese, the Bombay surgeons having declared a sea voyage and change of air the best tonics possible; and he will find his mother there, — or rather, Lady Charlotte hopes to join him at Brindisi, — as well as the Countess and Lady Emily.

"But I must tell you how we came to be back in England. Last Thursday, his lordship was breakfasting at the time, a despatch came. He looked much disturbed when reading it, I noticed, crumpling the telegram hastily into his pocket as the Countess entered the room. An hour later, summons came from his lordship, and he said, 'Very unexpected news from Ortham, Stubbs. The entire west wing has been destroyed by fire. Lady Glamorden's pet monkey appears to have had a trick of playing with matches; or, possibly, crossed wires on some new electric lighting recently put in caused the fire, which smouldered until midnight, breaking out,

after the house was closed for the night, into uncontrollable flames.' His lordship went on to say none of the portraits were harmed, the picture gallery being in the east wing; but they feared the effect of the alarm upon Lady Glamorden, in her present delicate condition, and he would take the first express, to catch the fastest channel service for London, and return to Italy as soon as he could attend to any matters requiring his lordship's presence at Ortham.

"So this is the history of our being at the Towers again; and natural, solid, and very nice, too, it do look, after being among those uncouth foreign stucco shams abroad, — in spite of the fire's destruction. The walls of the west wing are in better shape than at first was feared, so rebuilding can soon begin; and as for Lord and Lady Glamorden, they are never apart, and the days are too short for their happiness. The old Spanish rooms, those with dark wainscoting and leather, above the banqueting hall, you remember, are being done over and refitted for use as a nursery, until the rooms facing south in the new wing are ready.

"You can keep Mr. Varley's letter until we meet. Meanwhile, wishing you speedy recovery from all ills, and every prosperity,

"Yours truly, as ever, who would gladly be much more,

"JOHN STUBBS.

"P. S. I shall, of course, write Varley that I

observed all he mentions in Calcutta; but did not consider matters sufficiently advanced to speak decidedly."

Mr. Varley's letter was written from Simla.

"DEAR MR. STUBBS: — I take the first opportunity coming to me, my duties having been unusually heavy this past week, to thank you for the exceedingly acceptable gift of Turkish tobacco and cigarettes. The latter not very wholesome for a man's use, I am afraid; but all the same, I am remarkably glad to get a supply, on account of the visiting valets; some French and Austrians will touch nothing else. The patent picnic knife, fork and spoon combined, picked up in Cairo, you tell me, comes in most handy, too, as one never knows what may turn up, or on frontier expeditions how far you may get separated from supplies; and Wednesday we have orders to start for some border trip, the exact direction or meaning of which I have not yet been able to discover; but the knife comes just in time.

"I wonder you have no news to give about Sir Francis's and Lady Emily's affairs. Our people are discussing what you appear not to have observed at Calcutta, and the day before the Earl's party left for Darjeeling, we made sure matters came to a climax, hearing very definitely to that effect, from Hallins, Sir Francis's groom. Something being wrong with one

of the horses, he was directed by the head coachman to find Sir Francis at Government House or in the gardens.

"Passing down the steps and hearing voices, he found Sir Francis, with two or three other gentlemen and ladies, seated beyond the terrace, where there is more shade at that morning hour. Hallins hesitated about disturbing the party, and then heard that frisky youngster, Sir Egbert Bettengen, who is capering through India with a tutor or guardian — who, though he looks like a petrified boy himself, is for ever pulling his pupil out of scrapes — say, 'I'll wager anything you like, for all your talk about Calcutta history, you never can take Lady Emily direct to the Black Hole, without asking your way.' Sir Francis, laughing good-naturedly, replied, — 'Very well, I accept; and if Lady Emily consents to go with me to-morrow, you can send me that silver-mounted turquoise horse-shoe I saw you wearing at the races.' The other ladies and gentlemen declared they would follow to see fair play. Observing Hallins standing near, Sir Francis directed him where to have his dog-cart, in an hour's time, adding he would order a victoria to be ready also, in case any of the party did not care about walking back to Government House from the Black Hole. Then, learning from Hallins of the wrongly-driven nail, just discovered as causing the mysterious lameness to his hunter, Sir Francis hurried off,

promising, if Lady Emily could be ready, to start in half an hour.

"It appears Sir Francis did know exactly how to reach the scene of that long-ago torturing, and had no difficulty whatever in convincing the young baronet, years Sir Francis's junior, — you know Sir Francis is barely turned twenty-three, if I am not mistaken — that no inquiries had been made on the way; and then, while Hallins stood at the horse's head outside the Black Hole entrance, he felt absolutely convinced, from Sir Francis's expression in handing Lady Emily into the dog-cart, that some sort of understanding had been arrived at between them on the trip to the Black Hole.

"Hallins has no objection to a little gossip, he declares, or to listening, in a general way; otherwise, 'how should we know what is going hon? Wot I 'ear about the 'ouse and stables is public,' he says, 'but wot I over'ears in a dog-cart do seem more secret, private like; and unless concerning myself, never repeats.' So he was a bit stiff in letting fall anything actually said on that short drive returning to Government House. He do claim, also, Sir Francis has been more than generous to him, and has promised, in case of his not returning to England, that he will give Hallins's sweetheart her passage to India. She could come out under the stewardess's care, in the troop-ship, and after the wedding Sir Francis would set them up in

a nice little home in Calcutta; or, if the girl feared to come, Hallins could return to England after Easter, and he will set him up there. Very handsome treatment, I must say, and what would be expected from Sir Francis, especially if his own thoughts were running that way.

"We all know, of course, Lady Emily might make a better match in the way of rank and riches; but look it up in the Peerage and you will see the Duke *is* nearly her own father's age, wonderfully preserved for his years, though, I grant you. You know, too, there *is a chance,* it is too early yet to speak positively, of an earldom's coming to Sir Francis. One life only, — a gentleman always travelling with plain daughters, — is between him and his cousin (who has bad health and a craze for motoring, entering for every speeding contest though never winning, and usually falling out, or coming in last — at home or abroad), no longer a very young man; and that baccarat scandal means separation already, and in my opinion likely to be a divorce.

"When out here, after touring Africa, he got the nickname of 'General Ananias of the Torrid Zone.' His simplest anecdotes set the entire table staring at one another, biting their lips and breathlessly wondering what would come next. I myself heard him telling most seriously of a tribe of tail-less baboons, among whom he had somewhere lived in the forests,

declaring he had often seen these creatures nimbly extracting the finest feathers from the wild peacocks, and skilfully weaving them into fans, which they presented to the lady baboons for use as sunshades in that tropical heat.

"In any case, Sir Francis is by no means a pauper, in spite of his father's having been the gayest of sports, a spendthrift, if ever there was one — mortgaging and spending everything he could lay hands on. I well remember reading of those wild doings; and my youngest brother, — never a credit to the family, who turned to bookmaking, and should have been put in the madhouse, — told me incredible sums were thrown away through his devotion to the turf. Sir Francis has never shown the least inclination that way; and his mother, whose own rather decent fortune I am inclined to think was securely tied up to keep it from being squandered, most carefully nursed the estates during his long minority. She immediately rented Stanhaven House to the richest of Brazilian diamond merchants for a long term; and even the shooting lodge near Balmoral brings in over a thousand pounds a year, beyond expenses, if I am not mistaken, on a seven years' lease to a rich American, who fancied, and must have, just that site.

"Lady Charlotte herself, to my certain knowledge, went down to Windsor, living in the simplest 'Buttons and petticoat' fashion, I

call it, no proper establishment, — so as to be near Sir Francis at Eton; and, when he entered at Christ Church, spent most of her time with a relative, a Dean or Canon at Banbury, wishing to be within easy reach of Oxford.

"If they wanted to keep Lady Emily heart-whole for his Grace, they never should have taken her beyond the States. Between ourselves, I don't think the Countess much of a manager that way; and Sir Francis is credited with being the finest, most captivating figure of an A. D. C. we ever have had at Government House, and one you would find it hard to match in London. Well, all is fair in love or war; and *we* hope Sir Francis will win. He starts with the Viceroy Wednesday — lately, all think he has rather avoided what we call 'House Duty,' that is, trotting attendance on the ladies, and receiving the Viceroy's visitors — and then goes tiger-hunting (dangerous sport it is) with those German princelings who left us yesterday. Decidedly harassing, meddlesome martinets, we think them, scrutinizing everybody and everything in a most arrogant fashion.

"You may write me down a very undiscerning man if this Calcutta business does not result in a match.

"The rains will soon be upon us, a deluge, that means, among these slippery Simla hills, but more airy; better sleeping than on the plains during hot weather.

"Thanking you for your acceptable presents,

and hoping your health continues good, and all your interests prospering, I am,

"Yours truly,

"HENRY VARLEY.

"P. S. We have it fairly accurate, though misleading hints were thrown out as to 'official business,' that Sir F.'s sudden rushing off to Bombay meant he reached the pier, — owing to a break-down north of the Hyderabid division, — precisely half an hour after Lady E. steamed out of the harbour. There has been considerable friction and censuring between the Viceroy and some highly placed army officials. The government does make preposterous demands, but our position defies criticism. It will blow over, however, I fancy, and I hardly think we shall be in London this season. You will all get to Ortham for the christening, I presume."

Hearing all this exciting news concerning my dear young lady's prospects did keep me from sleeping, and Sister Claudia threatened, if more letters came, to hide them beyond my reach until I should be stronger.

CHAPTER LVII

FIERCE heat, with desert winds parching one's skin as if they blew from the depths of a blazing crater, came before the doctors and Sister Claudia were willing I should leave Rome; but at last pronounced me strong enough for the night's journey; and with little fatigue, all being so kindly planned, we reached Varese.

Lady Emily was still pale and listless; a day or two later, however, when Sir Francis arrived from Brindisi, no fault could be found with her colour, nor her spirits. Poor Sir Francis did look the very ghost of his former self, — his cheeks hollow, and his coat simply hanging about his broad shoulders. The fractured left arm, mending slowly in the hot weather, still had a lifeless, shrunken look. However, after a few days' rest, he declared himself entirely able to wheel Lady Emily in the invalid's chair in which the doctor decreed her ladyship should spend hours out of doors; and within a fortnight both rode on mules to the chapel on the hill top, following that steep path by the calvary stations.

I never tire watching Monte Rosa, coming and going behind the clouds. There is one huge, spotless snow-drift far away that has, to me, the form of a guardian angel, bending over as if to

protect and bless a distant village that lies beyond the nearer hills. The Countess insists that I shall rest for weeks longer, everything her ladyship needs being done by Cecilia, Lady Charlotte's former maid, who married the head-waiter of one of the Roman hotels, and is glad to return, for a month or so, to her former duties.

Owing to some questions regarding rebuilding, the Earl was detained longer than anticipated; and when ready to leave England received, from Prince Henry of Prussia, an invitation to be present at Kiel for the yacht regatta; so, as Lady Emily continued progressing towards complete recovery, he went to Germany, — having partly promised the visit a year earlier, — to attend the races, consequently did not reach Varese until the week before we left for Lucerne. I then learned from Mr. Stubbs that although his lordship would not oppose Lady Emily's — and you may also say the Countess's — wishes, he positively could not consent to any formal betrothal until Lady Emily had had at least part of a season in London. Mr. Stubbs is of opinion, this determination meant seeing the Duke again, his lordship being decidedly loth to give up that offer.

The Earl was rather pleased to be absent from Varese when Sir Francis arrived, hoping, if Lady Emily met with no opposition, her ladyship might of her own accord vere 'round favourably towards the Duke — simply deceiving himself with false hopes, Mr. Stubbs says, for now

Lady Emily would never yield. Both Sir Francis and Lady Emily favour, in looks and ways, Mr. Stubbs has been told, the great grandfather from whom both are descended, — a rather strong-willed, determined gentleman.

You should have seen her ladyship's face that morning she had Hallins — who goes back to England with Sir Francis — on the terrace, to ask particulars of the accident, the doctor having cautioned her ladyship not to let Sir Francis talk on this subject as yet. Hallins told Lady Emily about picking him up, bleeding and unconscious, and described how the young army surgeon — he appears to have been little more than a boy — declared in his hearing, as his fingers fumbled for Sir Francis' pulse, "I don't think he will live to be moved."

Hallins said, as he was telling about examining for internal injury, and probing for the head wounds, her ladyship went as white as his collar, plainly showing her devotion to Sir Francis. Hallins would feel very thankful indeed should his Hannah ever express such feeling if he chances to get smashed up in a runaway, or breaks his neck training in raw tandem leaders.

Another day, when the wind blew invigoratingly fresh, straight from the Alps, rather smilingly perverse, Lady Emily declared that positively she envied Sir Francis's being able to go by motor to a neighbouring villa where that Italian prince, famous as an explorer and moun-

tain climber, was then visiting, and who, recalling earlier mountaineering expeditions with Sir Francis, had invited his lordship to breakfast. Lady Emily asserted that in reading accounts of this prince's bravery, her heart had been *almost* won, and later, seeing him at the Opera, and talking with him at that last Meet of the season, outside the Porta San Paolo at Rome, the conquest had been complete.

Very seriously, apparently, Sir Francis responded that, these being her ladyship's true sentiments, — though always he had admired the prince, and valued his friendship, — a duel with his ducal highness seemed inevitable; and under these circumstances he had best perhaps, decline his hospitality. Very quickly then Lady Emily insisted that everybody knew, — doubtless solely for reasons entirely satisfactory to himself, — that unconquered snows alone compelled the prince's homage, and positively Sir Francis must not deprive her of the pleasure anticipated in hearing all about the breakfast, and the prince's latest adventures. This, I am sure, Sir Francis did relate late that same evening, on the Countess's balcony, which has been partly enclosed by glass and tall rose trees, ramblers, white and red, in green majolica tubs, and the balustrades screened by the spiciest of carnations, many varieties in full bloom.

After resting at charming places on Lakes Maggiore and Como and then driving under cloudless skies over the splendid Simplon Pass,

a few days were spent at Lausanne, on Lake Geneva, before travelling through to Paris by rail.

I did not enjoy those gay scenes in the Bois, and on the Boulevards, nor even the brilliantly lighted arcades of the Rue de Rivoli and Palais Royal of which Mr. Stubbs has so often talked, as much as he wanted I should, and was truly delighted on hearing the Countess say that after Lady Emily had seen the galleries — her ladyship not having been in Paris since she was thirteen — and certain orders had been given the dressmakers, we would return home. Lady Emily was also pleased, I think, with this plan, Sir Francis having left the party on reaching Paris, intending to make a short stay in England; then a hurried visit to India would permit him to settle his affairs there, he having plans in connection with Mayo College at Agmere, and for improving the water supply in some needy regions that he was especially anxious to work out personally. At latest, however, he would reach home again by Easter. I don't think Lady Emily liked contemplating this possible six months' absence, but I heard Sir Francis protest it would be cowardly not to carry out the work planned and that thinking of her would now inspire and be woven into every effort to help others as long as he lived. Something, too, was said about having a ring or bracelet with *Mizpah* engraved on the clasp, and daily letters.

CHAPTER LVIII

ALMOST the first home face — for we stopped the night in London after those rough, upsetting hours on the Channel — was Mary's. How glad we were to meet again! and kinder and pleasanter than ever she did look. That evening Aunt Sarah's stepson, Sam, came to see me, and — I may as well write it down at once — I could not say "No" when he said, "Annie, I need you, as I have always needed you. I have neither kith nor kin, and never knew a mother but Aunt Sarah. Tell me you will let me make you a home, dear, before you leave again."

It is just his way; none could call Sam handsome-featured. He is a little shorter than I am, and a matter of a few months younger; bent-shouldered like, a trifle, too, from constant working; but such honest eyes, under wide brows, and chestnut hair waving upon his forehead in a very pleasant way. He was never too tired, hard as he always has been forced to work, to help me with water-jugs, or errands at Aunt Sarah's, when early and late I had to be up, waiting on the lodgers; and after father died, Sam — just a small lad — when I trimmed my hat with black ribbons, put a mourning band

on his sleeve, thinking it might seem less lonesome like, I being without kin in London. Even at that age Sam was always reading, poring over pilgrimages, crusades, ancient conflicts and the like, when he got the chance, sitting up winter nights by the hall light left burning for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's favourite lodger, a professional contortionist, and flutist at dull seasons. Often have I heard Aunt Sarah declare, had her last husband not been by far the worst of the three, she would take her courage in her hands and doff her cap again, he having such winning ways and genteel manners, though always down in his luck and by no means as steady in his habits as she could wish; but nothing decided ever came of the courting that went on and off between them.

Of course Mr. Stubbs did think — that is, when on the Indian Ocean — did say, he dwelt more and more, now that he was not quite so young as he once was, on man's not living alone; and that our having travelled extensively together, and getting to know each other's ways and feelings, would prevent mistakes; and sometime — there was no need whatever for haste — he wanted I should consider becoming the second Mrs. Stubbs. After being at Benares it came out, owing to his saying nothing would ever induce him to ask *his* widow to make any sacrifices, such as burning herself for him.

One never could tell what a man might do until he got the chance, I said, and then he

explained he had early been widowed, but his wife not having lived the year out, few knew of his marriage. I was sorry, naturally, having always admired Mr. Stubbs; but on thinking more of Sam when I lay ill in Rome, and he being so faithful writing, — seldom missing a Sunday, — and I having mailed my letters almost as constant, I made up my mind if ever again he said anything definite, — he having been down three weeks in the hospital with pleurisy, before we sailed, and forbade Mary, knowing how busy I then was with my new duties, from letting me know, — I would tell him "Yes." As Mary generally wrote when Sam did, asking him to enclose the letter, I thought it no harm when Mr. Stubbs teased me about getting so many letters, to simply mention I had heard from Mary, whom Mr. Stubbs always liked, without speaking of Sam, who was a stranger to him. In a fortnight, I would give him his answer, I told Sam, wishing first to speak to the Countess; but must confess I realized, that first night in London, how my feelings towards Sam had grown and strengthened in that year of separation, and what my reply must be.

CHAPTER LIX

ORTHAM was so far rebuilt, — the part destroyed by the fire that is, — you never could have told from the outside, when we drove up through the long beech avenue a beautiful, hazy October evening, that the west wing had suffered as it did. In the east wing was the sweetest, cooing, dimpled baby ever seen; "a little girl this time," said Lord Glamorden, but, as Constance junior was the living image of what her mother must have been he could find no fault with either.

There was so much coming and going, — Sir Francis and Lady Charlotte among the first guests to arrive, — that it was Sunday before I had a chance to speak with the Countess about Sam's wishes. Her ladyship had never before heard of Sam, and in the goodness of her heart said, "I am sorry for Stubbs, Burns; his lordship considers him most reliable, a little overcautious, perhaps, but very trustworthy, if a trifle slow; he has been saving, too, and must have laid by a considerable sum." But when I told the Countess all about Sam, how he had declared if I favoured Mr. Stubbs, thinking him a better match, he would leave for the States by the next

steamer, never troubling me again unless I sent for him, her ladyship very kindly thought he must, also, be a reliable young man, and he might come to Ortham the following Sunday, when her ladyship herself would talk with him.

A day or two after Sir Francis arrived, a frosty November morning, as I hastened back to the Towers from the Lodge, where the keeper's aged mother was recovering from a sudden bad turn, I felt so childishly light-hearted at being home again that I could scarce keep from racing with the dry oak leaves, eddying and scudding in half wreath drifts over the still green turf. Just this side the maze I met Mr. Stubbs, stepping briskly towards the gates. He stopped long enough to excitedly whisper, "Who do you think has just arrived? That exploring Italian prince, it *may* be to offer congratulations. I am no trouble-borrower, nor one to fidget and worry over affairs; but my word for it, these foreigners make nothing of challengings and duellings once their fancy gets aroused, and I'd rather not see the best of them roaming about until matters are positively arranged. Beware of flying in the face of Providence, I say, and thankful we should be that his constitution keeps the other duke safely in the Engadine climate, at present, or we might all become involved in personal encounters and no end of disagreeable, complicating happenings." Without giving me a chance to reply, Mr. Stubbs hurried off, saying he must catch the up

express and would return from London late that evening.

Mary came down that first Sunday at Ortham, and we had indeed a great deal to talk over until it was time for her to leave to catch the train. Mr. Stubbs kindly offered to walk to the station with us after evening prayer. It is not a very long walk from the church to the railroad station, and Mr. Stubbs talked most of the way, telling Mary one needs the patience of Job in travelling, and of the annoying bother he had in India trying to discover the right "bhesti" or bearer, to carry out his lordship's bath; for the man who brings in the tub refuses to remove it, fearing he will lose caste. Mr. Stubbs considers the "chit" system, prevailing throughout China and India, very sensible; making messages sent, as well as the replies, exceedingly plain; and writing everything in a notebook prevents endless parleying and confusion in dealing with native bearers. Mary laughed heartily over some of the mistakes he described, in trying to make tradespeople and the like, in Italy and France, comprehend their own language. He thinks them, ordinarily, keen and quick to understand in other directions, but remarkably stupid respecting their own tongues.

When we reached the booking office, and Mary was making sure her up-ticket was all right, I heard Mr. Stubbs describing to her that ebony elephant, mounted as an inkstand, in sterling silver, which I know he values highly as

Mr. Varley's gift to him in Calcutta, mentioning he would be pleased to give it to her as a keepsake of the foreign countries they had been talking of; inquiring, too, in his protecting manner, always liking to show such little attentions, — a few drops of rain having fallen, followed by flashes of lightning and thunder rumblings — was she quite sure she did not mind making the up trip alone?

Mr. Stubbs helped Mary into the railway carriage — Mary was the only passenger from our station; one lady, however, already sat on the farther side of the compartment, her back toward the engine. Mr. Stubbs and I waited on the platform until the guard fastened the door, and, as the train pulled out, Mary leaned from the carriage window, bowing and waving her handkerchief. That new mustard-coloured gown does become her face and figure, and the hat of the same shade, trimmed with black velvet and ostrich tips, suits her uncommonly well. Before we had passed beyond the station entrance, after going through the waiting-room, a crash of falling metal and breaking glass caused Mr. Stubbs to run quickly back, and I followed. Reaching the platform again we saw an iron girder, supporting that part of the station roof projecting over the lines, had fallen directly upon the up-train. The guard, who was running excitedly along the platform, looking into each carriage, called out to Mr. Stubbs, "Your wife is all right. The lady in the forward seat

got a nasty gash on her chin from the breaking glass; but that's all the accident amounts to." Mary was at the carriage window again by this time, and though the train moved off, almost without delay, I could see her face was redder than Mr. Stubbs's, when she heard these remarks.

Having no chance to speak of Sam earlier in the day, as Mr. Stubbs and I were returning homeward, sauntering through the Park, I just myself mentioned about our having been boy and girl together at Aunt Sarah's, and though Mr. Stubbs never has directly referred again to that confidential talk the moonlit night led to our having when on the Indian Ocean, I could see he did not feel dissatisfied at my thinking so much of Sam, and more than once inquired if Miss Mary was not most obliging and appreciative, no fickleness in her nature, surely, and always he has admired her photograph; regarding her age and people he also wished to know. She is just seven years older than I am. I did not tell him, of course, that Mary herself had mentioned, before starting for the station, that she considered Mr. Stubbs more affable than ever; rounder and pinker, perhaps, than before leaving for the long trip; and all left of his hair was a very nice, soft shade.

Mary by no means agreed with Madame Duval, whom she heard remarking to Miss Barnes that in her eyes Monsieur Stubbs had well aged by the trip, and that he had not

changed his habit of being incredibly chary with his words, in spite of his new American teeth. Miss Barnes replied that she had never found him wanting in communicativeness, but he did most like conversing upon his own feelings, and judging now from appearances, it would not be surprising if sometime he went off suddenly with a stroke.

Long ago Mr. Stubbs told me, I am sorry to say, that that odious grimacing woman, Madame Duval, angered him, her smooth, scheming French ways bringing out all the worst in his nature; consequently he avoided her as far as possible, hoping she would leave him alone, it being a well-known fact, though she did succeed in hoodwinking many, that the former valet threw up the place owing to her. The man was most peaceable and steady, own brother to a valet then on the Prince of Wales's pension list, after ten years' and more service at Marlborough House and Sandringham; but in a fit of temper Finch had remarked — Duval, then a much younger woman, overhearing it — that she never crossed his path without his wanting to strangle her. This speech came out through Madame herself, asking one of the footmen, who had been in the Embassy service at Paris, "What does 'strang-le' mean in French?" She made a tremendous fuss, demanding Finch should apologize; and he, becoming enraged, proclaimed, some insisted before the Earl himself and in the butler's presence, he would gladly leave the best

situation he ever had rather than so much as put eyes on that woman again; saying also, she always did remind him of those anaconda monsters he had read of, mouthing and sliming their victims before swallowing them.

This occurred before my coming to Ortham, of course, and I never did have speech with Finch, he, — after marrying the upper parlour-maid in a diplomatist's family, a most attractive, superior young person, I am told, — having gone to the States with the returning American Ambassador, or Minister rather, as he then was, to the Court of Saint James; but what I had heard prejudiced me against French Madames, though comprehending the world's ways well enough to know every question has more than one side, and I am free to say she may be wiser now she's older and determined on returning to her Rouen; but I want no French, nor English compliments from the like of her. "Fancy the impertinence of ferreting out," Mr. Stubbs continued, "about my having married early in life, and attempting to discuss the subject with Mrs. Bufers, (who, by the way, being a particularly good friend of mine, felt she must give me a word of warning), remarking that, though I had little to boast of as to personal appearance, she did not doubt I was capable of making a 'mari tres comme il faut.' Think of the meddling busybody in others' affairs venturing to say this about me. She's no favourite with men, and may as well know none here desire to become

Monsieur Duval's successor. You should have seen her expression when that clock-winding young fellow was down, the other day, tinkering at the pantry clock and describing those scientific experiments with serum germs and microbes at one of the big city hospitals where he had been employed. Seeing Madame was listening at the door I could not refrain from asking if they had yet discovered any serums for ill-temper and laziness? Glancing towards Madame she understood, I saw, my meaning, though sniffing hard and passing on, ignoring the remark."

CHAPTER LX

When Sam came down the next Sunday, I had the whole afternoon free, and did feel proud of his tidy, manly appearance and very thankful he could see and speak with a lady like the Countess. Long ago, as a younger lad, he was a little wild, and did have some feeling, many times before he was twenty I have heard him assert, that the House of Lords should be abolished, declaring, too, that working people had petitioned long enough and must now demand their rights. Sam's face has never lost that solemn, wistful look most children have who never have known a mother, nor much of a father; but it is kindly and earnest; quick to smile when he speaks.

The Countess received Sam in the morning-room and talked with him nearly half an hour. After seeing her ladyship he found me beneath the clump of Scotch firs beyond the kitchen gardens, and declared, for goodness, he had never seen her equal.

"I will not hide it from you, Annie, but long I have thought a new country the place for a poor man to bring up his family. My health is none too good in these London fogs. I try

my best to work faithful, but there is no use counting on raises, sure to come if I were a more able-bodied sort of chap. At the hospital they told me my lungs didn't work as they should, and if you are willing, before many years pass we will go to that California you spoke of — I had thought of South America as offering most in the way of pay, but there are too many revolutions and earthquakes to risk at present — and start a farm of our own; or I could keep on awhile there with the printing work. A young fellow on one of the big Strand Weeklies went out to that city of Angels, where you stopped, made a success in six months and had his sweetheart and her mother out within the year.

" Yes, Annie, republics I always have believed give a man the chance, though those constant strikes and labour troubles over there, of recent years, I don't clearly understand. Still, from present accounts, thinking men are beginning to tire of leaders claiming to protect the working man and meanwhile filling their own pockets by levying blackmail, or on the proceeds of rows they have managed to stir up. Getting any real help from such scamps is as useless as shaking your fist at the mountains for not giving up their gold. Like a nightmare it hangs over me, the awful struggles of men I have known, honest as the day, hard-working fellows, out of a job through no fault of their own, ailing, and not knowing till too late that the feebleness came from being half-starved; waking up in the

gloom, if they chanced to sleep at all, from cold and worry, with that despairing feeling of having the weight of the whole world upon them, as they listen to their helpless children crying and pleading for bread. It is present relief such crushed beings want, not promises about the future. Unrelieved suffering here is enough for them to dread and shudder over without dwelling on what there is uncertainty about.

"A young Hollander who had seen better days in his own land, before sinking to the lowest depths of Whitechapel poverty, told me when stranded, utterly friendless and almost penniless in London, his wife ill and a wailing baby to look after, he felt while tramping through thronged streets, alone, vainly seeking work and with the torments of hell pressing on him, that transparent, but impassable barriers separated him from the rest of mankind; and at night the feeling came keen upon him of being one of the belated, betrayed travellers, lured into murderous Black Forest haunts to find a heavy ceiling, from which escape was impossible, slowly descending until it crushed and mangled its victims, before death came.

"Many of the clergy and others are learning that ministering to tortured bodies and giving the helpless a chance is helping to cure the soul's distress. I am rarely inside a church door these days, being tired and stupid from the week's work; but our London Bishop knows something of what the appalling daily struggle means in

the slums; that one in New York, too, I see, likes helping and heartening people in a kindly, human way. Men are awakening everywhere, Annie, each in his own way, striving and groping as never before these days, longing and seeking for surer foundations; some listening for that still, small voice and vision beyond the mere physical which preachers tell of, many seeing in the struggles signs, as that poet puts it, of growth: —

> "'Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
> When the moon is new and thin,
> Into our hearts high yearnings
> Come welling and surging in;
> Come from the mystic ocean
> Whose rim no foot has trod —
> Some of us call it longing
> And others call it God.'

"You know I was born and bred among Derbyshire peaks, Annie, though seldom it is, for many years, that I have seen hills higher than Saint Paul's Cross, but I don't forget those church army folks, liking, as a lad, to listen to their singing out of doors, and how one parson said you must go through those dark valleys, between the high peaks, to realize the mountain's strength, and that God leads by stormy, weary ways to teach His power. This may be true; and one thing is sure, Annie, you have made me know there is good in life, and evil cannot overwhelm love; you do know how I cleave to you with my whole heart, Annie."

I did just then lay my head on Sam's shoulder, and could not refrain from telling him nothing in this world should ever part us again. He did seem relieved and satisfied, and soon began consulting me about plans, saying a printer friend had offered him unexpectedly — he being obliged to move nearer Paternoster Row — a three-years' unexpired lease of a nice four-roomed cottage towards Hampstead Heathway, not far from the new Foundling Children's Home, with a garden. He had mentioned this to her ladyship, it being necessary to give an answer without delay to the people now occupying the cottage, asking, if I consented, whether it would be convenient to have me leave Ortham before Ash-Wednesday. The Countess was so lovely as to reply that I had shown devotion beyond praise to herself and Lady Emily; and if I believed it for my happiness, she wished me to accept Sam; and as a wedding gift would provide all needed for the cottage and three years' rent.

Before we had finished our long talk, deciding on many things, — Sam declaring it the greatest comfort to bring out what you keep turning over in your mind, if a person really cares about what is pressing on you, — Mr. Stubbs strolled towards us down the path from the dovecots, and I had a chance to introduce Sam. They were friendly at once, and Mr. Stubbs very pleasantly mentioned having seen, the past week, a neat Dresden tea-service, scalloped and gilded

borders with small yellow and pink roses — his favourite flowers — tied together with a lovers' knot, painted upon the different pieces; strangely enough, on leaving the Oxford Street shop, he had met Miss Mary, so persuaded her to go back with him and give her opinion as to whether it would be acceptable to me as a marriage gift. She declared it "one of the most sweetly pretty tea-services she had ever seen." They then selected two flower window-boxes for the sitting-room, one tiled in front, decorated with thrushes and apple blossoms, the other having humming birds and bees hovering over honeysuckles, both against a blue sky, and most handsomely finished, Mr. Stubbs is bound to say, though speaking of his own gift. Sam told him he had just been telling me about the garden — having noticed there one of those nice ornamental rustic iron seats, left on the premises by former tenants — and is most determined on contriving an arbour of some sort, begging Mr. Stubbs to say he would bring Mary down, the first fair day of spring, so we four might have tea there together. Mr. Stubbs appeared extremely willing, saying in any case he should be obliged to see Miss Mary again before Christmas, and would then tell her of the kind invitation, and endeavour to get her consent to accept for the first clear Sunday in March.

Before Sam returned to London everything was decided concerning the cottage and many other things. The next evening a letter came

from Mary, who wrote she wished to give me all the gardening tools I could use, also one of the window-boxes Mr. Stubbs had put aside at the china shop.

Lady Emily was kind enough to tell me the Countess was very pleased with Sam; and that when my wedding day came, before Lent — her own marriage, if present plans are carried out, could not come until after Easter, Sir Francis being already on the Mediterranean crossing toward India — everything I wore on that occasion, and needed, must be her gift. The gown of white taffeta, — unless I preferred ivory cloth for the winter, — trimmed with a bit of real lace about the neck and sleeves, she thought would be nicest; and my lace hat must have bride roses and foliage; nothing simpler or more becoming, her ladyship thinks, unless I fancied white geraniums or lilacs. Her ladyship also very kindly offered to speak to the vicar, when Sam and I decided on a convenient day. All seemed easily settled; and such kindness I never, never could have expected.

I shall be near those I love for at least three years, and find the twins again, God willing, before Sam and I start for the new world, that seems to me now a familiar dwelling-place.

THE END.

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